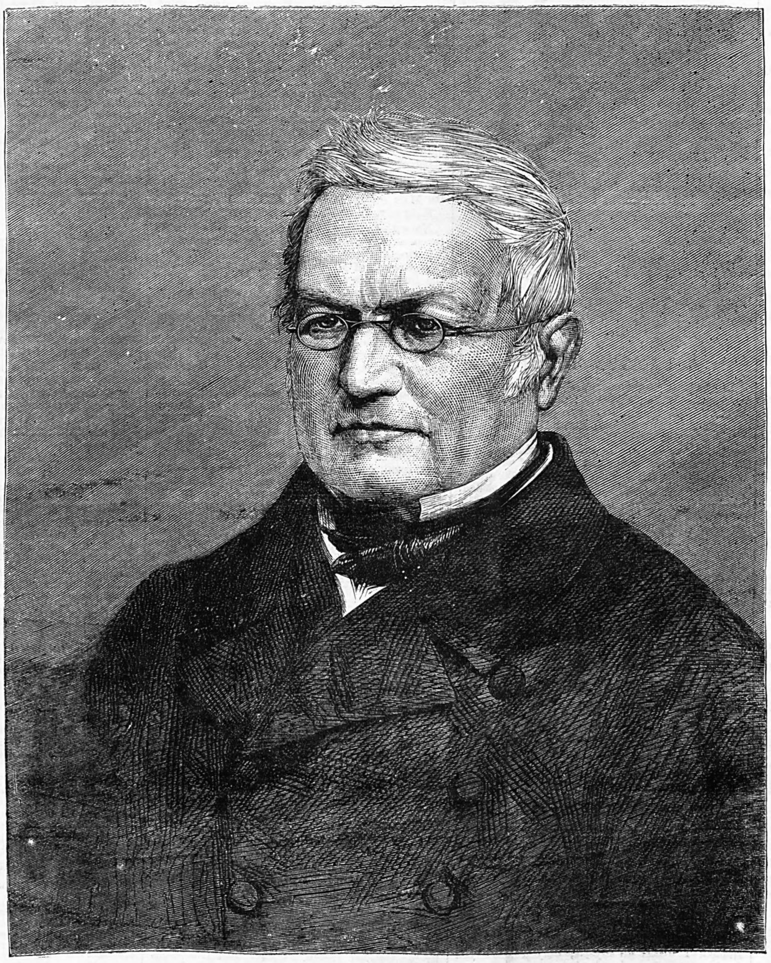
Illustrated Midland News.

No. 69.—Vol. III. [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870. [WITH COLOURED PICTURE, AND SUPPLEMENT.] One Shilling.

M. THIERS.

A conspicuous place in the history of this war, as indeed in the history of France for the last forty years, will be occupied by M. Louis-Adolphe Thiers whose portrait accompanies this notice. While almost every other Frenchman of position and distinction was in some way concerned in or responsible for the folly and the crime of this most ruinous war M. Thiers was an ardent and consistent opponent of it. He it was who insisted on protesting against the declaration on that fatal fifteenth of July, when M. Ollivier read the bellicose statement of the Ministers, and he it was who was first in the field to attempt to secure a cessation of hostilities as soon as the battle of Sedan seemed to open the question of peace. To that end he undertook labours and encountered perils, moral as well as physical, from which many a younger man, with less to lose than he, would have shrunk, and when it was seen at last that the enemy's terms were very hard, and such as no member of the existing French Government would accept, he still did not despair of bringing the slaughter and destruction to an end until he received a peremptory order from the Government of Defence to depart from the enemy's camp. M. Thiers, the son of a working locksmith of Marseilles, was born on the 16th of April, 1797. He studied for the bar, but deserted the law for literature and journalism. His "History of the French Revolution" and his "Consulate and Empire of France under Napoleon" have had, probably, more readers ers than any other narratives of those periods. He had, himself, to do with the making of the Revolution of 1830, he was Louis Phillipe's Prime Minister, a great financier, and the most eminent orator of the Assembly. He had no part in the Revolution of 1848, but he soon obtained a position in the National Assembly of the Republic. The *coup d'état* banished him for a short time, and from his return till the outbreak of the war he was a leading Opposition member, representing the moderate and constitutional party of Liberals. He dearly loves his country, and this awful war must be a bitter grief to him; but he has the consolation of knowing that, had his advice been taken, the struggle would have been avoided, and had his subsequent efforts met with success the conflict would have come to an end months ago. In the finer qualities of oratory the speeches of his old age have surpassed those of his youth, and the *Corps Legislatif* was always crowded whenever it was expected that he would speak. M. Thiers may be regarded as the best representative of a school of politicians who have always been unsuccessful in France. His party corresponds more nearly with that of the Whigs of a generation ago in this country than with any other section of English politicians. What the Girondists were in the first Revolution that have been M. Thiers and his colleagues since 1830, and it is with the Girondists M. Thiers most strongly sympathises in his "History of the Revolution." All their struggles, their heroism, their eloquence, their genius, their weaknesses and their disasters he discourses on with a spirit and vividness not equalled in any other part of that intensely interesting book. It is strange, but unquestionable, that the time has never come in France when men of moderate progressive opinions have had a great influence upon political affairs. It is now the Red Republicans, now the Imperialists, now the old Legitimists who have held sway. Even in Louis Phillipe's days the counsels of M. Thiers gradually went out of repute, and gave place to retrogressive movements and schemes for the personal aggrandisement of the House of Orleans. M. Thiers would, however, in all probability, have had a greater and a more beneficial influence on his time but for certain grave defects as a politician which we may almost regard as prejudices. These are his peculiar notions that the welfare of France depends in a great measure on the want of success and good fortune of surrounding countries, and his incapability of appreciating the value of the modern principle of the freedom of trade. His aim has been, not only to elevate France, but to depress other countries. He would have done nothing to advance the cause of the unity of Italy, but would rather interpose barriers to the advancement of that country to strength, greatness, and prosperity. His Protection doctrines spring out of the same class of ideas. He would not permit the introduction into France of articles of produce or manu-



M. THIERS.

factory calculated to lower the price of commodities grown or made in that country. In fact his French policy is a selfish policy—and selfishness in the end benefits neither the individual nor the nation. Still, in spite of these drawbacks, he is a man of broad and enlightened views, and is held in very great respect, for his brilliancy, his talents, and his ardent patriotism, by the chief Ministers of the Courts of Europe. It may be that when there shall be peace between France and Germany the time will be brief before M. Thiers is again called to power; for no nation so soon gets tired of Republicanism as France.

PEACE ON EARTH!

Let us all acknowledge to-morrow our faith in the divine oracle. True, there is no peace. A million Christians are at each other's throats. Judging by facts, never did the world seem further from the sublime ideal. From Christmas to Christmas this has not been a year over which we can congratulate ourselves on the twenty-fifth of December. If, in these eighteen hundred and seventy years, we have been drawing nearer and nearer by short stages in advance towards the fulfilment of the promise of which the day comes to remind us, it would seem to be but a short step indeed we have taken in these three hundred and sixty five days. Self-complacent, to a vice, must be the man who will not feel at least a spasm of humiliation in the moments of seriousness and reflection through which he must pass to-morrow. We celebrate the day, in some degree because we acknowledge the great aim of humanity to be Peace on Earth; but who is there among us that does not feel that he has his share, more or less, in the responsibility for the long postponement of the bright time that is to come? The work that is to lead us up to the glorious culmination is a work in which every one has a part, and there are none of us who have not fallen short in our place. Still, in the hour of humiliation and confession, in the midst of the mournful reflections called up by a review of what is doing and what has been done among the nations during these months, it is impossible to help looking for some gleam of fresh hope. Never before, we think, did a great war so demonstrate its own hideousness, never were the miseries, the needlessness, the folly of chartered slaughtering displayed in such glaring colours before the eyes of so many thinking and comparatively educated people. The world is slow to learn. Very easy lessons have to be repeated a great many times. But, if we read aright the temper of our contemporaries, there is an unusually strong tendency among them to take this last bitter example to heart. It hardly seems possible now that any nation should go and do again what one great people did in the beginning of last July; and even the winners of unexampled triumphs must have their minds and their consciences steeped in crass forgetfulness if they do not seek early a way to keep out of struggles which to the gainers are a calamity—struggles which become inevitable if the causes are not removed in good time. All this is perhaps delusive. It may be that generation after generation in the future will be as mad as our neighbours have been since last Christmas, and that such a strain will be put upon those who revive year by year their faith in the coming of Peace on Earth that the festival will be by-and-bye a time of sorrow growing out of the two-long deferring of the realization of hope. To-morrow, however, we will once again renew our trust and our faith. It is long since a million of Europeans under arms stood watching each other with eyes of enmity and evil design through the solemn hours of the celebration of the Nativity. The awful incongruity must be painfully evident to most of them. May the aspect of Europe on the twenty-fifth of December, 1870, tend to prevent, hereafter, the doing of such violence to Christmas Day among the peoples of these Western lands!

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

Yes! This is the happy Christmas-time, and yet how strange it seems!
The crimson flush on the flowering brush, the flame on the splendid streams;
The sun's bold glance—the mirage-dance of the bright Australian noon—
As the warm-breath'd breeze just stirs the trees that girdle the broad lagoon.
Still as I gaze on the blooms that fringe the wild creek's sunny flow,
I think of faces far away where the fields are white with snow!
And wonder and weep—"Will their memories keep,
'Mid the mirth of this gladsome day,
A sacred place for an absent face
Five thousand leagues away?

Again I see the old elm-tree, with its branches bleak and bare,
And the rustic seat where lovers meet—Yes! lovers and seat are there;
And I fancy I know that arch bright smile, the turn of the glittering curl
That hangs (like the spray of the fruitful vine) on the neck of a lovely girl!
And the sterner face, above her bent, is lit with a softer light,
As her voice falls low like a wavelet's song when sunset fades to night.
And they list to the merry Christmas chimes,
And laugh. Ah! well-a-day!
Does *she* ever think of a changeless face
Five thousand leagues away?

The snow may rest in last year's nest that hangs on the hazel copse:
But the birds will flit through the boughs, and sit again in the rocking tops:
Tho' the cottage eaves are lone, and miss the flash of a welcome wing,
We know the swallows will come again with the sunshine and the spring,
And so, returned, an old, old love in each true bosom swells,
When the sad sweet rhyme of an ancient time chimes in with the Christmas bells.
Ah! *then* their memories turn to me,
And "God's blessing" still I pray
On the eyes that dim when they think of him
Five thousand leagues away!

I know life's time of golden prime—the beautiful time of yore—
Has faded away, like a fallen star that will shine in Heaven no more.
And I sometimes yearn to backward turn my steps, and a day re-live,
That my lips might sound the happy laugh that only a child can give!
But ah! 'tis vain, we can ne'er regain our childhood's sand of gold;
'Tis well as our bodies fade and fail, if our spirits grow not old!
That heart to heart in love may start
With the bells of each Christmas day;
"Lord, keep our memories green" for those
Five thousand leagues away!

A FAMOUS TOAST.*

We have in a previous number of this journal reviewed "Walter's Escape; or, the Capture of Breda." We find the story repeated in "Old Merry's Annual," among a host of other capital things. "Old Merry" is the delight of boys who dont stop to discuss who he is, or what he is, or whether he is the same "Merry" as of old. The boys are wise. They get excellent books under this well-known *nom de plume*, and are satisfied. So are we. The Annual this year is equal to its predecessors, full of honest fun and excitement, teeming with interesting stories, and instructive and entertaining matter. We select from its many illustrations a scene from "The Capture of Breda." The incident is *apropos* just now, in the midst of battles and sieges.

"So saying the count handed Paulus a scrap of paper, on which the following was almost illegibly scratched:—

'*The man cannot hold out much longer. The ship has stuck fast at Noornham. Wind dead against us. Freezing terribly. Sixty hours in a pitch-dark hole, with little food, and no means of warming. What am I to do?*—Heraugiere.'

'And where are they now?' asked Paulus Bax, after he had read and re-read the curious little note, and handed it to his brother.

'We do not know,' answered the count. 'The messenger who brought this was sent back immediately with the verbal command not to give up. But they may be on their way back, and at the gates of the town, for all we know. I intend sending some one, but I scarcely know whom.'

'I know, brother,' cried Mascellus, slapping the other on the shoulder, so that it rang through the room. 'Let us send Joseph.'

'Aye, brother, a good idea, indeed,' cried Paulus. 'We have brought with us,' he said, turning to the Count, 'an old soldier, who was for many years servant to the late Count Overkerk, whom you may remember, and who lately assisted his young master, my nephew, to escape from Breda. He is eager to join the expedition, for the Countess, our sister, is still a prisoner at the castle, and is likely to want his assistance. Indeed, I would go myself, only I know you would not allow me.'

'Can he hold his tongue?' asked the youthful Captain Maurice.

''Sdeath, Prince, if I knew how to hold mine half as well, I should be a much wiser man than I am,' cried Marcellus.

The Prince smiled, and desired the man to be brought in. Meanwhile Hohenlohe went to a side-table, and wrote a few lines on a slip of paper, which he handed to the Prince. On it were these words—

'*For the love of God, your Prince, and your country, I beseech you to lose no courage, but persist. Your sufferings have been great. Your glory and reward will be greater. The men have pledged themselves to victory or death. They have not got death. Let them get the victory.*—Hohenlohe.'

'I object to only one thing,' said the Prince, handing back the paper. 'You must put the country before the Prince. What would the Prince be without the country?'

'Nay,' cried Marcellus, as he poured out some wine into a goblet, 'what would this country have been without the Prince? Here is to the memory of Father Willem, whose great soul is with God.'

At the enthusiastic words of the veteran warrior, a thrill went through the hearts of those present; the toast was drunk in silence; and not even Paulus Bax felt the inclination to restrain his brother. The momentary silence which had fallen upon the company was broken by the entrance of Joseph, who remained in a respectful attitude at the further end of the table until Hohenlohe desired him to come closer.

'In how much time do you think you can ride to Noordham?' asked he.

'In a couple of hours, with a good horse, Count,' answered Joseph.

'Do you know me?' asked the Count, somewhat astonished. "I thought you belonged, till lately, to the Spanish forces in Breda. Where have you seen me before?'

'Ten years ago, when you were sent against Martin Schenck at Hardenberg; I tried to take you prisoner, my lord, and you nearly split my head. I have not forgotten your face since then.'

'Well, I have not forgetten the incident,' laughingly remarked Count Philip of Nassau, who sat next to the Prince. "I say, Hollock, are you not glad that Martin Schenck has gone to his long account? You never could forget the licking he gave you there. I wonder whether you can forgive this old fellow for having done his duty to you? I only wish he had done it better.'

There was a general laugh at the Count's expense, although the latter joined in it almost as heartily as the rest. After having looked at Joseph for some moments with a half-amused scrutiny, he held out some ducats, saying—

'Well, Master Joseph, if thou hast lost none of thy bravery since that day, I'll trust thee with any message of mine. Here, go drink mine health and the Prince's, and take some of that pigeon-pie with thee, for it is excellent; and take the swiftest horse thou canst find, and ride to Fort Noordham, and give this letter to Captain Heraugière, and to none but him; and may God speed thy journey!'"

How the Prince of Orange took the town is the sequel to this incident of the siege. It is admirably told, and pater cannot do better than buy the book for his boys and let them read it.

---

* "Old Merry's Annual." London: Hodder and Stoughton.

LITERATURE.

De Man on Beet Root Sugar. Published by Ridgway, Piccadilly.

Notwithstanding the pressing claims upon our space at this season, we cannot refrain from referring to the last brochure on beet-root sugar, from the pen of Mr. E. F. de Man, on account of the importance of the subject, to which we are glad to see several leading agriculturists are devoting their attention. Mr. de Man's small but very interesting volume treats of the whole subject of beet growing in a very clear and explanatory way, so that any one may understand it without being wearied with dry statistics. He proves the superiority, in a medicinal point of view, of beet root sugar over sugar produced from cane, and describes how it should be cultivated. He also points out the various soils of climates best adapted to the growth of beet root sugar, with various comparisons as to land rents in Belgium and the United Kingdom, and gives instances of large capitals already invested, with their results, together with the social and moral benefits of the industry. In concluding his work he gives some wonderful statistics as to the advantage of transplanting beet root, whereby a very large increase per acre may be obtained, with an accompanying large increase of saccharine matter. We feel that we cannot do a greater service to our agricultural friends than to advise them to purchase, and read attentively, Mr. de Man's remarks on the growth of sugar beet-root.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

In addition to the works noticed in our pictorial pages, we have sundry volumes upon our table that call for special attention in this place. Christmas in the nineteenth century would be nothing without its literature. We have passed from the mere sensuous celebration of the time into the intellectual. The great festival is heralded by books. The press pours out a continual stream of them, and Art combines to make the literary celebration of the season worthy of the time, and worthy of the progress which has marked this era of cheap literature. It should be a good sign this, intellectual activity, but the good is not unmixed. The so-called special Christmas publications—the annuals—are wishy-washy in the extreme, weak in every respect, except in advertisements. Thank goodness the present writer has not to deal with the annuals in this column. He walks in higher paths, with books worth the reading and illustrations of real merit.

Take for example the first work before us, "Holiday Pleasures," by the author of "Harry Lanton's Adventures," with Twelve Etchings by Rudolf Geissler (Seely, Jackson, and Halliday). The book is admirably written, printed in large, readable type, and on excellent paper. Its most attractive featurers are the etchings, which are full of artistic power, highly characteristic, and capitally drawn. We have seen nothing better for many a day than the vignette on the title-page, and the first etching—a skating scene. It is a work for the young. There are children in every picture. The children of the present day little know how much more they are blessed over the children of every other age in their books and pictures. Our next work is a smaller but none the less noteworthy work from the same publishers. It is entitled "Evening Amusement," and is by the author of "Letters Everywhere," with twenty illustrations by Paul Konewka. Some of our readers will remember several examples of black pictures (after the fashion of the old portraits cut out in black paper) which we gave in the *Illustrated Midland News*. The work under notice is illustrated in the same manner. The sketches are unique, and we rejoice to see that the book has already gone into a second edition. We commend it to our readers as one of the best of the smaller works for children which has appeared this season. "Little Rosy's Picture Book," with twenty-four illustrations by Lorenz Frölich (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), is a far less pretentious work than the two preceding volumes, but it is a charming book. Intended for the youngest children of the household, it is nevertheless very prettily bound, and opens with a coloured title-page of great merit. The other illustrations are also printed in colours, but not in the usual sticky pigments that make children's books shiny and gaudy. There is delicacy and artistic taste in the printing of the book quite worthy of the reputation of Lorenz Frölich. We come now to the most important work of the season, in an artistic sense; and this is also from the same house as those which we have noticed above (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday). It is "The Unknown River," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. The letter-press and etchings are from the same pen, and never perhaps was artist-author more successful in combination of narrative and pictures. "The noble art of etching" has been revived of late years by many painters, and by none with so much intelligence and real feeling for it as Mr. Hamerton. The delicacy and grace, the life and animation, the living reality of the etchings in this latest of the painter's books are beyond all praise. They are like an artist's dream of beauty; the nooks and corners of the river, the grasses and trees, the shingly and stony pools, the ancient buildings on the banks; all are full of an exquisite poetic sentiment that belongs to the highest order of art. The river thus explored by pen and pencil is the Arroux, that passes by the Augustodunum and flows to the historic Loire. Mr. Hamerton tells the story of the river in good plain English, and illustrates the letter-press as we have said in such a way as to make his book the most noteworthy of the season. "Madelaine's Trial and and other Stories," (Hodder and Houghton) is an interesting and seasonable volume, translated from the French of Madame Presseusé by Annie Harwood, who seems to have done complete justice to her subject. It may be safely recommended as an entertaining and good book for a Christmas present.

A new publication that seeks public favour is the *Piccadilly Annual*. It is published by Mr. Hotten, and contains nearly a hundred large and well-filled pages of fact and fiction by Thackeray, Dickens, Longfellow, Mark Twain, &c. With illustrations by Holman Hunt, Du Maurier, and Thackeray. The matter is old and new—American and English—wise and otherwise—prose and worse, and anyone who can read at all will here find pages to interest them. The cover is one of the neatest and most beautiful we have ever seen.

GOSSIP.

The *Milk Journal* is the title of a new paper.

A new paper, called *Church Bells*, is advertised.

Madame Anna Bishop is to appear before the public at Boston, U.S.

Mr. Stephen Glover, the well-known song-writer, died on the 7th inst.

Mr. Boucicault has, it is said, sold a new play to a New York manageress for £400.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems is announced for publication early in the New Year.

Mr. Tom Hood and Mr. Godfrey Turner write the Christmas stories in the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

The Harleian Society has in type "The Visitation of Rutlandshire, in 1618," its second book for the present year.

The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Morris's poem of "The Earthly Paradise" has passed through the first edition.

A set of part-songs for male voices, by M. Gounod, has just been published in Germany, where his music has taken deep root.

The unveiling of the Schiller monument, at Berlin, which was to have taken place this month, is put off till the spring of next year.

Professor Seeley will give a course of lectures on the British Constitution, to ladies, at the South Kensington Museum, in January.

Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, B.A., is announced as the author of "The Annals of Oxford," to be brought out by Messre. Hurst and Blackett.

Miss Carlotta Addison appears at the Gaiety Theatre on the 26th, to play *Dot* in "The Cricket on the Hearth," and returns to the Prince of Wales's at Easter.

The new Court Theatre will open on the 21st of January, with a strong company. Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Frank Matthews have been engaged. There will be no fees for booking, programme, or cloak room.

The *Orchestra* announces, on good authority, that a school of music at South Kensington, on a scale worthy the nation, will be organised in the forthcoming year, the funds being promised to realize the Prince Consort's intention.

The Rev. W. W. Skeat is engaged on a new edition of "Chatterton," for Messrs. Bell and Dalby's Aldine Series, in which he is tracing to their sources Chatterton's ludicrous mistakes in the use of early English words.—*Echo.*

Mdlle. Marie Krebs and her mother, Madame Krebs-Michalesi, have been treating the Yankees to vocal and instrumental performances of the works of Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Mendelssohn, and other composers.—*Musical Standard.*

M. Gounod is devoting his hours of exile to the completion of his grand opera, the "Polyeucte" of Corneille, and to the composition of an oratorio, the book of which has also been written by M. Gounod, the subject being Calvary and the Redemption, he having versified a portion of the Scriptural text.—*Athenæum.*

Maravilla Cocoa for Breakfast.—The *Globe* says—Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers. Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [76

Mutual Life Assurance.—The advantages of the Scottish Provident Institution, as compared with other offices, are a greatly larger original assurance for the same premium, and eventually to good lives, as large additions as where the ordinary high rate of premium is charged.—For particulars, apply to Mr. A. Forrest, 10, Cherry Street, Birmingham. [105

Artificial Teeth. Painless Dentistry.—Notice of Removal. Established upwards of Half a Century. Mr. GABRIEL, the Old-Established Resident Dentist, from 65, New Street, to 11, *Bennett's Hill* (next to the Bank of England). Daily attendance from nine a.m. until six p.m. Single Teeth from 5s.; complete Sets from £5. [115

THE WAR.

Side by side with Christmas stories, songs, and homilies we are compelled to continue the grim and grievous narrative of the war. After the completion of our last weeks summary the first item of consequence was a general order of King William, running thus;—"We enter upon a new phase of the war. Every attempt of the enemy to break through the line of investment has been in vain. The armies of the enemy which advanced from all sides for the relief of Paris have all been repulsed." The King thanks his troops, adding that, should the enemy persist in the prosecution of the war, he is confident the soldiers will evince the same ardour to which the successes hitherto achieved are due, till an honourable peace is secured, worthy of Germany's great sacrifices of blood and life.

On the 15th it was announced that the Germans were withdrawing from Havre and that the French army corps were converging towards it. The *France* says:—"In order to prevent the revictualling of the Prussians, Havre, Dieppe, and Fecamp will be blockaded. Vessels will be allowed eleven days to leave these ports."

It is reported from Versailles (Sunday) that many deserters continue to come out from Paris, but are all sent back; and that no more will be received. Prince Wittgenstein, the Russian military attaché, as arrived at Versailles from Paris.

From Bordeaux, the new head quarters of the French Government we learn that a decree dated the 14th inst. removes from active service General Sol, commanding the military division at Tours, for "unneccessary precipitation" in evacuating that town. From the same city it is reported that notwithstanding the German occupation of Alsace and Lorraine, inhabitants of those provinces in many cases succeed in passing through the Prussian lines to offer their services for the national defence. It is stated that the precipitate departure of General Sol on the 13th, without leaving any instructions, produced a panic causing the evacuation of the town, the abandonment of the railway rolling stock, and the disorganisation of the whole service. Orders were subsequently given from Bordeaux for the return of sufficient staff and material to continue the railway and telegraphic services. General Sol, on leaving Tours, erroneously announced the imminent arrival of three German corps, marching on both sides of the Loire, and through the Valley of the Oher.

The *Monituer*, referring to Art. 209 of the Military Code, decreeing the punishment of death for any governor or commandant proved to have surrendered without exhausting the means of defence, and doing all prescibed by honour and duty, announces that a commission of inquiry is to meet immediately at Bordeaux, to examine the circumstances of the surrender of Strasburg and Metz,

The *Echo du Nord* of Sunday announces that the Prussians hastily evacuated Amiens on Friday morning, retiring in the direction of Clermont and Paris, avoiding the roads of Montdidier and Roye, which are occupied by the French troops. The citadel at Amiens remains in possession of the Prussians, where they are shut up and fortified. The German authorities, before leaving Amiens, published a proclamation congratulating the inhabitants upon their friendly attitude, and announcing that they would shortly return.

The *Times* correspondent at Versailles telegraphed on Monday as follows:—"The arrival at Versailles of a deputation of the North German Parliament to congratulate King William on the change of style from Confederation to Empire is regarded as a good omen for the military events which may soon be expected. The destruction of the Army of the Loire is thought certain; and, though Paris may resist, it is not believed that France can struggle on much after the end of the old year. This, at least, is the German opinion. There is a chance, of course, that fighting may be indefinitely prolonged. The obstinate endurance of the French may hold out until April.'

The Germans have exacted 2,000,000 francs from Evreux, 1,000,000 from Amiens, and 400,000 francs from Fécamp.

The following is the German account of the combat at Nuits:—"On the 18th inst. a strong hostile force, which held a position near Nuits and Pesmes, was attacked and dispersed by General Von Werder. Nuits was taken in the evening, and upwards of 600 prisoners were captured. On the 19th the enemy was pursued in a southerly and westerly direction. On the German side, Prince William of Baden and General Glümer were slightly wounded. On the 18th inst. the 10th Army Corps continued past Epinsay the pursuit of the French, whom it had previously repulsed on the occasion of the occupation of Vendôme. Many stragglers and the colours of one regiment were captured. Other detachments fought on the 17th inst. a body of the enemy 10,000 strong, near Le Poislay and Fontenelle. The enemy fled towards Le Mans. Our left wing was marching in columns yesterday towards Chateau Rénault."

Here is a rather startling incident of the war:—"At Dijon the Prussians lately summoned thirty of the notables of the place before the Commandant of the town, and explained to them that they required forty hostages, who would be sent off to Germany, where, however, they were informed, they would be well treated. Twenty were taken from Dijon, ten from Vessoul, and ten from Gray. It was in vain they protested. The first twenty on the list in the hands of the Prussians taken from Dijon were sent off to Germany, with the exception of M. Gaulin, a banker, who was replaced by M. Jeaunet, professor of law.

Paris, whose bombardment is constantly being threatened and as constantly delayed, is said to be able to endure the siege for weeks, if not months longer. The balloon "Davy" landed at Beaume Côte d'Ar, on Tuesday, bringing news from Paris to the 17th inst, as follows:—"To-day Paris continues calm, bold, resolute, confident. We have provisions for a long time. The army and population are full of ardour."

"Three years ago this autumn I had a severe attack of the gout to which I had been subject for 22 years. After being confined to my room, under treatment, two weeks, I was induced to try Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and in a little more than a week was able to be at business. Two years before I had a similar attack, no worse, which, with the best medical advice I could get, laid me up more than four months. Yours, &c., Thomas Perry, *Red Lion Sq., London, Nov.* 10, 1868.—To Perry Davis & Sons."

THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

We continue to note the progress of the movement suddenly started by the Count Von Bismark, intended to lead to the annexation of Luxemburg to Germany. The address presented to Prince Henry by the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy gives expression to the anxiety caused by the German note, and says Germany is mistaken in believing that Luxemburg has violated neutrality. It further implores the Prince not to allow the political existence of the Grand Duchy to be disposed of without the population being consulted. The Brussels papers publish a despatch from Arion, which states that the King of Holland has sent the following telegram to the Government of Luxemburg:—"I will defend the Treaty of 1867 and the honour and independence of the Grand Duchy. I approve of all the acts of the Grand Ducal Government." In Friday's sitting of the Second Chamber the Minister of Justice, replying to an interpellation of M. Casembroot, referring to the French prisoners said to have escaped, declared that the reports which have been published were partially true, but very exaggerated. A careful inquiry had been instituted. There had never been a question of the prisoners being delivered to Prussia, still less of their being shot.

In reply to an interpellation of M. Sypestyn, the Minister of Marine confirmed the news that negotiations for the cession of Guinea were pending, and he stated that the treaty in reference thereto would previously be submitted for the approval of the House.

The *Daily News* of Tuesday contained the following:—"We are able to state that the freedom of decision relative to the neutrality of Luxemburg, which Count Bismarck has claimed for the North German Confederation, referred only to such military operations as might be judged necessary during the continuance of the present war, and not to any political action." From Berlin on Monday came the following:—"Germany will probably accept arbitration in the settlement of the Luxembourg question. The reported negotiations between Holland and Nassau are unfounded. Annexation is, however, popular."

The Minister of State declared in the Luxembourg Chamber on Monday that all the questions put forward by Count Bismarck were founded on false reports.

The Luxemburg students at the University of Ghent have addressed to the Patriotic Committee a protest against the charges brought against a "people who have never ceased to practise the laws of humanity, honesty, and justice—charges which are based upon false statements, and which aim at nothing less than the violation of the most just and legitimately-held rights that a people ever possessed."

The semi-official *North German Gazette* says that the Prussian Government is ready to submit its complaints of the violation of neutrality by Luxembourg, as well as its claim against the Grand Ducal Government, to arbitration. This course would in no way affect the position of the Duchy as a State.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

A preliminary special Convention between Russia and the Porte will, it is expected, be published in a few days. The *Presse* states that Prince Charles has complained of the provisions of the Paris treaty, declaring that they condemn Roumania to a restricted existence, and prevent the development of the State.

The Late and Present Earl Derby on the Luxembourg Question.—In the debate in the House of Commons, in 1867, on the Luxembourg question, Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Aytoun protested against the Government involving this conntry in a guarantee, and asked, in case the Territory of Luxembourg should be violated, whether this country was bound to interfere by force of arms. Lord Stanley, the foreign Secretary, replied—"All that the Government had now done was to guarantee the neutrality and possession of the country by the King of Holland; and that guarantee was a collective one, which was essentially different from a seperate guarrntee. It was a case of 'limited liability,' which had rather the character of a moral sanction than a contingent liability to go to war." In the House of Lords, a few days later, Lord Houghton asked for some further explanation of the nature of the guarantee. The Earl of Derby (Prime Minister), replied that the difference between a collective and an individual guarantee was well known. By the former, if there was a difference of opinion between the parties to the guarantee, no one party was called upon to undertake the duty of enforcing it. It depended on the union of all parties.

W. and A. Gilbey's Stores.—The *Standard* of last Friday, in a long account of Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey's New Stores at Camden Town, gives some interesting details. It appears that the Stores in question have a cellarage and floorage space of upwards of five acres, and were formerly used as the principal Goods Station of the London and North Western Railway. Connected with these Stores by canal are Bonded Cellars covering several acres, in which the various Wines and Spirits as they arrive from Xeres, Oporto, Bordeaux, Cognac, &c., are stored under bond. Upwards of 300 hands are employed, principally on piecework, and an average of 3,000 dozens, or about 100 tons weight of Wines and Spirits is sent out daily, in addition to which, every day, from 30,000 to 40,000 bottles are washed by steam. The business here carried on, according to the Government Returns, amounts to about one-twentieth part of the entire Wine trade; while from the fact of this firm having agents in almost every town and village of the United Kingdom, their goods can be obtained everywhere at the same price, and their position in the trade affords a guarantee of uniform quality and good commercial value. Thus, each one of their 1,500 agents, intsead of supplying his customers from some two or three varieties bottled and purchased on his own judgment, holds in reality the key to a stock embracing more than 200 varieties.

The *Standard* points out that the position selected for these Stores combines the advantages very difficult to obtain in London of road, rail, and water carriage, and concludes its remarks as follows:—

"Altogether this Establishment is well worth inspection; and to visitors to London, with whom a day at the Docks has always represented one of the standing sights, we can only say that they will find a visit to these Stores of perhaps greater interest, as here they will see all the various processes of bottling, packing, &c., on such a scale as certainly cannot be seen elsewhere, not even in the wine-producing countries.—*Standard*, 16th December, 1870.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The New Trade Paper.—We have received a copy of the "Specimen Number" of the *Coal and Iron Trades' Advertiser and Directory*. It is heavy with advertisements in the lines of business to which the attention of the editors is devoted and contains a quantity of well-arranged trade intelligence. It is published at Derby.

The Hunt.—The North Warwickshire Hounds will meet on Monday at Tanworth; Tuesday, Princethorpe; Thursday, Bilton Village; and Friday, Tile Hill.—The Duke of Rutland's Hounds will meet on Saturday (to-day) at Plungar; Monday, Great Gonerby; Tuesday, Weaver's Lodge; Wednesday, Stonesby; and Friday, Ranceby. Each day at Eleven.

Burglarious Tools.—Mr. Mace, hatter, of High-street, found a couple of curious iron housebreaking tools in the passage adjoining his shop on Wednesday morning. One was a very clever contrivance for prying open doors and shutters. The thieves appear to have previously secreted themselves in the passage, and to have been alarmed in the night, when they went off in such a hurry as to leave their implements behind them.

Amongst the visitors staying at the Great Western Hotel during the week are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hayden (from New York), Dr. Cortis, Mr. Lehmann, Mr. W. Galwey, Sir Thomas and Lady Frost, Mr. Behrend, Mr. O. Lennsen, Mr. Ollendorff (from Montreal), Mr. Hammond, Captain Vivian Majendick, R.A., Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Walter Allcock, Mr. J. H. Good, Mr. Vallance, Mr. Cannot, Mr. Aubert, Captain Hackett, Mr. Townshend Woods, Mr. G. S. Wood, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Melliss, Mr. Adams, Mr. Thwaytes, Captain Lynch, Mr. O. H. Davidson, Mr. G. C. Silk, Mr. Russell.

Change Ringing.—On the 17th instant seven members of the St. Martin's Society of Change Ringers of Birmingham, assisted by Mr. Thomas Parkes, assembled in the tower of Bishop Ryder's Church, and rung an excellent peal of Stedman triples, containing 5,040 changes, which were completed in three hours and four minutes, the company being stationed thus:—J. Day, treble; J. Joynes, 2nd; J. Perks, 3rd; J. James, 4th; H. Johnson, 5th; G. Baldwin, 6th; H. Bustable, 7th; T. Parkes, tenor. This peal was the original production of the late Mr. Thomas Thurstans, with the two singles in the last two courses, and the 7th, the observation bell, and holds the same position in Stedman's principle as Holt's peal in the Grandsire method. The task of conducting this intricate peal was confided to Mr. J. Perks, who acquitted himself with his usual ability.

Mr. Howard Paul, who is a staunch favourite in and about the Midland district, will give a representation of his songs and characters on Thursday next, December 29, for one night only, at the Town Hall, Birmingham. He will be assisted by a group of fair ladies: Miss Annie Goodall, of the Crystal Palace Opera Troupe, who has recently been singing with great success at Sydenham; Miss Romanelli, of the St. James's Hall Concerts; and pretty May Mander, who is a charming pianiste. Miss Goodall is not only a ballad singer of great excellence, but an actress of fine ability, having sustained the principal operatic *rôles* the past winter to the satisfaction of the most exigent of the London critics. Miss Romanelli will appear also in costume in a variety of songs and scenes from operas, and in addition to a pianoforte solo by Miss Mander, Mr. Howard Paul will impersonate "Captain Vane of the Pink Brigade," "Jonathan Greenbacks, the humorous Yankee Major," "Napoleon III.," the "Sensation Swell of the Period," and several other of his famous and amusing representations of character. Mr. Paul, wise in his generation as a man of business, judiciously adopts popular prices, and brings the power of witnessing his entertainment within the means of the humblest.

The Education Movement at Leamington.—The inhabitants of Leamington have recently been doing and acting as if something more useful than fashionable *soirees* or hunting parties occupied the attention of the residents in the Midland watering place. Monday last was the Speech Day at the College, and the occasion was chosen to inaugurate the new boarding-house which now forms the western side of the quadrangle of the elegant Elizabethan structure which adorns the fashionable suburb of Binswood. The proceedings were initiated by the Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, Lord Leigh, patron of the College, and he was surrounded by the *elité* of his neighbours and friends. It was expected that Dr. Barry, formerly head master of Cheltenham College, the Bishop of Exeter, and other leading educationalists would have been present, but they were unfortunately prevented from attending. Amongst those who took part in the proceedings were—Dr. Jephson, Dr. O'Callaghan, F.S.A., the Rev. H. G. Woods, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, &c. The prize holders of the term, Mr. J. C. Dickenson and Mr. H. Simpson, and Mr. J. Hull gave their prize recitation in English verse, Latin prose and verse to a crowded assembly in the large hall of the College. The new boarding house has the residence of a master attached to it: under whose management it will be conducted. The basement and ground floor contains various requisite offices, also a spacious dining-hall, a school-room, as well as private studies, which will be placed at the disposal of the most diligent boys. The upper floors contain forty dormitories, bath rooms, and other apartments; also separate rooms for invalids. The whole is well-heated with hot water, and thoroughly ventilated. The staircases are of stone. No expense has been spared to ensure health and comfort in the minutest particular. During the proceedings the scholarships gained by the students in open competition were awarded.

Artificial Teeth. Painless Dentistry.—Notice of Removal. Established upwards of Half a Century. Mr. GABRIEL, the Old-Established Resident Dentist, from 65, New Street, to 11, *Bennett's Hill* (next to the Bank of England). Daily attendance from nine a.m. until six p.m. Single Teeth from 5s.; complete Sets from £5. [115

The Hair.—The Plain Truth.—Mrs. Allen's World's Hair Restorer will positively restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises, and the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s.; in large bottles only.—Depot, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [139

MIDLAND PANTOMIMES.

Bath.—Theatre Royal: *The Fair One with the Golden Eggs.* Powell's Circus: *Bold Robin Hood and the Merrie Men of Sherwood Forest.*

Birmingham.—Theatre Royal: *Whittington and his Cat.* Prince of Wales Theatre: *Jack and the Beanstalk.*

Bristol.—New Theatre Royal: *Forty Thieves and The Magic Donkey.*

Cheltenham.—Theatre Royal: *Forty Thieves.*

Coventry.—Theatre Royal: *Harlequin Robinson Crusoe.*

Nottingham.—Theatre Royal: *Harlequin Robinson Crusoe.*

Sheffield.—Theatre Royal: *Babes in the Wood.*

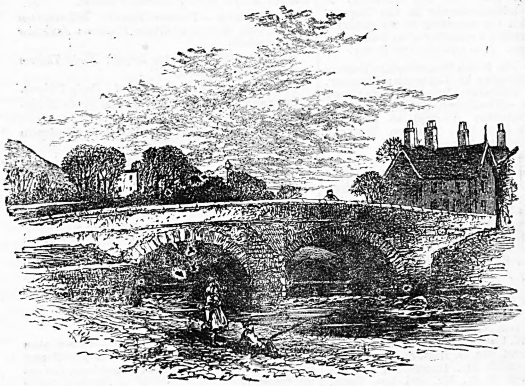
Our readers will see by our advertising columns that the Royal Excelsior Dioramic Concert Company, with twelve popular vocalists and sixty scenes of Great Britain, will occupy the Curzon Hall for the Christmas holidays. Under the management of Mr. Jolly Nash and Mr. George Ware, this is an entertainment that old and young can witness, and will be one of the great treats for our country cousins.

Marriage and £150 a Year.—Can a man keep a house and wife on £300 a year? and ought he to marry upon less?—used to be the old questions which our metropolitan contemporaries took up for discussion in what is called the silly season. They were questions of never-failing interest. Columns upon columns of correspondence poured in upon the editor the day after he had plucked up courage to ask either of them. They were debated with all the pros. and cons. of rates and taxes and rents, of life in apartments and in your own house with young men lodgers, with the price of butcher's meat and groceries, and all the rest of the etceteras that make up the sum total of our household expenses. But as far as we recollect neither of the questions was ever brought to a settlement, except in the very disagreeable form that a house could only be kept up decently upon £300 a year by William giving up his cigar, forswearing all wine, except Gladstone's claret, thinking nothing of the opera or the theatre, and making up his mind to get cold mutton two or three days a week, and Angelina contenting herself with a faded silk, with her old bonnet, and with darned gloves. Life, in fact, on less than £300 a year was generally pronounced to be that most miserable of all forms of existence, a life of shabby gentility. And yet when it had been thus proved by the most incontestible statistics that domestic happiness was impossible upon less than £300 a year, some dashing and buxom young wife used to upset all these sinister calculations by a romantic declaration that all the happiness of life was to be found in the cottage of a bank clerk at a salary of £150 a year. This, of course, generally cut short the correspondence, and with the aid of a ready-reckoner and Francatelli's cookery-book, William and Angelina slept the sleep of innocence, picturing to themselves a scene of idyllic simplicity in a cottage covered with a trellis-work of woodbine and honeysuckle. But statistics and political economy are the order of the day, and with the end of the year 1870 apparently, all thoughts of marriage upon £150 a year, and of domestic happiness in a cottage must be banished from love's young dream. The board of directors of one of the principal banking establishments in in the city of London have just issued a circular announcing that any of the persons in their employment in receipt of a salary under £150 per annum contracting marriage will subject himself to instant dismissal. The clerks, of course, are indignant, and are signing a round robin to present to the directors at their next board meeting. This was inevitable, and we can hardly suppose than the ten or dozen old gentlemen, with incomes varying probably from £100,000 to £10,000 a year, who issued this Rhadamanthean order, are unprepared for the gauntlet of criticism that they will probably have to run to vindicate the virtues of prudence and forethought which they have been laying down for the guidance of the passionate youths at their desks and counters, who are too much absorbed at present in the mysteries of the language of flowers to think very much of the withering theories of population, and of all those clean-cut distinctions between the geometrical growth of the population and the arithmetical increase of agricultural produce, which Mr. Malthus struck out a few years ago, to teach people the folly of rushing headlong into matrimony until they saw their way out of it. Here marriage has always been free; perhaps a little too free. It is a fault which is too common with all of us. We will not go further. for we have no wish to break any one's heart. But it is clear that the days of romance and poetry are over if this board of hard-hearted bank-directors carry their point, that we must prepare ourselves for the future to regulate our affections by the principles of political economy, and to study the theory of populatiou and the price current before we take to talking about *affaires de cœur*, or thinking of marriage on less than £150 a year.—*Bristol Mirror*.

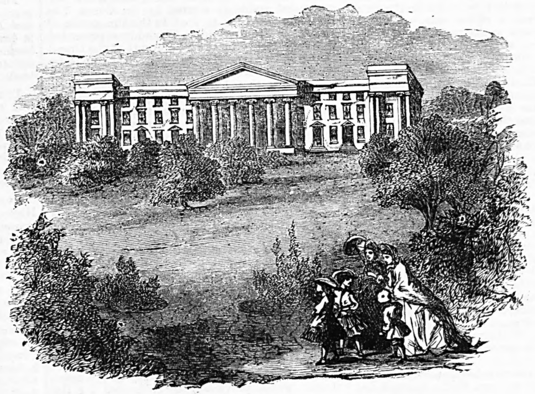
Floriline!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the Fragrant Floriline on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the Teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. Gallup, Proprietor, 493, Oxford Street, London. [156

Advice to Mothers.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately: it is perfectly harmless: it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the owels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes.—Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. [694

For Table Delicacies, Desserts, &c., "Sea Moss Farine" is the most healthful, economical, convenient, and delicious food in the world. A Shilling Packet will produce *Sixteen Quarts* of Blanc Mange, Custard Pudding, Charlotte Russe, Floating Island, &c. Sea Moss Farine is in a far more concentrated form than Corn Flours, Maizena, and other farinaceous or gelatinous articles. Its cheapness, wholesomeness, and simplicity of preparation will commend it to all Hotels, Families, and Restaurants. Sold by all Chemists and Grocers. Sea Moss Farine Co., 266, High Holborn, London. [21



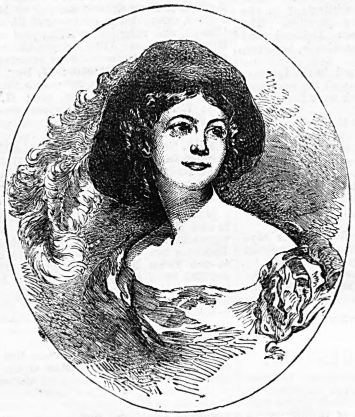
GRETA BRIDGE.



THE MOUNT, AT SHEFFIELD: MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

MEMORIES.*

There are no pleasanter and no more instructive books than books of biography. "Boswell's Life of Johnson," for example, is perhaps one of the most entertaining works in the language, and it has always seemed to us that the writer has got too little credit for his artistic and thoughtful labours. Any man of judgment who gives to the world his personal knowledge of any person of eminence whom he has known intimately, confers a great boon upon his fellow-men. It is in this spirit that we accept Mr. S. C. Hall's book of Memories. Although here and there the style in which the work is written wants force and character, the facts and incidents are always good. Mr. Hall is too apologetic, too humble in the tone in which he affects to speak of his friends of past days. There is too much of the excuse which begets accusation of presumption. Mr. Hall writes with the continual fear before his eyes of being charged with dragging himself into notoriety, by means of his "Memories." He should rise above this; for he is entitled to fame and position on his own account. The man who projected, started, and founded *The Art Journal*, may be quite sure of a niche of his own in the Temple of Fame. When he commenced that publication, Art was a theme of the few; an out-of-the-way study, a luxurious something without the ordinary pale of society. He had to create a Public for his work, and he did, but not without Herculean labours and patience. During the first ten years of *The Art Journal* it never paid its expenses; but the love of Art grew with it. Nevertheless, art *pure and simple* did not make the *Journal* pay: it was Mr. Hall's idea of making it the representative of the art manufactures that brought complete success and profit. He was obliged to get into the narrower, but none the less important, and after all the more useful ways of domestic and practical art. He had to demonstrate to the world, and to manufaturers themselves, the mercantile value of the Fine Arts. "To that feature of the work I must attribute its success. As a publication for artists only, it never would have succeeded." In "The Book of Memories" under notice, Mr. Hall has been assisted by his accomplished wife, whose contributions to general literature have made her name "familiar as household words." We commend the work to our readers as a library and drawing room book. It is full of wayside gossip about great men and women, profusely illustrated with *apropos* engravings, and very handsomely printed and bound. We have the permission of the author to reproduce some of the engravings. We select the three which adorn this page. The sketch of Montgomery's Havre is from a memory of "James Montgomery," the famous journalist and poet of Sheffield, whose genius was dimmed by the harsh and bitter criticism of Francis Jeffery, in the *Edinburgh Review*. "Gre fa Bride" is from a charming paper on Robert Southey. The house on the right was Southey's residence. The scene is one of the most picturesque in England. It is close to Rokeby—the Rokeby of Sir Walter Scott. The portrait which we engrave is that of "L. E. L.," the beautiful and famous Latitia Elizabeth Landon. "Her life was a 'battle' from the cradle to the grave—the grave in which she 'rests from her labours'—in that far-off land where the white man ever walks hand-in-hand with death." Mr. and Mrs. Hall were among the few friends who knew the poetess intimately. It was not in her nature to open her heart to acquaintances. Indeed her large "secretiveness" was her bane. She knew it, Mr. Hall says, and deplored it; for "it was the origin of that misconception which embittered her whole life; the main spring of that calumny which made France a mockery, a glory, a deceit." Mr. Hall does full justice to the name, fame, and genius of his subject; and in truth this "memory" and that of Tom Moore are the best in this very excellent and readable book, which contains about one hundred and fifty special papers, each with a subject whose life is of universal interest. Now and then Mr. and Mrs. Hall fall in with a name that is familiar among the familiar to them and to all of us; and then we get a variety of new information of the greatest value and interest. We believe this work will be amongst the most popular and lasting volumes of the Halis.



LAETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

---

* A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age. By E. C. Hall, F.S.A., &c. London: Virtue and Co.

THE WITCH OF BROOKE HOLLOW.*

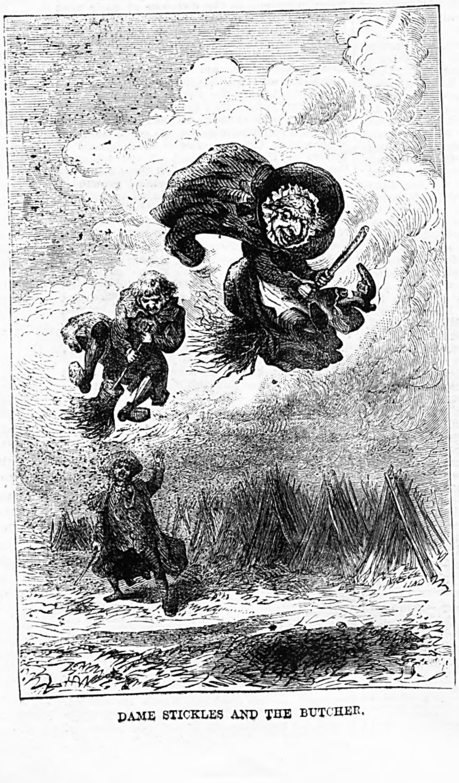
Last Christmas we reviewed a most excellent book of tales for children, from the pen of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugesson, M.P. We are glad to welcome the hon. member again in these columns. His stories are racy, pleasant narratives, which will be particularly acceptable at this festive season. Our illustration depicts an incident in the story of "The Witch of Brooke Hollow." Farmer Hankey had behaved very badly to a butcher named Giles, whom he was about to carry before a magistrate for an offence of which Giles was not guilty. This is how the butcher was rescued and the farmer punished.

"The angry farmer was not to be turned from his purpose. 'Let you off!' he exclaimed. 'Just catch me being such a flat as that! No, no, my man. I've suffered too much before to-day. Don't talk to me about witches? I'll witch you away to Sir Edward, and you may persuade him if you can.'

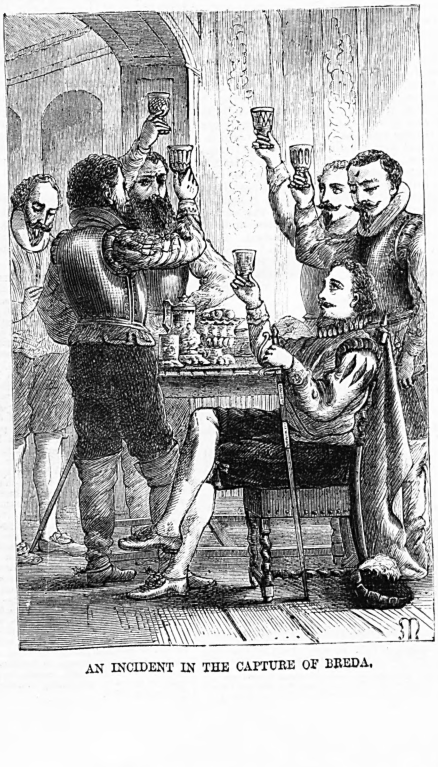
So saying, the worthy farmer had his horse harnessed to the cart, ordered Giles into it, and drove off towards Scott's Hall. Slowly they descended the rough cart track which led down the hill, and reached the road from Wye which, as has been before mentioned, skirts the bottom of the hill. It is not a first-rate road now-a-days, but it was worse at the time of which I am writing, and Sam Hankey could only drive slowly. He turned

---

* "Crackers for Christmas." By Knatchbull-Hugesson, M.P. London: Macmillan and Co.



DAME STICKLES AND THE BUTCHER.



AN INCIDENT IN THE CAPTURE OF BREDA.

towards Wye, and after a hundred yards or so reached the lane which leads down to Bull town farm, which he had to pass, and then, following the road which wound in a zigzag fashion through the pleasant grass meadows of West Brabourne, he would come out upon Brabourne Leese and pick his way across that large and barren common until he reached the gates of Scott's Hall. This was his way, and this was his plan, but he little knew what was before him.

First of all, as he turned the corner down to Bull town, snap! one of the traces broke, and master Sam had to get out and splice it up as well as he could, muttering to himself all the time that the traces were lately new, and 'hadn't ought to have broken like that.' He mounted again and drove steadily along until he came opposite Bull town house. Now, the farm-yard sloped down from the house to the road, from which it was divided by a low stone wall. Just as Farmer Hankey got opposite this wall, up upon it there suddenly leaped a large black cat, so close to the horse's head, and so unexpectedly, that no horse in the world could have stood it. Old Dobbin, as Hankey's horse was named, was as quiet, sober-minded, respectable an animal as any in the county of Kent, but this was a little too much even for *him*. He shied violently, and in spite of all his master's attempts, ran away down the road as fast as he could go. 'Wo-woah-wo-ah-wo!' shouted Hankey, tugging hard at the reins meanwhile, but the horse seemed mad with terror, and dashed on down the lane, throwing the mud on all sides, and jolting the travellers far more than was pleasant or agreeable. This state of things could not last long, of course, but it came to an end in a manner peculiarly disagreeable to Farmer Hankey. A few hundred yards down the road were a number of his own lambs, some of the survivors of the flock, which were being driven off to Ashford market. Now, lambs are not easy things to pass at the best of times where the lane is narrow and the road only fit to travel on in the middle, but to pass them with a runaway horse is next to impossible. Dobbin, however, did not seem to think so, and he rushed bang into the midst of the drove, scattering them here and there, breaking limbs and bruising bodies, and doing his master as much mischief as he well could, until, a lamb having fallen exactly under his nose, he stumbled over the poor creature, came smack down on his knees, both of which he broke in the fall upon the road (which had been recently mended with sharp flints at that particular spot), and sent the Farmer and Giles both flying into the air, from which they descended with some force into the road. Fortunately for both of them, the crowd of lambs somewhat broke their fall, and the worst personal consequences which they experienced consisted in a few bruises and a good shaking. Up jumped Farmer Hankey in a tremendous passion. 'Confound the cat!' he shouted, and proceeded to use language more strong than polite towards the cat, the horse, the lambs, the road, and Giles Butcher into the bargain, when a low laugh very near to him caused him to turn his head in the direction from whence it appeared to come.

The accident had happened at the corner of Cadman wood, just opposite to the stile into Cadman meadow, and upon that stile, with a wicked smile upon her face, her old bonnet cocked in roguish fashion on one side, and her red cloak over her shoulders, who should be sitting but Goody Stickels!

'Ha, ha!' she laughed, as the angry farmer turned round and faced her. 'I never seed such a sight in my life! Sam Hankey driving over his own lambs and throwing down his good horse! Merry deeds, Sam; merry deeds, Giles! Ha! ha!'

The farmer was made more furious than ever by her conduct, and burst out into exclamations by no means of a flattering nature towards the old lady.

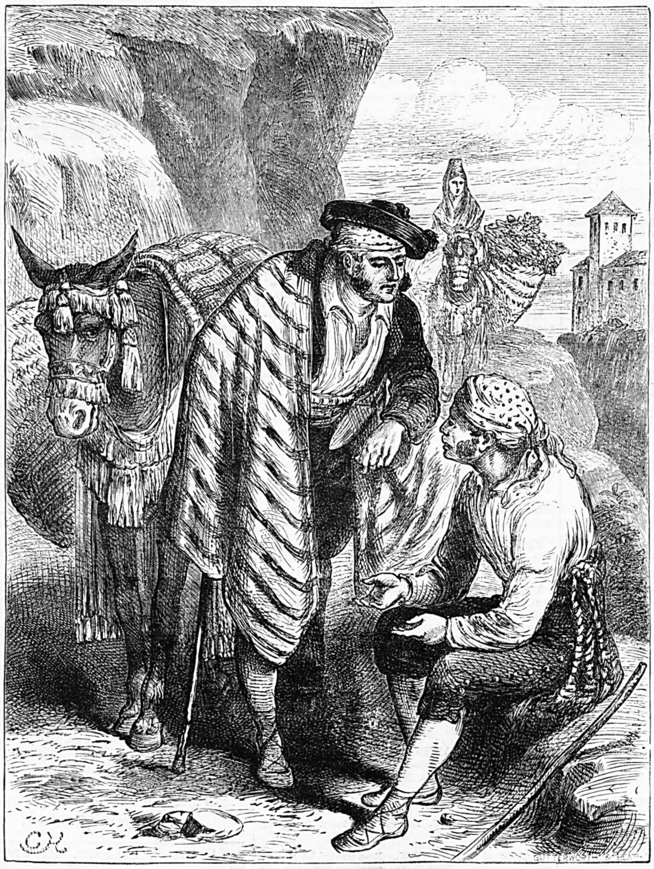
'You wrinkled old wretch!' he said, 'I believe you are at the bottom of the whole business. Dash my wig if I don't! Such things as these don't happen of themselves. Pretty times these are, when an honest man is to be troubled by such as you! But if you *have* been the cause of my troubles, look out for yourself, Mrs. Stickels. Take care of the horse-pond. We won't have no witches here, not if we know it. Let's see what Sir Edward will say to it'—and he only stopped because he was out of breath with rage.

But the old dame chuckled again, and then said in a very quiet tone, 'Never give way to temper, Sam.'

This enraged the man more, and he made a step towards the stile, when suddenly out of the corner of the wood sprang a huge black cat, suspiciously like that which had just been the ruin of Dobbin, and planted itself between him and Dame Stickels, setting up its back and spitting violently at the same time. Sam Hankey stepped back at once, and at that moment caught sight of Giles Butcher slinking away along the road-side hedge. For Giles, who had made no resistance at his first capture, nor during the drive down the hill, had now begun to think that he might as well be off, for he didn't see any fun in keeping in the farmer's company longer than he could help. So he was slipping away by the side of the hedge when Hankey saw him, and shouted loudly, 'Stop, you thief; stop, I tell you. You're not going to get off like that,' and leaving the driver to look after the lambs, Dobbin, and the cart, as well as he could, Farmer Hankey set off in pursuit of Giles. The latter got as far as the gate into Cadman meadow, some hundred yards from the stile by the wood, and then turned in to take a short cut to Brooke across the fields. But the farmer was so close to him that I think he would scarcely have escaped if, all of a sudden, assistance had not arrived. With a speed beyond her years, Dame Stickels ran up, and called loudly, 'Follow me, Giles Butcher come along, my man.'

Puzzled and frightened, but being upon the whole more afraid of the farmer than of the old woman, Giles followed, and the two rushed into the nine-acres hop-garden, with Sam Hankey in hot pursuit. What was Giles Butcher's surprise, however, as soon as he had entered the hop-garden, to perceive two broomsticks, standing upright in the ground immediately before him.

Dame Stickels seized one of these immediately, and handed Giles the other, exclaiming as she did so, 'Now, Giles, my boy, do as I do. Mount and scurry, mount and scurry,' and before he knew were he was, Giles, obeying her orders from very fear, and repeating the words after her, flew up into the air not half-a-dozen yards before the nose of the astounded farmer. He, worthy man, rushed forward for a few yards, as he saw his prey escaping, and the witch snapping her fingers at him and laughing in a shrill tone as she went off. But the late rains had made the hop-garden heavy, and the farmer found himself sinking deeper at every step. So he walked slowly and sulkily back to the road, his astonishment being overcome by his rage at the loss which he had suffered, and at the escape of his enemies. He found that thirteen of his lambs had been more or less seriously injured, some of which were past help, but some might recover with timely care and attention. He therefore resolved to return home with these at once, which he did, as Dobbin's broken knees did not prevent his drawing the cart back, and the poor horse was quiet enough now. Home went Farmer Hankey, therefore, and told to his family all the adventures of the morning.



A SKETCH IN SPAIN. (*See page* 408.)

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.*

"Hope I don't intrude," said the magpie, as she hopped jauntily on the edge of the pan that Snap and Growler were breakfasting at.

Growler went back and showed his teeth; Snap gave an unmistakeable short bark.

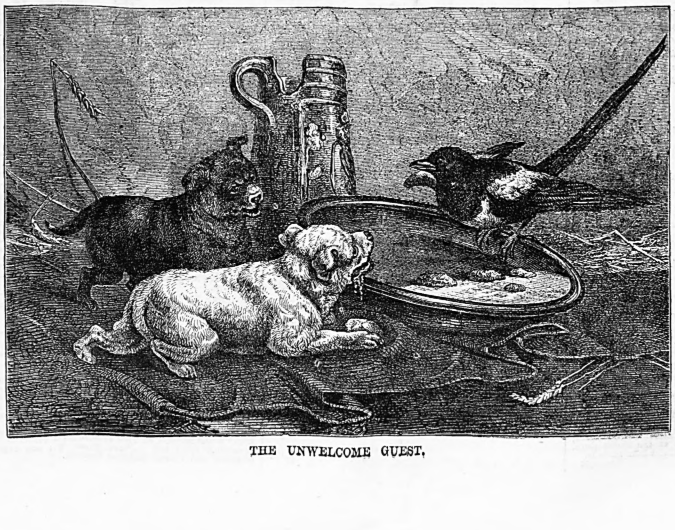
"I dont seem welcome, said Mag, eyeing them before she ventured to dip for a sop.

"Seem welcome, indeed," cried Snap, "I wonder you expected a welcome. People should stay till they're invited."

Mag thought that under those circumstances she might have waited a long time; but, taking to her usual resort, impudence, she replied, "Really, friends, you surprise me; one would have expected that a person of my appearance and bearing, such a figure, so well dressed, and such winning manners, would find a welcome anywhere.

"Among ignorant simpletons," said Snap. "Manners, a good figure, and fine clothes may be highly prized, but people with brains don't think them worth entertaining at the cost of a breakfast. Depend upon it, a good character, to which you have no pretensions, being known as a thief and a vagrant, is the only passport into honest company; and so to be plain with you, the sooner you take yourself off the better!"

We make this extract, both letter-press and illustration, from an entertaining book of Fables, by Mrs Prosser, and in another part of our paper we reproduce two smaller sketches illustrating another fable from the same clever and excellent little work. There is a simplicity and directness in the writer's style which is in every way suitable for this class of literature. She is writing, be it remembered, especially for the young. Her fables must therefore not be judged by the Standard of Æsop or Guy. We predict a wide popularity for this attractive book.



THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

---

* Original Fables By Mrs. Prosser. Profusely illustrated by Ernest Griset, Harrison Weir, Noel Humphreys, &c. London: Religious Tract Society.

NEW ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

SPANISH PICTURES, DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By the Author of "Swiss Pictures." Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE, and other eminent Artists. Imp. 8vo. 8s. handsomely bound.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE NATIONS. A Description of the Principal Peoples in the World. Illustrated with 160 fine engravings. Small 4to, printed on toned paper, 6s. handsomely bound, gilt edges. *Suitable as a Present for the Young.*

ORIGINAL FABLES. By Mrs. PROSSER, Author of "The Awdries and their Friends," etc. Engravings by Ernest Griset, Harrison Weir, Noel Humphreys, &c. Imperial 16mo. 4s. 6d. handsomely bound.

ROMANCE OF MODERN MISSIONS: A HOME IN THE LAND OF SNOWS, and other Sketches of Missionary Life. By Miss BRIGHTWELL. Engravings. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards.

SAINT PAUL; His Life, Labours, and Epistles. From the French of Felix Bungener. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.

ANIMAL LIFE IN EUROPE. With numerous Coloured Engravings. Demy 4to. 3s. 6d. in Illustrated Cover.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES. Sketches of Religious Life in England. By Miss E. J. WHATELY, Author of the "Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Whately." Crown 8vo. 4s. boards.

LITTLE SERENA IN A STRANGE LAND. By the Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles." Engravings. Fcap, 8vo. 2s. boards; 2s. 6d. extra gilt edges.

MYRA SHERWOOD'S CROSS, AND HOW SHE BORE IT. Engravings. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. bevelled boards; 4s. extra boards, gilt edges.

THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE. With numerous Engravings. Imp. 8vo. 6s. 6d. elegantly bound.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE. Fine Edition. With Illustrations by Tenniel. Royal 16mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY. Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets. Thirty-two Star Maps and other Illustrations. By EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S. Imp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards; 9s. extra.

THE ROSE BUD: A Christian Gift to the Young. Coloured Engravings. Royal 16mo. 4s, extra boards.

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND. By Miss M. L. WHATELY. Engravings. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. extra boards.

NEW SHILLING TOY BOOKS, with Coloured Engravings. 4to. 1s. each, cover; 2s. mounted on cloth. LITTLE PAUL'S CHRISTMAS. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LONDON: RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.
Sold by all Booksellers. [185

SUITABLE GIFT BOOK.

Demy 4to, printed on Toned Paper, superably Illustrated, splendidly bound and gilt, 21s.

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION
IN THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D.

A New Translation, containing the Author's
LATEST IMPROVEMENTS,
WITH TWELVE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,
After P. A. LABOUCHERE,
AND
TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD,
INCLUDING
PORTRAITS OF THE MOST EMINENT REFORMERS.

WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS, AND COMPANY,
LONDON, GLASGOW, AND EDINBURGH.

NEW AND IMPORTANT WORKS.

Just ready, in medium 8vo, 1008 pp., extra cloth lettered,
Price 10s. 6d.

THE LIBRARY DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

ETYMOLOGICAL, DERIVATIVE, EXPLANATORY, PRONONCING, and SYNONYMOUS. Founded on the labours of Johnson, Walker, Webster, Worcester, and other distinguished Lexicographers; with numerous important additions, and an Appendix, containing Vocabulary of Foreign Words and Phrases, Glossary of Scottish Words, Classic Mythology, Prefixes and Affixes, Abbreviation, Arbitrary Signs, &c.

Just ready, in imperial 8vo, cloth lettered, price 6s.

THE STUDENT'S ATLAS,

consisting of 38 Maps (32 Modern, 6 Ancient), 13 in. by 11 in., beautifully Engraved, full Coloured, and embracing all the latest Discoveries; with a Copious Index.

Constructed and Engraved by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS, AND COMPANY,
LONDON, GLASGOW, AND EDINBURGH.
[175

Now Ready.

"THE WINNING HAZARD." The Illustrated Christmas Number of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. Price Threepence.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WATKIN'S TOILET CLUB, 6, Union Street.—Hair Cutting and Shampooing, 6d. Particular attention paid to the Hair Cutting, Clean Brushes and Towels. A large Stock of Headdresses, Plaits, Wigs, Braids, Fronts, &c., to select from. Orders taken are executed on the shortest notice; great care taken in matching the colour. Pomades, Lime Juice, Perfumes, Sponges, Combs, and Brushes in stock at the lowest price. N.B.—A large quantity of Perfume Fountains from 1d. to 1s. [95

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

COLLECTS of the CHURCH of ENGLAND. With a beautifully-coloured Floral Design to each Collect, and Illuminated Cover. Crown 8vo, 12s. Also kept in various styles of morocco.

"Carefully, indeed lovingly, drawn and daintly coloured."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CRACKERS for CHRISTMAS. More Stories. By E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.P., Author of "Stories for my Children." With Illustrations by Jellicoe and Elwes. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. [*Just ready.*

"A fascinating little book, which will make him friends in any household where there are children."—*Daily News.*

The FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories, selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New Edition, with Coloured Illustrations and Borders by J. E. Rogers, Author of "Ridicula Rediviva." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. [*Just ready.*

MORES RIDICULI. Old Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated in Colours by J. E. ROGERS, Author of "Ridicula Rediviva." Crown 4to, in Ornamental Cover, 6s. [*Just ready,*

RIDICULA REDIVIVA. Old Nursery Rhymes. Illusrtated in Colours by J. E. ROGERS. Crown 4to, with Ornamental Cover, 6s.

STORIES ABOUT. By Lady BARKER, Author of "Station Life in New Zealand." Illustrated. Extra Fcap, 8vo, 4s. 6d. [*This day.*

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL: Stories for Children. By the Author of "St. Olaves." Illustrated by L. Frolich. Extra fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d. [*This day.*

The HEROES of ASGARD: Tales from Scandinavian Mythology. By A. and E. KEARY. New and Revised Edition, with Illustrations by Huard. 4s. 6d. [*This day.*

STORIES for My CHILDREN. By E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.P. Extra fcap. 8vo, with Illustrations. Second Edition. Price 6s. 6d

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By an OLD BOY. With 60 Illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sydney Hall, and Portrait of the Author. Small 4to, gilt edges, 10s. 6d. Golden Treasury Edition, 4s. 6d. Popular Edition, 2s.

The FIVE DAYS' ENTERTAINMENT at WENTWORTH GRANGE. A Book for Children. By F. T. PALGRAVE. With Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Small 4to, price 6s.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES in WONDERLAND. By LEWIS CARROLL. Twenty-fith Thousand. Crown 8vo, with 42 Illustrations by Tenniel, cloth gilt. 6s. The same in French and German, each 6s.

The WATER BABIES: a Fairy Tale for a LAND BABY, By Canon KINGSLEY, With Illustrations by Sir Noel Paton and P. Skelton. New Edition. Crown 8vo, with additional Illustrations, 6s.

CAST UP BY THE SEA. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER. Tenth Thousand. Illustrated by Huard. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

TALES of OLD TRAVEL. Re-narrated by HENRY KINGSLEY, F.R.G.S. With Vignette Title and Eight full-page Illustrations by Huard. Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 6s. Third Edition.

THE HEROES: Greek Fairy Tales for My Children. By Canon KINGSLEY. New Edition, with Coloured Illustrations. Extra fcap, 8vo, 4s. 6d.

The STORY of WANDERING WILLIE. By the Author of "Effie's Friends." With Frontispiece by Sir Noel Paton. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ADORNED EDITION OF MACMILLAN'S GLOBE LIBRARY.

Elegantly bound in extra cloth, with gilt side, back, and edges, and Coloured Title-page, price 4s. 6d. each volume. Also in plain cloth at 3s. 6d., and in a variety of calf and morocco bindings at moderate prices.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY:—

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by W. G. CLARK, M.A., and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A. With Glossary. Ninety-seventh Thousand.

MORTE D'ARTHUR. Sir Thomas Malory's Book of King Arthur, and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. The Edition of Caxton, revised for Modern Use. With an Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by Sir EDWARD STRACHEY,

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Edited after the Original Editions, with Biographical Introduction, by HENRY KINGSLEY.

BURNS'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Poems, Songs, and Letters. Edited with Glossarial Index and Biographical Memoir, by ALEXANDER SMITH.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS. With Biographical and Critical Essay by FRANCIS TURNER-PALGRAVE.

GOLDSMITH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. With Biographical Introduction by Professor MASSON.

SPENSER'S COMPLETE WORKS. Edited, with Glossary, by R. MORRIS, and Memoir, by J. W. HALES.

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by Professor WARD.

DRYDEN'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with a Revised Text and Notes, by W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with Notes and Biographical Introduction, by W. BENHAM, M.A., Professor of Modern History in Queen's College, London. [*Just published.*

MACMILLAN AND CO, LONDON.

[17

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS. By Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

OUR FEATHERED COMPANIONS, NEIGHBOURS, and VISITORS. By Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A. With more than One Hundred Engravings. Cloth, 5s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

ANIMAL SAGACITY; a Selection of Remarkable Incidents illustrative of the Sagacity of Animals. Edited by Mrs. S. C. HALL. Cloth, 5s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

OUR DUMB NEIGHBOURS; or, Conversation of a Father with his Children on Domestic and other Animals. By Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s.; gilt, 7s. 6d.

CLEVER DOGS, HORSES, &c., with Anecdotes of other Animals. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq. Twenty-four Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s.; extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS; or, The History of Manor Farm, and the People and Animals there. By MARY HOWITT. Fifty Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s.; extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

OUR CHILDREN'S PETS. By JOSEPHINE. Seventy Engravings. Cloth, 5s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

OUR DUMB COMPANIONS; or, Stories about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys. By the Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A. Seventy-five Engravings. Cloth, 5s.; cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

ONE HUNDRED HIEROGLYPHIC BIBLE READINGS FOR THE YOUNG. Seven Hundred Engravings. Cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

JACK THE CONQUEROR; or, Difficulties Overcome. By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey." Twelve Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s.

MOTHER'S PICTURE ALPHABET. Printed on Toned Paper. Twenty-six Engravings. Boards, 5s.; cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

SONGS and HYMNS for the LITTLE ONES. Compiled by UNCLE JOHN. With One Hundred and Sixty Engravings. Cloth, 5s.; Coloured Plates, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

TEXTS and FLOWERS ILLUMINATED. A Series of Pen and Pencil Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

MY MOTHER. By ANN TAYLOR. A Series of Twelve Oil Pictures, to illustrate this well-known Ballad. Cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Yearly Volume for 1870. Cover printed in Colours. Price, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

THE INFANT'S MAGAZINE. Yearly Volume for 1870. Cover printed in Colours. Price, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

THE FAMILY FRIEND. Yearly Volume for 1870. Cover printed in Colours. Price, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN. Yearly Part for 1870. Cover printed in Colours. Price, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW. Yearly Part for 1870. Cover printed in Colours. Price, 1s.; cloth, gilt, 2s.

THE FRIENDLY VISITOR. Yearly Volume for 1870. Cover printed in Colours. Price. 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.,
9, *PATERNOSTER ROW.*
[165

STANFORD'S ATLASES. 1870 EDITIONS.

1870 Edition, with additions and corrections, cloth, lettered, 12s. 6d.

HARROW ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY: Containing Thirty Maps (size, 17 inches by 14), with Index to the Principal Places.

In the present Edition the new Railways have been added, and all the latest alterations and discoveries inserted to keep pace with recent geographical events.

A SMALLER ATLAS (THE HARROW JUNIOR). Fourteen Coloured Maps. Cloth, 7s.

London; EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, S.W.

1870 Edition, strongly half-bound, 21s.

CYCLOPÆDIAN ATLAS OF GENERAL MAPS: Containing Thirty-nine Coloured Maps, selected from the Series designed by the Useful Knowledge Society, with Index.

This Atlas forms a very convenient and handy companion to the "National," "English," and other Cyclopædias and Gazetteers, and should certainly find a place in every library where a larger Atlas is not kept.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, S.W.

1870 Edition, with a Thumb or Ledger Index, enabling any Map to be instantly consulted without reference to the Table of Contents.

FAMILY ATLAS: Containing Eighty Coloured Maps, selected from the Useful Knowledge Society's Series of 230 Modern and Classical Maps; including the large Scale Maps of France, Prussia, Austria, and the British Isles; the Geological Map of England and Wales by Sir RODERICK I. MURCHISON, Bart., K.C.B.; the Star Maps by the late Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S., and an Alphabetical Index to the principal places in the world. Price, half-bound morocco, three guineas.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, S.W.

1870 Edition. 150 Coloured Maps, half-bound, with Index, £5 5s.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY'S ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY: Containing Geological and Physical Maps of England and Wales; the Six Celestial Maps by the late Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart.; and all the Modern Maps in the Series, including large Scale Maps of all the principal Countries—Russia, India, North America, &c., being very fully represented.

A magnificent Atlas at a very low price—less than 9d. for each Map.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, S.W.

1870 Edition, strongly half-bound russia, in one vol., with the Maps Coloured, £9 10s.

COMPLETE ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY: Containing 230 Modern, Classical, and Celestial Maps, with Plans of celebrated Cities, and Alphabetical Indexes, Designed and Arranged under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The Maps are constructed by eminent Geographers, and embody the most recent discoveries and corrections; the whole are engraved on steel in the best manner.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, S.W.

ATLASES, MAPS, GLOBES.—Free on application, or by post for one stamp, a NEW CATALOGUE of ATLASES, MAPS, and GLOBES, published or sold by EDWARD STANFORD, comprising Atlases of Ancient and Modern Geography; Physical, Biblical, Anatomical, Historical, and Educational Atlases; Maps of the World, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; Great Britain, India, Canada, and the Colonies; London and its Environs; a New Series of School Maps; Relief Maps; and the Useful Knowledge Society's Series; also Selections from the Geological and Ordnance Survey Maps.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7, Charing Cross, S.W., agent by appointment for the sale of the Ordnance and Geological Survey Maps and the Admiralty Charts. [183

TIC, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and all Nerve Pains are immediately cured by LEATH and ROSS'S NEURALINE.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Edgar, of the Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lews, to Sir James Matheson, Nov. 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline, as it has proved to be the most successful lotion which she has ever applied to the affected part. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous."

In bottles 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, E.C.; and 9, Vere Street, W.; and Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. [822

HANDSOME BOOK PRESENTS FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

OLD MERRY ANNUAL FOR 1871. The First Volume of a New and Improved Series, beautifully illustrated, and in the richest cloth binding, price 6s., gilt edges.

MODEL WOMEN. By Rev. W. ANDERSON, Author of "Self-made Men." Elegantly bound, 5s., gilt edges.

WALTER'S ESCAPE; or, The Capture of Breda. By J. B. DE LIEFDE. Twelve Full-page Illustrations. Cloth elegant, 3s. 6d.

THE BEGGARS; or, The Founders of the Dutch Republic. By the same Author. Second Edition, 5s.

BEACONS and PATTERNS; or, Lessons for Young Men. By W. LANDELS, D.D., Author of "The Young Man in the Battle of Life," &c. Handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

THE YOUNG MAN SETTING OUT IN LIFE. By the Rev. W. GUEST, F.G.S. Third Edition. 1s. 6d.

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND—VOLUME FOR 1870. New Illustrated Series, price 1s. 6d.; or in cloth, for presentation, 2s. 6d., gilt edges.

THE FAMILY: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows. By Count A. DE GASPARIN. Handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.

THE BAIRNS; or Janet's Love and Service. By the Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles." Second Edition, 5s.

MADELEINE'S TRIAL, and other Stories. By Madame DE PRESSENSE. Four Illustrations, cloth elegant, 3s. 6d.

A NEW COMPANION TO THE BIBLE—BIBLE LORE. By Rev. J. COMPER GRAY, Author of "Topics for Teachers," "The Class and Desk," &c. Handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

DR. LIVINGSTONE—THE WEAVER BOY WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY. Being the Story of Dr. Livingstone's Life and Labours. By H. G. ADAMS. Portrait and Illustrations. New Edition, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

London: HODDER and STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row. And all Booksellers. [166

MESSRS. NELSON AND SONS' NEW BOOKS.

NEW TALES.

By the AUTHOR of "The Dark Year of Dundee."

THE SPANISH BROTHERS: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s. 6d.

By the AUTHOR of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED: a Tale of the First Century. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s. 6d.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS.

IN THE EASTERN SEAS; or, the Regions of the Bird of Paradise. A Tale for Boys. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Old Jack," &c. With 111 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, richly gilt, price 6s.

"Mr. Kingston gives us 'In the Eastern Seas' another of those stories of adventure in which boys delight."—*Saturday Review*, December 3, 1870.

IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA; a Tale for the Young. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With upwards of 70 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, richly gilt, price 6s.

NEW TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

CYRIL ASHLEY; a Tale for the Young. By A. L. O. E. Post 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

THE GREY HOUSE on the HILL; or, 'Buy the Truth and Sell it Not'; a Tale for the Young. By the Hon. Mrs. GREENE. Post 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

STEPPING HEAVENWARD; a Tale of Home Life. By the AUTHOR of "The Flower of the Family." Post 8vo, price 2s, 6d.

The STORY of OUR DOLL. By Mrs. CUPPLES, Author of "The Little Captain," &c. With 40 Engravings. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, illuminated side, price 2s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

BIRDS and FLOWERS. By MARY HOWITT. With 87 Illustrations by Giacomelli, Illustrator of "The Bird," by Michelet. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth and gold, price 6s.

The SEA and its WONDERS. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. With 174 Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth, richly gilt, price 6s.

The WORLD at HOME: Pictures and Scenes from Far-off Lands. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. With upwards of 130 Illustrations, small 4to, cloth, richly gilt, price 6s. [*New Edition.*

NELSON'S VIEWS OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

Printed in Colours.

1. PARIS. First Series. Twelve Views. With Letterpress in English or French. Price 1s. per packet; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.
2. PARIS. Second Series. Twelve Views. Letterpress in English or French. Price 1s. per packet; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.
3. PARIS. First and Second Series in One. Twenty-four Views. French Letterpress. Cloth extra, price 2s, 6d.
4. VERSAILLES. Twelve Views. Letterpress in French. Price 1s. per packet; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

NELSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BIRDS.

Exquisitely Coloured.

1. HUMMING BIRDS. Twelve kinds, 1s. [*Just out.*
2. TROPICAL BIRDS. Twelve kinds, 1s. [*Just out.*
3. BRITISH BIRDS. Twelve kinds, 1s.
4. AMERICAN BIRDS. Twelve kinds, 1s.
5. BIRDS of PREY. Twelve kinds, 1s.
6. SEA BIRDS. Twelve kinds, 1s.

In Packets with Embossed Covers. Each Packet containing Twelve Engravings, with Descriptive Letterpress.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS,
London: 35 and 36, Paternoster Row. Edinburgh: Hope Park. New York: 142, Bleecker Street. [176

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES, (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church Street, Liverpool. Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required. GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c,, Liverpool. [797

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANETTES, 19 and 26 Guineas; also, PIANOFORTES, by great makers, which have been on hire, many of them nearly new, at greatly reduced prices.—24, Holles Street, London, W, [182

HATCHARDS' JUVENILE BOOKS.

A NEW 5s. SERIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
In crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth elegant.

1. A ROSE and a PEARL.
By Christina Fraser-Tytler.
2. SWEET VIOLET and other STORIES.
By Christina Fraser-Tytler.
3. ECHOES of the PAST from a RETIRED HAMLET. By Una.
4. TALES ILLUSTRATIVE of the BEATITUDES.
By Mrs Harriet Power.

A NEW 3s. 6d. SERIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
In fcap. 8vo., illustrated, cloth elegant.

1. SUNDAY EVENINGS at BROCKLEGH HALL.
2. LEILA; or, The Island.
By Ann Fraser-Tytler.
3. LEILA in ENGLAND.
By Ann Fraser-Tytler.
4. LEILA at HOME.
By Ann Fraser-Tytler.
5. MARY and FLORENCE; or Grave and Gay.
By Ann Fraser-Tytler.
6. MARY and FLORENCE at SIXTEEN.
By Ann Fraser-Tytler.
7. WOODEN WALLS of OLD ENGLAND.
By Mvrgaret Fraser-Tytler.
8. TALES of the GREAT and BRAVE.
By Margaret Fraser-Tytler.
9. THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.
3 vols., each 3s. 6d. By Mrs. Sherwood.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEP OF DAY."

1. PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.
New Edition, complete in One Volume. 18mo, cloth, with 68 full-page Illustrations. 3s.
2. THE PEEP OF DAY; or, A Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is capable of Receiving. 322nd Thousand. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth antique, 2s.; limp cloth, 1s 2d.
3. LINE UPON LINE; or, A Second Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is capable of Receiving. Part I. 163rd Thousand. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth antique, 2s. 6d.; limp cloth, 1s. 4d.
4. LINE UPON LINE. Part II.
128th Thousand. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth antique, 2s. 6d.; limp cloth, 1s. 4d.
5. LINES LEFT OUT; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Line upon Line." 17th Thousand. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth, 3s.
6. MORE ABOUT JESUS.
30th Thousand. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth antique, 2s. 6d.
7. STREAKS OF LIGHT; or, Fifty-two Facts from the Bible, for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year. New Edition. 15th Thousand. Fifty-two Illustrations. 18mo, cloth, 3s.
8. READING WITHOUT TEARS; or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. 19th Thousand. Illustrated. Square cloth, 2s. 6d.
9. READING WITHOUT TEARS. Part II.
Lately published. 3rd Thousand. Square cloth, 3s. (Two Parts in One, 5s.)
10. NEAR HOME; or, The Countries of Europe Described to Children. With Anecdotes. 57th Thousand. Illustrated. Fcap, cloth, 5s.
11. FAR OFF: Part I; or, Asia Described. With Anecdotes. 32nd Thousand. Illustrated, Fcap, cloth, 4s. 6d.
12. FAR OFF: Part II; or, Australia, Africa, and America Described. With Anecdotes. 23rd Thousand. Illustrated. Fcap, cloth, 4s. 6d.

HATCHARDS,
187, *PICCADILLY, LONDON.*
[184

A NEW FIVE SHILLING GIFT BOOK FOR BOYS.
In crown 8vo, price 5s., cloth gilt, 488 pp.

CRIS FAIRLIE'S BOYHOOD. A TALE OF AN OLD TOWN. By Mrs. Eiloart, Author of "Ernie Elton, or the Lazy Boy," "Archie Blake," "Tom Dunstone's Troubles," &c. With Original Illustrations.

"The authoress is so well known that her 'Cris Fairlie' need hardly be described, it is a sound moral story."—*Athenæum.*

"A book written with a high moral purpose."—*Manchester Examiner.*

London: FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
BIRMINGHAM: AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

A NEW FIVE SHILLING GIFT BOOK FOR BOYS.
In crown 8vo, price 5s., cloth gilt, 460 pp.; post free, 5s. 6d.

THE BROAD, BROAD OCEAN, AND SOME OF ITS INHABITANTS. By William Jones, F.S.A. With Original Illustrations.

"Wherever it is opened boys will find both instruction and amusement."—*Saturday Review.*

"We can confidently recommend the work to our juvenile readers."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"Very pleasant reading."—*Spectator.*

"Mr. Jones's thick volume is full of most useful as well as most lively material."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Also, by the same AUTHOR,
The TREASURES of the EARTH. With Original Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.; post free, 3s. 10d.

London: FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
BIRMINGHAM: AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.
[174

THE TRICOLOR OF FRANCE, "I think on thee in the night," "Home at last," "Waiting," and "Voices of the Past"—the newest songs by Virginia Gabriel. Sent for 24 stamps.—Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford Street.

ONLY, "Weary," "My Lost Darling," "The First Snow," "Parted," "Together," and other celebrated Songs, by Virginia Gabriel. Sent for 24 stamps each.—Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford Street.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI'S NEW SONGS.
La Penna. Sung by Gardoni. | Non, sa quello che perde.
La Marguerita. Ditto. | Brightest of eyes.
"Prince Poniatowski, pupil of Rubini, sang 'My lost darling,' by Virginia Gabriel, beautifully." Sent for 24 stamps each.—Duff and Stewart.

THE BRIDE OF LORNE POLKA-MAZURKA. For Piano. By J. T. Trekell. Remarkably pretty and dansante. Sent for 18 stamps.—Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford Street.

CROQUET QUADRILLES. By Charles Godfrey. This Quadrille on the popular melodse:—"Croquet," "Life is like a game of cricket," "Wishes," "A Young Lady's No," "Tripping through the Meadows," "Only," "The Good-bye at the Door," "Will Jones and Susan Jane," "Sport Galop," and "Abyssinian Gold." Sent for 24 stamps.—Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford Street.

SPORT. Grand Galop for Piano. By Albert Vizentini. "This Galop will be sure to please all who come within the sphere of its influence—whether as dancers or listeners."—*The Globe*, Nov. 30. Sent for 18 stamps each.—Duff and Stewart, 117, Oxford Street.

ONLY COME! By Berthold Tours. One of the prettiest new Songs. Also by the same Composer, "There was a Rose and "For Ever." Sent for 18 stamps each.—Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford Street.

CLASSICAL TREASURES, for Piano. By J. T. Trekell.
1. Kyrie. Haydn's 1st Mass. | 4. Et incarnatus est. Mozart.
2. Laudate Dominum. Mozart. | 5. Ave Maria. Cherubini.
3. In Native Worth. Haydn. | 6 Comfort ye my people. Handel
Sent for 18 stamps each.—Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford Street. [177

MR. STREETER (Successor to
HANCOCK and CO., Limited),
GOLDSMITH and JEWELLER,
WATCH and CLOCK-MAKER
TO the ROYAL FAMILY,
37, CONDUIT STREET,
BOND STREET, LONDON, W.,
INTRODUCER of the CELEBRATED
18-CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY.
WATCHES and CLOCKS,
MACHINE MADE.

BRACELETS, STRAP,	£5		0
BRACELETS, ETRUSCAN,	£7		0
BRACELETS, NINEVEH,	£10		0
BRACELETS, SAXON,	£15		0
BROOCHES, ETRUSCAN,	£2		0
BROOCHES, NINEVEH,	£3		0
BROOCHES, SAXON,	£4		0
BROOCHES, EGYPTIAN,	£5		0
CHAINS, PRINCESS,	£2		0
CHAINS, CYLINDER,	£3		0
CHAINS, CURB,	£4		0
CHAINS, CABLE,	£5		0
EARRINGS, ETRUSCAN,	£1		10
EARRINGS, SAXON,	£2		5
EARRINGS, EGYPTIAN,	£3		5
EARRINGS, NINEVEH,	£4		10
LOCKETS, ENGRAVED,	£1		0
LOCKETS, CORDED,	£2		10
LOCKETS, CROSS,	£4		0
BRACELETS with PEARLS	£10	to	£50
BRACELETS with RUBIES	£100	to	£500
BRACELETS with EMERALDS	£100	to	£500
BROOCHES with TURQUOISE	£5	to	£30
BROOCHES with ONYX	£5	to	£30
BROOCHES with CARBUNCLES	£5	to	£30
BROOCHES with PEARLS	£5	to	£30
BROOCHES with RUBIES	£20	to	£100
BROOCHES with EMERALDS	£20	to	£100
EARRINGS with TURQUOISE	£6	to	£50
EARRINGS with CORAL	£6	to	£50
EARRINGS with AMETHYSTS	£6	to	£50
EARRINGS with OPALS	£20	to	£100
EARRINGS with RUBIES	£20	to	£100
EARRINGS with EMERALDS	£20	to	£100
GOLD WATCHES, LADIES,'	£8		8
GOLD WATCHES, ,,	£10		10
GOLD WATCHES, ¾-PLATE.	£15		15
GOLD WATCHES (HUNTING),	£11		11
GOLD WATCHES, ¾-PLATE,	£16		16
GOLD WATCHES, ,,	£20		0
GOLD WATCHES, KEYLESS,	£15		10
GOLD WATCHES, ,,	£22		0
GOLD WATCHES (HUNTING),	£18		18
CLOCKS, CARRIAGE,	£5		0
CLOCKS, ,, (STRIKING),	£7		7
CLOCKS, ,,	£12		12
CLOCKS, LIBRARY (MARBLE),	£4		0
CLOCKS, ,, ,,	£6		0
CLOCKS, ,, (ORMOLU),	£10		0
CLOCKS, ,, ,,	£15		0

EIGHTEEN-CARAT GOLD. "The use of machinery in the manufacture of gold articles is of great advantage to the public."—Morning Paper.

EIGHTEEN-CARAT GOLD. "By the introduction of machinery 50 per cent. is saved in the manufacture of gold jewellery."—*Standard*, September, 1867.

EIGHTEEN-CARAT GOLD. "Owing to machinery, they can give eighteen-carat gold ornaments much cheaper than when they were produced by hand."—*Court Journal.*

MR. STREETER makes his parts of a Watch in the same manner, saving an immensity of cost in labour, while at the same time he produces an accuracy of fit and proportion which can only be produced by machinery. —*Daily News*, Dec. 10, 1868.

MR. STREETER has already succeeded in producing by machinery well-made English Lever Watches, which he can sell at a price as low as that at which an ordinary Geneva Watch can be obtained, with the greater advantage of durability.—*Standard*, Dec. 11, 1868.

MR. STREETER, of Conduit-street, has followed the example of the Americans, in producing his watches by machinery, thereby saving one-third of the cost.—Morning Paper, December 18, 1868.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
BOUND in CLOTH, is now Ready,
POST FREE for TWO STAMPS, only of
MR. STREETER, 37, CONDUIT STREET,
FIVE DOORS FROM BOND STREET, LONDON.
SUCCESSOR to HANCOCK and CO., LIMITED.
674

CHARLES GRIFFIN and CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Just published, demy 4to, 800 pages, magnificently bound, 21s., Uniform with, and a sequel to, "The Earth Delineated with Pen and Pencil."

WANDERINGS IN EVERY CLIME; or, Voyages, Travels, and Adventures all Round the World. Edited by W. F. Ainsworth, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., &c., and embellished with upwards of Two Hundred Illustrations by the first Artists, including several from the master pencil of Gustave Dore.

BEETHOVEN'S CENTENARY.
Just published, beautifully printed, and handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

BEETHOVEN. A Memoir. By Elliott Graeme. With an Essay (Quasi Fantasia) "on the Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth," and Remarks on the Pianoforte Sonatas, with Hints to Students. By Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne.

NEW VOLUME, GRIFFIN'S EMERALD GEMS.
Just ready, cloth and gold, 3s.6d.; morocco, 8s.; malachite, 10s.6d.

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOME, and other POEMS. Including some Verses never before published. With an Original Memoir by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. Beautifully embellished with fine Portrait and several Steel Engravings.
"Well adapted for a choice present."—*Public Opinion.*
"The illustrations engraved on steel are very beautiful."—*Bookseller.*
"Dr. Rogers' memoir of the poet . . . contains several facts . . . not to be found in any other edition."—*North British Daily Review.*

Twentieth Thousand, square 8vo, printed on toned paper, elegant binding, 12s. 6d.; morocco, £1 1s.

MANY THOUGHTS of MANY MINDS; being a Treasury of Reference, consisting of selections from the Writings of the most celebrated Authors. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by Henry Southgate.
"The produce of years of research."—*Examiner.*
"The accumulation of treasures truly wonderful."—*Morning Herald.*
"This is a wonderous book."—*Daily News.*

This day, complete, neat cloth, 2s. 6d.

HUDIBRAS. By Samuel Butler. With Memoir and copious Explanatory Notes by Robert Bell. A most complete edition.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

A MANUAL of ENGLISH LITERATURE for the Use of Colleges and Schools. Selected from the Larger Works. By Professor Craik. Third Edition.

New Edition, thoroughly revised, illustrated, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.

DR. SPENCER THOMSON'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE: A Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery. With an additional Chapter on the Management of a Sick Room. Invaluable to Mothers.

New Edition, handsomely bound, price 5s.

MACKEY'S FREEMASONRY. A Lexicon of Freemasonry, containing a Definition of all its Communicable Terms, Notices of its History, Traditions, and Antiquities, and an Account of the Rites and Mysteries of the Ancient World. By Albert G. Mackey, M.D., Secretary General of the Supreme Council of the U.S., &c. Revised by Donald Campbell, S.P.R.S., 32nd degree, compiler of the "Scottish Masonic Calendar."

Tenth Thousand, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

RELIGIOUS and MORAL ANECDOTES. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. George Cheever, D.D.

London: CHARLES GRIFFIN & CO., Stationers' Hall Court. [187

NOTICES.

The next Number of the *Illustrated Midland News* will complete the Third Volume.

We shall commence the Fourth Volume with the New Year in new type and on toned paper, with a beautiful front-page engraving, entitled, "New Year's Gifts."

New Subscribers will find this a most fitting opportunity for taking in the paper regularly. Old Subscribers will, we trust, see in the present paper and in the increased importance of our New Year's Number an earnest of our intention to be more and more worthy of their support.

TO LONDON ADVERTISERS.

London Advertisements are received at the London Office, 33, Essex-street, Strand, where all information can be obtained with regard to terms, &c.

Communications and orders for Papers or Advertisements should be addressed to the *Publishers*, and not to the Editor.

All remittances will be acknowledged on a printed receipt form, *and no other receipt will be held valid.*

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of 1s. per line. Space will be measured as lines. Scale and measure may be had on application at the Office. Double columns charged at one-fourth more than the rate of two columns. No extra charge for approved cuts.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths are inserted at a uniform charge of 2s. 6d.

The Trade will be supplied with this paper in London by Messrs. Smith, 186, Strand; by Messrs. E. Marlborough & Co., Ave Maria Lane, E.C.; and at the London Publishing Office of the Paper, at 33, Essex-street, Strand. Annual Subscribers can be supplied by post direct from the Office, 108, New Street.

The Illustrated Midland News
BIRMINGHAM, DEC. 24, 1870.

Since people will always talk about public affairs, whatever may be the occasion of their meeting, and since there will be a good deal of meeting in the course of the next few days, it is not unseasonable to note that there is a very great deal just now to talk about. It is not easy to recall a Christmastide when the list of topics was so long, and so various, and so important. Last Christmas followed the disestablishment of the Irish Church; the previous festival came quickly upon the heels of a general election; but both subjects had grown to be very tiresome before the time of the holidays. This season the great public questions are by no means worn threadbare.

Of course everybody will discuss the war. Not only have the events been so stupendous that it is quite impossible that they should lose their effect upon the mind in a few weeks, or months, but the serious work is still going on, and friends will rush into the midst of social parties, with telegrams and later editions. Christmas day in Paris will engage a great deal of attention, and people will not forget to remark upon the life—by no means festive or pleasant—of the soldiers outside, watching the city. We can tell now, with tolerable certainty, what will be the position of affairs between French and Germans to-morrow. The Germans are moving on; the French are losing ground, but not, apparently, falling off in spirit or determination. The bombardment of the capital, if the task is possible, will probably commence shortly after Christmas, and the great Prussian General seems to be making gigantic preparations for completing the invasion of the country. That must, however, be a work of some considerable time still. There is every prospect that we shall be far into the New Year before we see the ending of hostilities.

Fresh revelations seem to render it tolerably certain that Marshal Bazaine, before he gave up Metz, sought, by intrigue with the Count von Bismarck, to decide upon a future Government for France, of which he was to be, practically, the Dictator. Pitiable, indeed, would have been the position of that great country under the domination of an ambitious but unsuccessful general, who has shown no political or statesmanlike capacity whatever. There must be something very unsound in the state of things in France when such intrigues are possible.

No political subject under discussion in England, since the Reform Bill, has been so good as the Elementary Education Act as a topic of general conversation at friendly festive meetings, among those who will persist in discoursing over the table at such times on such matters. The fight of the session over the principles and clauses of the measure, the School Board elections, the cumulative vote, the favour bestowed upon the lady candidates, and the point whether or not there will be or should be a School Board in this or that locality, are all good theses. Fortunately, it is hardly now a question about which there can be much strife. When Continental matters grow less engrossing the working of the Act will be well worth watching.

The Eastern Question and the Neutrality of Luxembourg have assumed a quieter position for the time, but in connection with those topics and with the war will certainly be considered the retirement of Mr. John Bright from the Cabinet. He has taken pains to assure us, though not exactly in terms, that he is not at issue with the Ministers on any important question; but there are a great many who will hardly take him at his word in that respect. The policy of the Government in Continental matters has certainly not been, during the last six months, in accordance with some of Mr. Bright's most famous speeches. His fellow-countrymen hope for the speedy recovery of his health, and look at the same time for a not less speedy release from those foreign complications in which the member for Birmingham is most likely not quite to agree with some of those gentlemen who have been his colleagues.

TOO LATE.

I have a ship at sea,
Laden with stores of gold,
A bonny barque I ween,
With a skipper blythe and bold.
The rush of its swelling sails
Wakens me in the night,
The scent of its spices rare
Filleth the morning light.
My skipper true and brave,
When wilt thou heave the lead?
Wilt signal port to-day,
Or wait until I'm dead?

No, No, I do not dream,
I've seen its gilded prow,
Ofttimes the light I've seen
Shine on the skipper's brow.
To-night you'll see it come,
It is not long to wait;
Be still, sad beating heart,
I say "'tis not too late!"
Oh, treasure ship at sea,
Sailing home from far,
Thou hast all my hopes aboard!
Wilt *never* cross the bar?

* * * * * *

"When my ship comes home," how oft I've said,
"We'll dance and merry be,"
But now it will only come in time
To see them bury me;
To see me lie dead when the sunset's glow
Flashes red on my faded hopes,
To see all my dreams fill the stormy winds
That scatter my sand-spun ropes.

* * * * * *

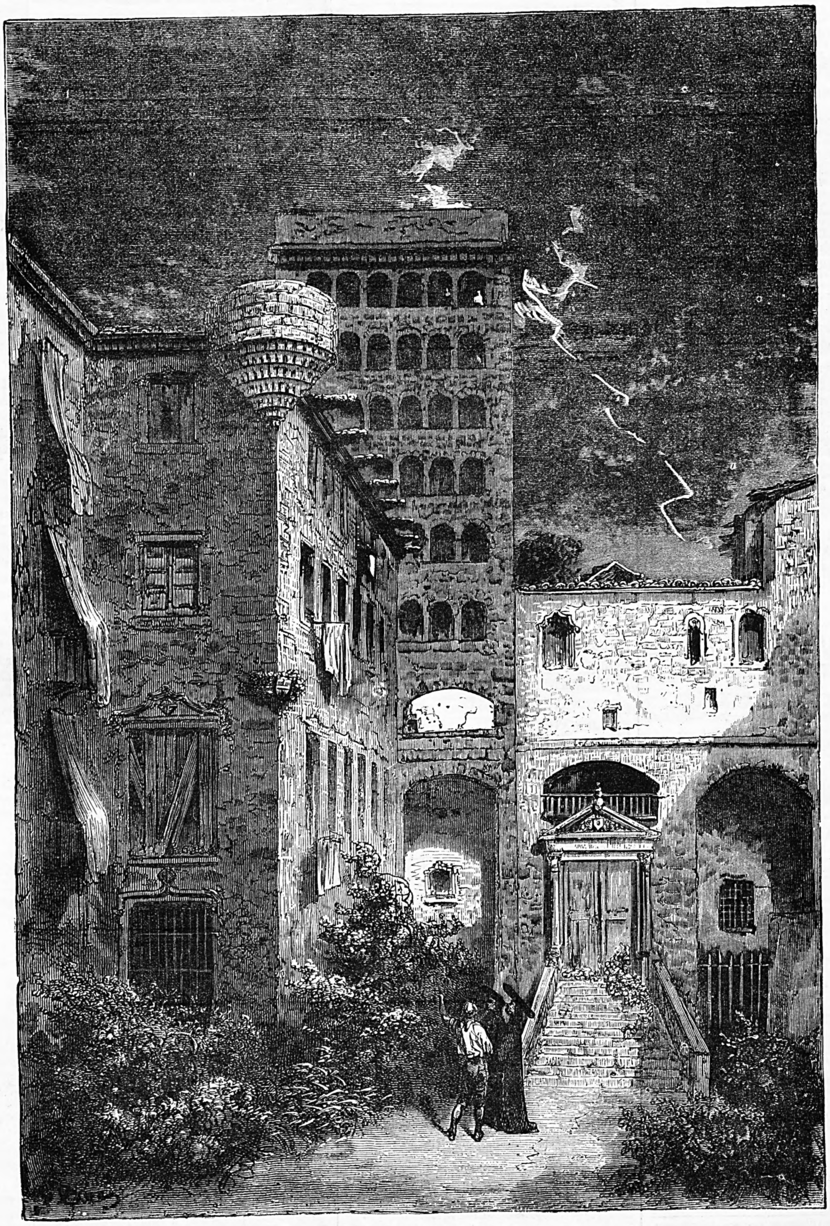
I have a treasure ship near land, becalmed on a silent sea,
Ready to cross the harbour bar; but 'twill never sail in for me!

Joseph Hatton.

Important.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent saved in value. [24

GUSTAVE DORE.*

The artist who drew the picture upon this page (which the Religious Tract Society are good enough to allow us to copy from one of their recent works) has been frequently mentioned in the *Illustrated Midland News*. We have had the gratification of preseuting several of his works to our readers. An additional interest attaches to the present picture from the fact that none of his friends in England know where he is spending his Christmas. It is shrewdly suspected that he has escaped from Paris and that he is now quietly at work in Switzerland or in the very country from which our picture is drawn. The great French artist is probably in Spain. He is familiar with the country and in his own portfolio at home some of his best sketches are Spanish subjects. The Religious Tract Society are fortunate in having procured his pencil in their work on Spain. Some of them are in the artist's best manner, reminding us here and there of his "Don Quixote." The author who has the advantage of being assisted by Doré should do his share of the work well; and we are glad to say that in the present case we can honestly compliment all concerned—artist, author, printer, and binder.



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION, BARCELONA.—BY GUSTAVE DORE.

THE HERMIT OF LIVRY.—In the Forest of Livry, three leagues from Paris, not far from the place where stood the ancient Abbey of the Augustines, lived a hermit, who, having met in his wanderings with some individuals from Meaux, had received the Gospel into his heart. The poor hermit had found himself very rich in his retirement, when one day, along with his coarse loaf which public charity gave him, he had brought back with him Jesus Christ and his grace. Thereupon he understood how it was better to give than receive. He went from house to house in the surrounding villages, and had no sooner opened the doors of the poor peasants, whom he visited in their humble huts, than he spoke to them of the Gospel, of the complete pardon which it gave to agonised souls, and which was better than absolutions. The good Hermit of Livry was soon known in the environs of Paris. He was sought after in his poor hermitage, and became a gentle and fervent missionary to the poor of the district. A report of the doings of the new evangelist was not long of reaching the ears of the Sorbonne and the tribunals of Paris. The hermt was apprehended, dragged from his hermitage, from his forest, and from the places which he daily traversed, thrown into a dungeon in the great city which he had always shunned, there tried, convicted, and sentenced, and condemned to be "exemplarily punished with the punishment of slow fire." It was resolved, in order to make the example more striking, that he should be burnt alive in the Square of Notre Dame, in front of this celebrated basilisk and majestic symbol of Roman Catholicism. The whole clergy assembled, and great pomp was displayed as on the most solemn festivals. The wish would have been to assemble all Paris around this pile, "the great bell of the temple of Notre Dame ringing," says an historian, "with full peal, to warn the whole people of the town." In fact, the people thronged into the square through all the streets that opened into it. The deep tones of the bell arrested the workman in his shop, the scholar in his studies, the merchant in his traffic, and the soldier in his idleness. The whole square was already filled by an immense crowd, while the people still kept flocking. The hermit, arrayed in the clothing assigned to obstinate heretics, his head and feet bare, had been brought before the gates of the cathedral. Calm, firm, and collected, his only answer to the exhortations of the confessors, who presented the crucifix to him, was to declare that his hope was solely in the pardon of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne, who were in the front seat of the spectators, seeing his constancy, and the effect which it produced upon the people, cried aloud. "He is damned: they are taking him to hell-fire!" Meanwhile the large bell continued to peal, and its sounds, stunning the ears of the people, increased the solemnity of this sad festival. At last the bell was silent, and the martyr, having replied to the last questions of his enemies, that he wished to die in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, was, as his sentence bore, "burnt with a slow fire." Thus died peacefully, on the pavement of Notre Dame, amid the shouts and agitation of a whole people, under the towers reared by the piety of Louis the Young, one whose name even history has not preserved—"The Hermit of Livry.—From *D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.*

THE EDICT OF OFEN.—On the 20th of August, 1527, King Ferdinand, by the Edict of Ofen, in Hungary, published a tariff of crimes and penalties, in which he threatened death by the sword, by fire, or by water, against whoever should say that Mary was like other women; or partake of the sacrament in an heretical manner, or consecrate the bread and wine, not being a Romish priest; and further, in the second case, the house in which the sacrament should have been administered was to be confiscated or razed to the ground. Recourse was sometimes had to more expeditious means than the scaffold itself. George Winkler, pastor of Halle, having been summoned before Archbishop Albert, in the spring of 1527, for having administered the sacrament in both kinds, was acquitted. As this minister was returning home along an unfrequented road in the midst of the woods, he was suddenly attacked by a number of horsemen, who murdered him, and immediately fled through the thickets without taking anything from his person. "The world," exclaimed Luther, "is a cavern of assassins under the command of the devil; an inn, whose landlord is a brigand, and which bears this sign, *Lies and Murder:* and none are more readily put to death than those who proclaim Jesus Christ.' At Munich George Carpenter was led to the scaffold for having denied that the baptism of water is able, by its own virtue, to save a man. 'When you are thrown into the fire,' said some of his brethren, 'give us a sign by which we may know that you persevere in the faith.'—'As long as I can open my mouth, I will confess the name of the Lord Jesus.' The executioner stretched him on a ladder, tied a small bag of gunpower round his neck, and then flung him into the flames. Carpenter immediately called out, 'Jesus! Jesus!' and while the executioner was turning him again and again with his hooks, the martyr several times repeated the word 'Jesus,' and expired.' At Landsberg nine persons were consigned to the flames, and at Munich, twenty-nine were thrown into the water. At Scherding, Leonard Keyser, a friend and disciple of Luther, having been condemned by the bishop, had his head shaved, and being dressed in a smock-frock, was placed on horseback. As the executioners were cursing and swearing because they could not disentangle the ropes with which his limbs were to be tied, he said to them mildly: "Dear friends, your bonds are not necessary; my Lord Christ has already bound me." When he drew near the stake, Keyser looked at the crowd and exclaimed: "Behold the harvest! O Master, send forth thy labourers!" He then ascended the scaffold, and said: "O Jesu, save me! I am thine." These were his last words. "Who am I—a wordy preacher," cried Luther, when he received the news of his death, "in comparison with this great doer!"—*Ibid.*

WAR'S ADVENTURES.

We have heard very little during the war of the adventurous the dramatic and the amusing features of the campaign. Old stories of the movements of armies are enlivened with picturesque, merry and exciting incidents. Either this campaign has had only one side to it, and that essentially gloomy and tragic, or the time has not come yet for the presentation of the lighter, more cheering and entertaining aspects. This week we are enabled, for a moment, to break through the appalling monotony of woe by presenting the two pictures which appear on our opposite page. They are engraved from sketches made on the spot by a volunteer Uhlan. The first represents an amusing incident which occurred in the capture of stray cattle, by way of finding provisions for the army; the second shows what tricks the Uhlans have to resort to in order to secure a meal when they are out on their adventurous expeditions in advance of the regimental forces. We are afraid these sharp fellows do not always enquire whose property are the ducks which they allure in this amusing but unceremonious manner from French farmyards. When the war is over we shall probably be supplied with an abundance of narrtives, and works of half fiction and half fact, reflecting the life of the Germans during their six months in the land of France; and, it may be, that many a mournful tale will be told on the French side, involving sufferings much more serious than those which attach to the losing of two or three ducks, or even to the going astray and falling into ominous German captivity of a chance ox. Serious-minded people, however, will think that, independently of the horrible work of war, which is the normal occupation of these Uhlans, it were better that they were at home, following their ordinary employment, than to be even thus merrily engaged among the fat ducks and oxen of France.

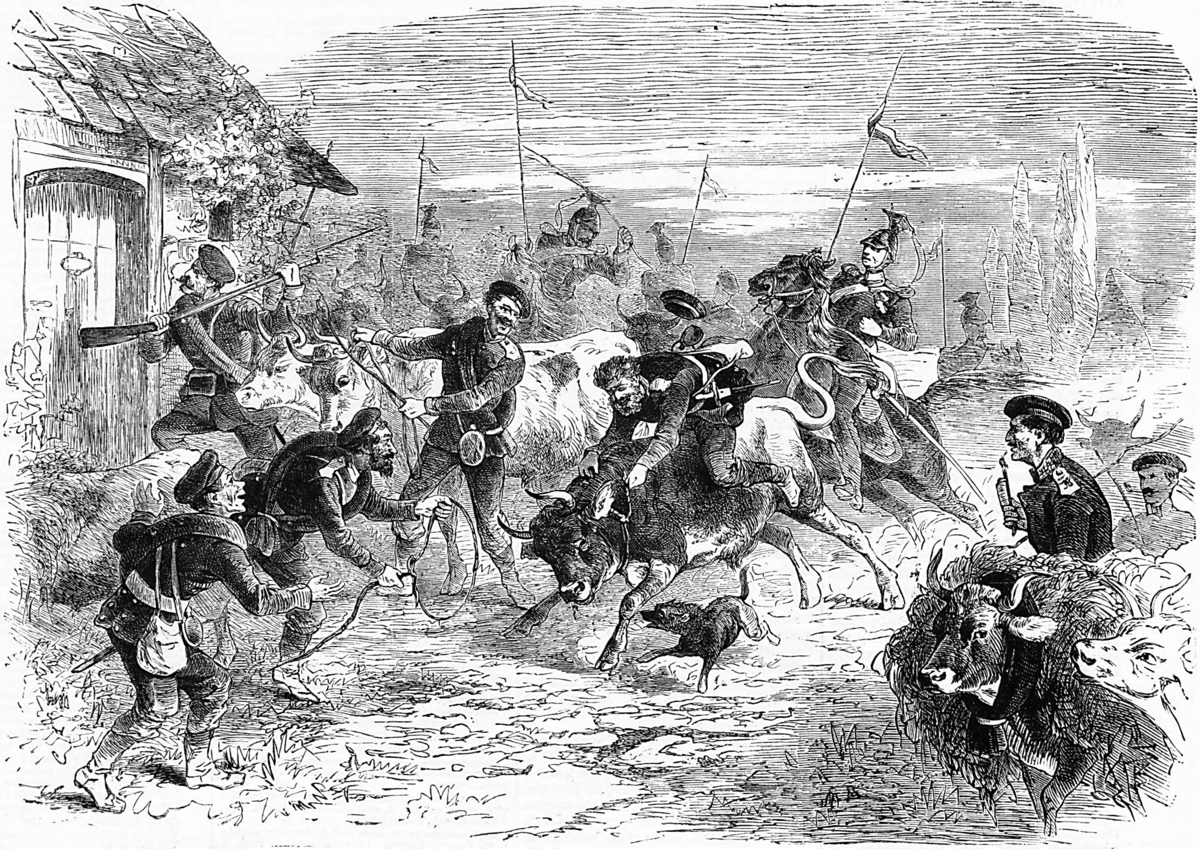
A HALT BY THE WAY.†

There are no women who dress in more picturesque style than the men and women of Spain. We select from a work which includes pictures of all kinds of people this sketch in Spain as an interesting example of art and character. Latterly Spain has played a conspicuous part in European politics. Indirectly, the election of a Monarch to succeed the exiled Queen gave rise to the terrible war between France and Germany. It is to be hoped that the new Imperial broom will sweep clean, not simply for a year or so, but for a long period. Spain needs vigorous reforms. She has too many beggars and too many priests. Both the one and the other go to increase the picturesque in the streets and bye-ways of the nation, it is true; but they are stumbling-blocks to the progress and happiness of the people.

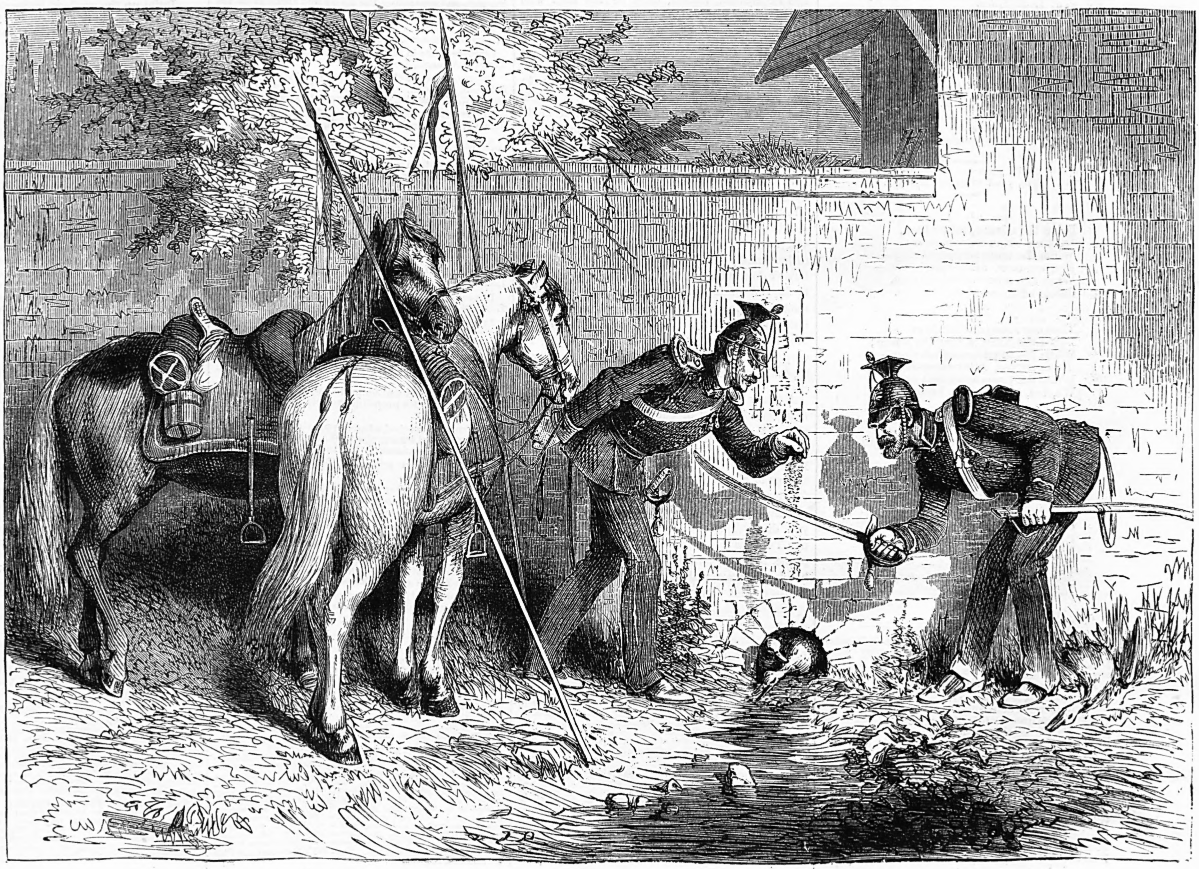
---

* "Spanish Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil." By the author of "Swiss Pictures." London: Religious Tract Society.

† "The Picture Gallery of All Nations." London: Religious Tract Society.



UHLANS AMONG THE CATTLE.



UHLANS ON THE DUCK HUNT.

THE A.B.C. OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.

BEING A COMPLETE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE ORNAMENTAL ART OF THE WORLD IN ALL AGES.

RENAISSANCE AND ELIZABETHAN.

Inasmuch as the Elizabethan grew, to some extent, out of the Renaissance, there is an advantage in placing a plate of each side by side. The Renaissance style grew up on the revival of learning after the Dark Ages, but it is distinct from any one ancient style, and is rather a new order, formed out of combinations of the old. When the students of ancient forms got to a point where they reproduced them the Renaissance may be said to have ceased, and we had classic, Italian, &c. The Rennaissance styles are only those modes of ornamentation which are associated with the gradual revival of the classic forms. With Italian, or Cinque-cento, Renaissance ends. It was in Venice that it may be said to have had its origin. It may be divided into Tre-cento and Quattro-cento. Its leading features were its intricate tracery or interlacings, and delicate scroll-work of conventional foliage. In this style we have the first appearance of cartouches, or scroll shield work, which seems to be in some way connected with heraldry, as many of its forms are obviously mere armorial shields. The mixed elements which go to the formation of the Renaissance school are composed of classical ornaments; conventional and natural flowers and foliage; men and animals, natural and grotesque; tracery, and jewelled forms. The whole history of art does not form a parallel mixture of elements.

The characteristics of Elizabethan consist chiefly in a grotesque and complicated variety of pierced scroll-work, with curled edges; interlaced bands, sometimes on a geometrical pattern, but generally flowing and capricious; strap and nail-head bands; curved and broken outlines, festoons, fruit and drapery, interspersed with roughly-executed heads of human beings; grotesque monsters and animals, with here and there large and flowing designs of natural branch and leaf ornament; rusticated ball and diamond work; panelled compartments, often filled with foliage or coats of arms and heraldic devices; grotesque arch-stones and baskets are freely used; and the carving, whether on stone or wood, is marked by great boldness of effect, thoroughly executed. By the middle of the seventeenth century, when the adoption of the palladian style was being illustrated by Inigo Jones in the rebuilding of Whitehall, the more marked characteristics of this style had completely died out.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[*⁎* *This is a free imitation, conservative of the spirit and sense, of a quaint old "Nöei Bourgignon." The omission from the first verse of familiar names, and the substitution of clarion and cymbals for pipe and tambourine, marks a departure throughout from the archaic simplicity of the original which none can regret more deeply than myself. I have not yet contrived, however, to handle it better.*]

"Guillô pran ton tamborin,
Toi, pran ta fleute, Robène!"

I.

Bring the silver cymbals here,
Let the clarion answer clear;
While the tones accordant ring—
Tantara-tara, kling-clang-kling—
While the tones accordant ring,
Carols blithe and bold we sing.

II.

Thus our sires in other days
Loved the King of kings to praise;
While the tones accordant ring—
Tantara-tara, kling-clang-kling—
While the tones accordant ring,
We, too, merry music bring.

III.

This day Hell was overthrown,
Honour to the incarnate SON;
While the tones accordant ring—
Tantara-tara, kling-claug-kling—
While the tones accordant ring,
Scorn upon the foe we fling.

IV.

GOD and man are now at one;
Cymbals, clang! sound, clarion!
While the tones accordant ring—
Tantara-tara, kling-clang-kling—
While the tones accordant ring,
Leap for gladness, dance, and sing.

W. H.

PURE WATER.—ALFRED BIRD, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new CARBON FILTER, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [930

IRON WINE BINS.—How difficult in many houses to keep a few dozen of Wine as wine ought to be kept—SAFE, STEADY, and EASY OF ACCESS! The simplest contrivances of the day are the portable WINE BINS invented by Messrs. BURROW, of Great Malvern. They provide a separate rest for each bottle, soon save their cost, and can be filled or empteed by a child without risk. Made of any size or shape they can be fixed in a minute anywhere in Cellar, Store-room, or Pantry—even the space "under the stairs," or any odd corner in a Batchelor's Chambers may be utilised, and (happy thought) *all can be kept safe under lock and key!* Messrs. Burrow send explanatory Pictorial Illustrations of their Patent Bins, post free, to any one who chooses to write for them, and we believe that Ironmongers and Wine Merchants now very generally keep the various size Bins for sale.—*London Paper.* [148

TABLE TALK.

In all classes of society there are certain men who gain a cheap importance among their fellows, owing chiefly to their physique. It is not that they are necessarily powerful, or finely made, or handsome; but they are regarded as the reverse of "insignificant." It may be the shape of the whiskers. It may be the turn of the eyebrow. It may be the mould of the mouth or chin. Sometimes it is the mode of carrying the head and shoulders; and sometimes it is little else than the tone of the voice. This may seem a very commonplace observation, amounting to no more than the well-established principle that some men are imposing and born to command, and some are not. But it is not quite so commonplace to note that these qualities in the men we meet are misleading, and sometimes they are an absolute sham. Most of us spend a good deal of time in mentally protesting against them and their influence. Beyond question there is something in the art of physiognomy; but it is an art which is based rather upon our sympathies than upon the acquirement of a set of fixed rules. Our own nervous system, tentatively worked, will often tell us what sort of a man we are talking to and what kind of feeling is governing him. There is really not very much in the cut of his whiskers, or in those other indications which attract attention in the physical conformation of a man. They undoubtedly indicate something. They tell a little of a man's mode of life, his likes and dislikes, his passions or lack of passions, and his self-goverment or the want of it. All the while, however, the world is in the habit of accepting these signs for just what they are not worth. We entrust people with our business, we give them engagements, and push them on in the world by reason of those outward tokens of inner life which are no guide with respect to what we are looking for in the character of the man. We should make fewer mistakes if we contented ourselves with judging of a man's disposition by his looks, and left his ability to be decided in some other way. Talent does not write itself in whiskers, facial lines, voice, or attitude.

There is more talk than meaning among us about "principles." It is remarkable how few of the best things done in this world, and how few of the worst, are based on any definite principle. The example we have in mind at the moment suggests the reflection. *Punch* presents us with another of those little bits of gleeful writing over the agonies of the garotter undergoing flogging in prison. We are not going to take any exception to that mode of dealing with the subject. Tender-hearted, indeed, must be the man who would suffer sympathetically with the garotter howling under a little sharp pain. Society agrees with *Punch's* view of the case, and there is a remarkable unanimity in the country on the subject. We do not remember to have seen in print, or to have heard in social life, a single protest of any sort against that particular mode of prison discipline so applied. It is the general accord, indeed, that makes the fact noteworthy; for all will remember the time when the general tone of the press and of public opinion was entirely opposed to corporal punishment of any sort "on principle." A time comes when the people are angry and indignant about garotting, and away goes the "principle." This is a rather knotty subject if we were going into it, but we do not intend to do that in this column to-day. We will only say that we do not condemn society or the press for abandoning the principle; but rather think people are wrong to say so much about "principles." Real principles lie very deep indeed. It is expediency that governs us, and there is no help for it.

A show of poultry and game like that to be witnessed in most of our towns this week is a pleasant sight, but a very small item in the display will mar the good impression. Suppose you have noted the effect of long lines and strings of plucked geese and turkeys, relieved by feathered pheasants and stout-looking hares, when suddenly your eye rests upon a mass of life, and you discover on the floor of the store a pile of live Turkeys tied together by the legs, and lying prone, helpless, and miserable. Their hour is at hand. They are waiting to be killed and plucked. Is there not something in the incident that spoils the effect of the show? Poultry must be slaughtered to make a display, and to provide us with Christmas dinners; but there are modes and juxtapositions which do not tend to recommend the processes to which necessity drives us.

THEATRICAL WIGS, WHISKERS, &c. — The Largest Stock in Town, for Sale or Hire. Private Wigs from 10s. to 100s. Hair Cutting, Brushing, and Shampooing, charge 6d. Immediate attendance. Respectful attention by first class Men from the best houses of London, Paris, and Berlin. The largest and best 6d. and 1s. bottle of Pomade in the trade; has had an immense sale for eighteen years. Choice Hair Washes, from 1s. 6d. Lime Cream, from 1s. Genuine and delightfully perfumed Lime Juice and Glycerine, from 1s. to 6s. A very large assortment of Hair, Tooth, Nail, Hat, and Cloth Brushes, by best makers, from 1s. Dressing Combs in *Tortoiseshell, Bone, Ivory, Horn,* and *Vulcanite,* from 6d. A splendid variety of fancy Back Combs, from 1s. to 50s. Large selection of Fans from 6d. to 60s., including the newest shapes and patterns. The largest stock of Toilet Requisites and Fancy Goods in the Midland Counties, selected from the best houses of Paris and London, at STEELE'S, HAIR CUTTER and ARTIST in HAIR, Opposite the Railway Station, New Street, Birmingham. [591

NEW PATENTS.

(Contributed by Messrs. Payne and Talbot, 1, *Bennett's-hill, and* 56, *Ann-street, Birmingham.)*

Improvements applicable to reaping and mowing machines. C. J. Fox, R. Larchin, and J. Dodd, London.

Improvements in fastenings or connections for screwing the cables and standing rigging of ships, and for other like purposes. W. R. Lake, London. (A communication from W. C. Ireland, Masachusetts, U.S.)

Improvements in the bridges of the furnaces of steam boilers and generators, or of other furnaces. J. Bates and J. Taylor, Dukinfield, Cheshire.

Improvements in means and apparatus for cutting type, and carving, moulding, and ornamenting wood, metal, stone, and other materials. W. J. Cunningham, and A. Dabb, London.

Improvements in locomotive steam engines. J. Reid, Glasgow, N.B.

Improvements in rotary engines. T. Graham, Beeston Hill, and and T. Dixon, Hounslet, Yorkshire.

Improvements in treating manganese oars, oxides, or salts, and in making ferro-manganese. G. Thomson, Glasgow, N.B.

An improved method of and apparatus for separating aqueous from oleaginous substances. H. Medlock, London.

An improved mode of harnessing horses to carriages, gigs, and other vehicles, and in the apparatus or means employed therefore. M. McHardy, Edinburgh, N.B.

Improvements in looms for weaving. J. Whitesmith, Glasgow, N.B.

Certain improvements in the manufacture of cordials. W. G. Jackson, Dockhead, Surrey.

Improvements in carpets, and in machinery or apparatus for manufacturing the same. J. and S. Johnson, London. (A communication from W. Wallace and C. McAllister, Pensylvania, U.S.)

Improvements in lamps. W. E. Newton, London. (A communication from F. T. Grimes, Missouri, U.S.)

Improved machinery for feeding sheets of paper to printing presses and other machines requiring to be similarly fed. A. V. Newton, London. (A communication from J. T. Ashley, New York, U.S.)

Improvements in apparatus for extinguishing fire. W. R. Lake, London: (A communication from C. G. Wheeler, Illinois, U.S.)

Improvements in the extraction of juice from sugar cane and in apparatus employed therein. J. H. Johnson, London. (A communication from J. F. Cail, Paris.)

Improvements in toilet and other mirrors. W. E. Newton, London. (A communication from G. H. Chinnock, and E. P. Williams, New York, U.S.

Improvements in the mode of producing certain colours on cotton, linen, and other textile fabrics. L. Hamel, Manchester.

Improvements in cutting, boring, grinding, and pulverising stone and other hard substances. A. V. Newton, London. (A communication from B. C. Tilghman, Pennsylvania, U.S.)

Improvements in machinery for cutting grass or corn. J. Howard and E. T. Bronsfield, Bedford.

Improvements in electric clockwork. W. E. Newton, London. (A communication from C. F. Mildè, Paris.)

Improvements in dry closets, commodes, urinals, and other recepticles for putrescible matter. J. W. Gridlestone, London.

Certain improvements in apparatus in connection with water closets. J. and J. and J. Haigh, jun., Westbromwich, Staffordshire.

Improvements in Brussels and in tapestry carpets. J. G. Tongue, London. (A communication from G. Crompton, Massachusetts, U.S.)

Improvements in direct acting steam engines. L. S. Vosper, Southsea, Hampshire.

Improvements in machinery and apparatus for breaking nuts and separating the husks and shells from the kernels. W. Mather, Salford, Lancashire.

Improvements in metal founders' blacking. J. C. Sellars, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Improvements in sewing machines. J. B. Robertson, Turgan, Armagh, Ireland.

Improvements in the construction of bridges. J. H. Johnson, London. (A communication from C. S. Smith, C. H. Latrobe, and T. H. Smith, Maryland, U.S.)

Improvements in automatic lubricators. E. von Jeinson, San Francisco, California, U.S.)

(*Patents upon which the* £50 *Stamp Duty has been paid.*)

Improvements in the machinery for the manufacture of bricks and tiles. P. Bawden, Notting-hill, Middlesex.

Improvements in washing machines known as "Dollys," which improvements render such machines also applicable for crushing aud fulling fabrics. W. Bates and F. Bates, Halifax.

A new or improved machine for rubbing, washing, and sizing ropes, cords, or twines. S. Marsters, Lynn.

Improvements in breech-loading firearms. J. Kerr, London.

Improvemente in studs, stud-buttons, and solitaires. L. A. W. Lund, London.

Improvements in means or apparatus for effecting the cutting or dressing of stone. T. Booth, John Booth, Jermiah Booth, Rodley, Yorkshire.

Improvements in the preparation of material to be used in the manufacture of porcelain and pottery. W. H. Keer, Dublin.

Improvements in and connected with propellers and in arrangements for propelling vessels. F. L. and C. L. Hancock, Dudley.

An improved method of and apparatus for the manufacture of tinned leaden pipes. W. E. Newton, London. (A communication from A. H. Harman, Vantes.)

Improvements in apparatus for boiling size. T. Kenyon, Blackburn.

Improved machinery for manufacturing central-fire cartridges. T. Davidson, Woolwich.

Improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel, and in furnaces and apparatus used in the said manufacture. G. T. Hinde, Wolverhampton, and T. C. Hinde, Ynispenbluch, Glamorganshire.

Improvements in the mode of and machinery for making shot and shell for ordnance. (A communication from T. B. Tarr, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, U.S.

An improved tutular cannon for firing volleys or charges of grape shot. L. Christophe and T. Montigny, Brussels.

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depot, 39, Ann Street. Sold by all Chemists; and J. Yardley, of Bloxwich. [107

Artificial Teeth. Painless Dentistry.—Notice of Removal. Established upwards of Half a Century. Mr. GABRIEL, the Old-Established Resident Dentist, from 65, New Street, to 11, *Bennett's Hill* (next to the Bank of England). Daily attendance from nine a.m. until six p.m. Single Teeth from 5s.; complete sets from £5. [115

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Sure Relief.—The weak and enervated suffer severely from nervous affections when storms or electric disturbances agitate the atmosphere. Neuralgia, gouty pangs, and flying pains, so distressing to a delicate system, may be readily removed by rubbing this Ointment upon the affected part after it has been fomented with warm water. The Pills taken occasionally in doses as prescribed by the instructions keep the digestion in order, excite a free flow of healthy pile, and regenerate the impoverished blood with those richer materials, which result from thoroughly assimilated food, and in the absence of which, the strongest must inevitably sink into feebleness, and the delicate find it difficult to maintain existence. Holloway's Ointment and Pills are infallible remedies 24]

WHAT IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of Monday, publishes the following verses—which come out of the Garrick Club—as a very pretty piece of invective:

I.

What is the German Fatherland?
What shores can bound that mighty land?
No longer can the narrow Rhine
Germania's giant-limbs confine,
Which o'er the elastic earth must spread,
As 'twere some huge Procustes' bed
Made but to serve for breeding-place
To propagate the Teuton race!
From north to south, from east to west,
Where'er it pleases Bismarck best,
From mountain-peak to ocean-strand,
Is all the world your Fatherland?

II.

Whatever clime the fragrance shares
Of holy William's unctuous prayers
Where'ere his saintly head reclines
In Heaven's keeping—and the lines—
And with Napoleon's crown puts on
The vices of Napoleon—
Where'er his saintly foot has trod,
By grace of Bismarck and of God—
Where once the winter sunbeams glance
Upon the Uhlan's bloody lance—
Where once their ruthless footing gain
The armies of the recreant Dane—
From Rhine to sea, from sea to Seine,
In Schleswig, Alsace, or Lorraine—
Where'er their steady march they keep
O'er hearts that break and eyes that weep—
Where children starve and women bleed,
To gorge the Prussians' monstrous greed,
And preach the Hohenzollern creed—
Where Hell lets loose the dogs of war—
Where Famine, Rapine, Murder are,
Stamped with the devil's blackest brand—
Is this your German Fatherland?

III.

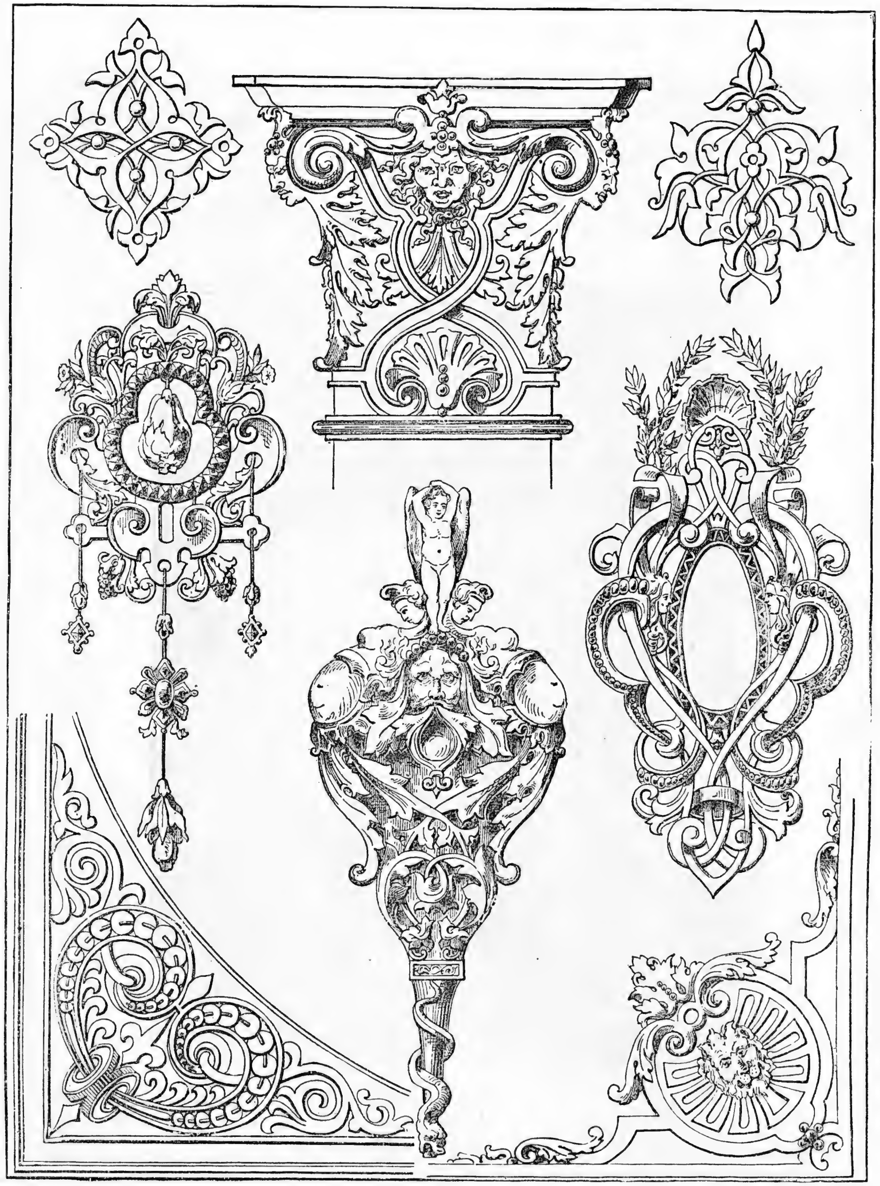
While, 'mid the dying and the dead,
France bows to earth her sacred head,
And inch by inch, and day by day,
Beleaguered Paris wastes away,
And Hunger rings the silent knell
Of hearts that Moltke cannot quell,
While Saxon and Bavarian meet
To crawl and cringe at Prussia's feet,
And lay their puny honours down
To garland an Imperial crown;
While Denmark, pillaged, bleeding, torn,
The conqueror's triumph must adorn;
Whild Austria dares as yet to claim
A separate life—a separate name,
And, lost to decency and pride,
In Prussia's train declines to ride;
While Russia taught of Geist and Light,
Rides rough-shod over Law and Right,
And to the good old maxim clings,
That treaties are the pawns of kings:
While Italy, to serve her ends,
Makes traffic of the blood of friends;
While England watches coldly by,
As in the dust her old ally
Writhes in the slow death-agony,
Yet thinks to salve those bleeding wounds,
With rags and lint, with pence and pounds,
By fraud or force, or weal or woe,
The "patient Germans" onward go,
And iron head and iron hand
Build up the spoilers' Fatherland!
Oh, shame upon your colours! Shame
Upon the vaunted German name!
What if he deals the foremost blow?
Your old hereditary foe!
What if his rash, unchastened hand
Lit up the war-fires in the land!
Can all your pedants, all your schools
Teach you no newer, better rules
Than thus to answer wrong with wrong,
To preach the gospel of the strong,
And to the end perpetuate
The bitter legacy of hate?
Germans no more. For what care ye
Aught but the Prussians' slaves to be?
To swell for him the pomp of war,
Tied hand and foot to Bismarck's car?
Thought, freedom, all ye cast away,
Bow to the Hohenzollern's sway;
And ask, for all you do and bear,
A corner in his evening prayer.
Reap as ye sow; and when you find
What harvest you have left behind—
When you have worked your evil ends,
And not a nation calls you friends;
When Bismarck, Moltke, William gone,
No more to victory lead you on—
Then bitter shall the waking be
Of your united Germany!
For ye have ta'en the Prussian's yoke,
And ye have dealt the Prussian's stroke,
And ye have licked the Prussian's hand,
And Prussia is your Fathdrland!

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.—The King of Prussia, on receiving the address of the North German Parliament at Versailles, first thanked the deputation for the support the Parliament had afforded the Government by voting supplies for the prosecution of the war, and by co-operating in the work of national unity. His Majesty continued as follows:—"The request addressed to me by the King of Bavaria to re-establish the dignity of Emperor of the old German Reich, has filled me with deep emotion; but you know that in this question, which affects such highly-esteemed interests, and memories so greatly cherished by the German nation, my own feelings or my own judgment cannot influence my decision. Only in the unanimous voice of the German Princes and free towns, only in the united wish of the German nation and its representatives, shall I recognise a call from Providence to which, relying upon God's blessing, I could conform."

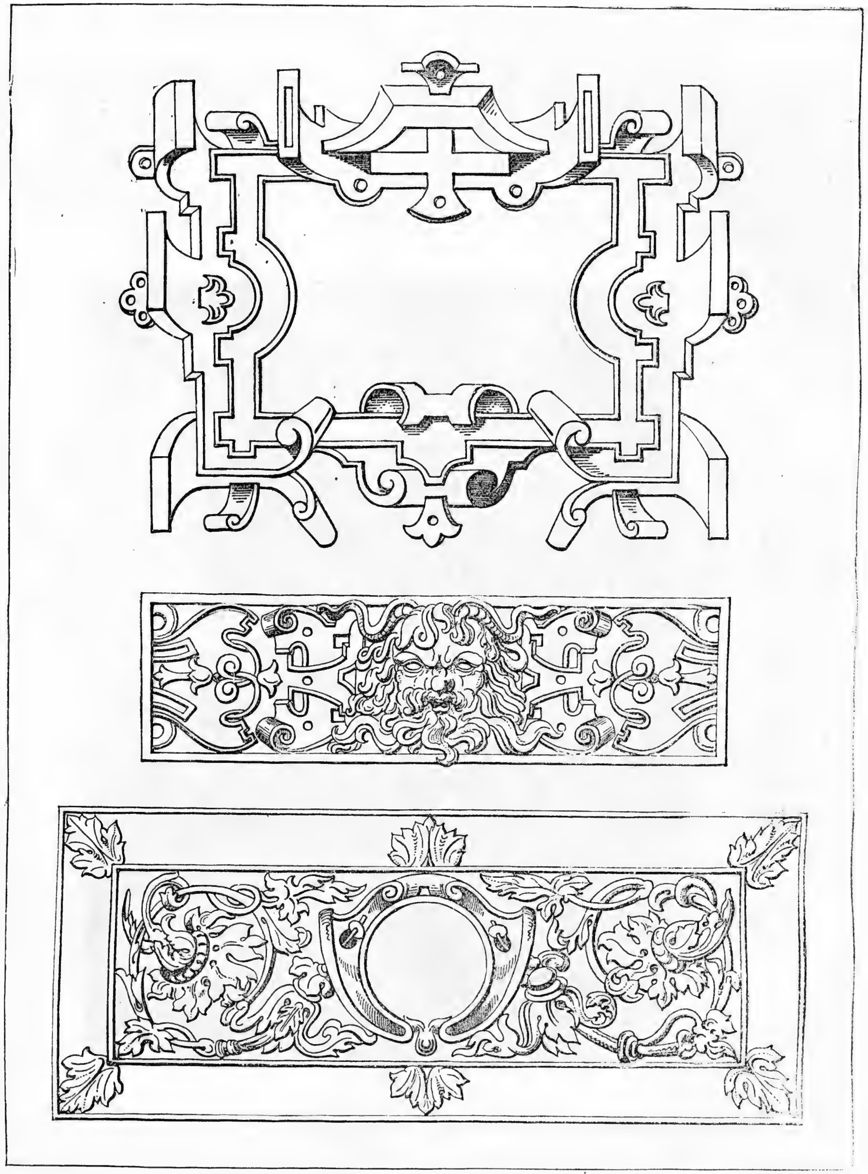
PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties, that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of the art of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 2s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

THE PRESENT SEASON.—Crichley, Wilde, and Co. are now showing a large section of their Patent Air Warmers; also, the Patent Terra-Cotta Gas Stove, which is entirely free from smoke or smell. New pattern Hot-Air Stoves for Halls, panelled with Encaustic Tiles. Churches, Mansions, Shops, &c., heated on the most approved principles. Show Rooms, 5½, 6, and 6½, Cannon Street. Works, Bordesley. [119

RENAISSANCE.



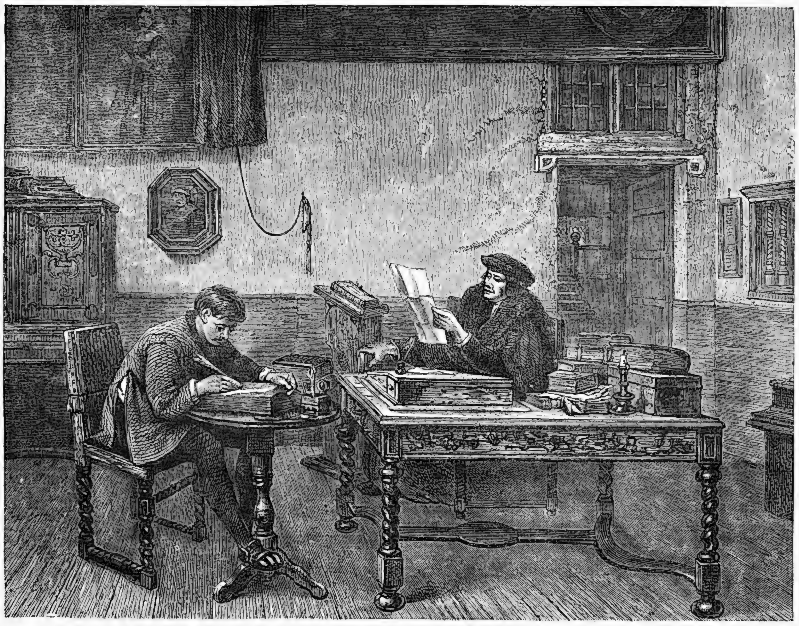
ELIZABETHAN.



THE A. B. C. OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.—To be Continued.

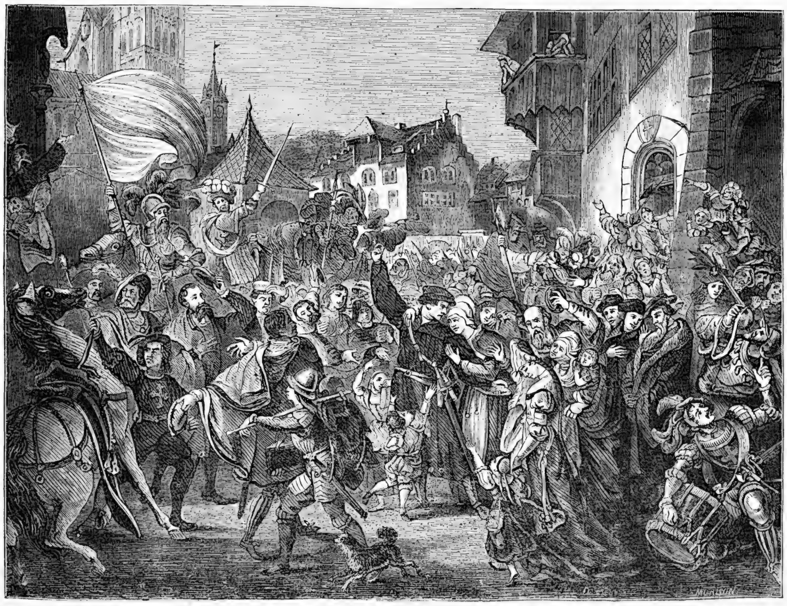
ERASMUS AND ZWINGLE.

The engravings on this page are copies of pictures in a recent magnificent edition of D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," published by Collins and Co., of Glasgow. On the book itself, *the* standard work on the subject, it were late in the day to make note or comment, and of the manner of the getting-up of the edition we need only say that these two cuts are specimens selected from upwards of two hundred illustrations. The first engraving represents Erasmus in his study. D'Aubigne gives the following interesting account of the birth and parentage of Erasmus:—"A man of great vivacity and talent, by name Gerard, a native of Gouda, in the Netherlands, loved a physician's daughter, named Marguerite. His parents, and nine brothers, would have constrained him to embrace the monastic state. He fled, leaving the object of his affections about to become a mother, and repaired to Rome. Frail Marguerite gave birth to a son. Gerard heard nothing of it; and some time after, having received information from his parents that the object of his affection was no more, he, in a paroxism of grief, turned priest, and consecrated himself for ever to the service of God. On his return to Holland she was still alive! Marguerite would not marry another, and Gerard, remaining faithful to his sacerdotal vows, their affection became concentrated on their little son. His mother had tended him with the greatest care, and his father, after his return, sent him to school, though only four years of age. He was not thirteen when his teacher, Sinthemius, of Deventer, clasping him rapturously in his arms. exclaimed, "This child will reach the highest pinnacles of science.' It was Erasmus of Rotterdam." The great man's name was Gerard, but he contrived to translate it into Greek, and made Erasmus of it. Though he became a canon he was not fond of the monastic life. His all-absorbing delight was learning. The author of this great work lucidly sets forth the character of Erasmus in the following brief contrast between him and Luther:—"Erasmus and Luther are the representatives of two great ideas on the subject of reform, and of two great parties of their own age, and of all ages. The one is composed of men, whose leading characteristic is a prudential timidity; the other of men of courage and resolution. These two parties were, at this period, personified in these two distinguished heads. The men of prudence thought that the cultivation of theological science might lead gradually, and without disruption, to the reformation of the Church. The men of action thought that the diffusion of more correct ideas among the learned would not put a stop to the superstitions of the people, and that the correction of particular abuses was of little avail, unless the whole life of the Church were renewed." It is thus the historian summed up the position occupied by Erasmus in the battle of the Reformation: "How different he would have been if he had abandoned himself and sacrificed all for truth! But after trying to effect some reforms with the approbation of the Church, and for Rome deserting the Reformation when he saw the two to be incompatible, he lost himself with all parties. On the one hand, his palinodes could not suppress the rage of the fanatical partisans of the Papacy. They felt the mischief which he had done them, and they did not forgive it. Impetuous monks poured out reproaches on him from the pulpit, calling him a second Lucian—a fox which had laid waste the vineyard of the Lord. A doctor of Constance had the portrait of Erasmus hung up in his study, that he might have it in his power at any moment to spit in his face. On the other hand, Erasmus, by deserting the standard of the Gospel, deprived himself of the affection and esteem of the noblest men of the period in which he lived; and must, doubtless, have forfeited those heavenly consolations which God sheds in the hearts of those who conduct themselves as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. At least we have some indication of this in his bitter tears, his painful vigils, and troubled sleep—his disrelish for his food—his disgust with the study of the muses, once his only solace—his wrinkled brow—his pallid cheek—his sad and sunken eye—his hatred of a life to which he applies the epithet of cruel—and those longings for death which he unbosoms to his friends. Poor Erasmus!"



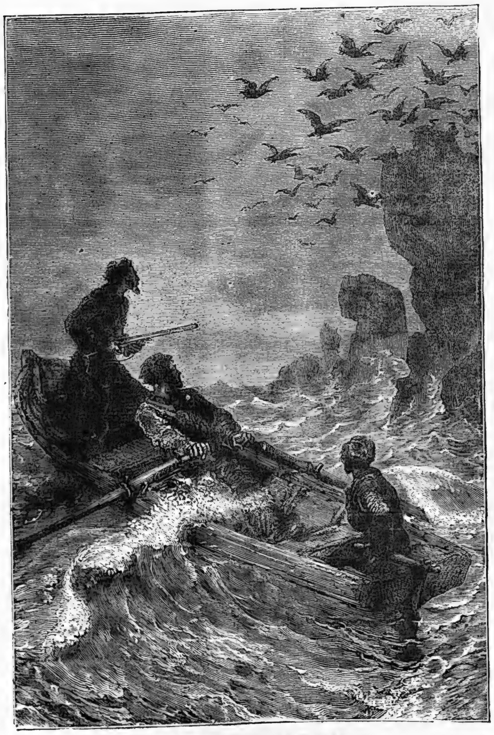
ERASMUS IN HIS STUDY.

A man of an order of mind and disposition altogether different from that of Erasmus was Zwingle, the leader of the Reformation in Switzerland. Our engraving represents the scene when Zwingle left Zurich for the battle of Cappell, where he met his death in the struggle of the Zurichers with the Popish legions of the Five Cantons. Here is D'Aubigne's account of the great Reformer's departure from the city:—"Zwingle was now seen issuing from a house before which a caparisoned horse was stamping impatiently: it was his own. His look was firm, but dimmed by sorrow. He parted from his wife, his children, and his numerous friends, without deceiving himself, and with a bruised heart. He observed the thick waterspout, which, driven by a terrible wind, advanced whirling towards him. Alas! he had himself called up this hurricane by quitting the atmosphere of the Gospel of peace, and throwing himself into the midst of political passions. He was convinced that he would be its first victim. Fifteen days before the attack of the Waldstettes, he had said from the pulpit: "I know the meaning of all this: I am the person specially pointed at. All this comes to pass—in order that I may die." The council, according to an ancient custom, had called upon him to accompany the army as its chaplain. Zwingle did not hesitate. He prepared himself without anger,—with the calmness of a Chistian who places himself confidently in the hands of his God. If the cause of Reform was doomed to perish, he was ready to perish with it. Surrounded by his weeping wife and friends—by his children who clung to his garments to detain him, he quitted that house where he had tasted so much happiness. At the moment his hand was upon his horse, just as he was about to mount, the animal violently started back several paces, and when he was at last in the saddle it refused for a time to move, rearing and prancing backwards, like that horse which the greatest captain of modern times, had mounted as he was about to cross the Niemen. Many in Zurich at that time thought with the soldier of the Grand Army when he saw Napoleon on the ground: "It is a bad omen! a Roman would go back!" Zwingle having at last mastered his horse, gave the reins, applied the spur, started forward, and disappeared. The incidents of his death are thus related: "But the death of one individual far surpassed all others. Zwingle was at the post of danger, the helmet on his head, the sword hanging at his side, the battle-axe in his hand. Scarcely had the battle begun, when, stooping to console a dying man, says J. J. Hottinger, a stone hurled by the vigorous arm of a Waldstette struck him on the head and closed his lips. Yet Zwingle arose, when two other blows, which hit him successively on the leg, threw him down again. Twice more he stands up; but a fourth time he receives a thrust from a lance, he staggers, and, sinking beneath so many wounds, falls on his knees. Does not the darkness that is spreading around him announce a still thicker darkness that is about to cover the Church? Zwingle turns away from such sad thoughts; once more he uplifts that head which had been so bold, and gazing with calm eye upon the trickling blood, exclaims: 'What matters this misfortune? They may, indeed, kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul?' These were his last words. Two of the soldiers who were prowling over the field of battle, having come near the reformer without recognising him, 'Do you wish for a priest to confess yourself?' asked they. Zwingle, without speaking (for he had not strength) made signs in the negative. 'If you cannot speak,' replied the soldiers, 'at least think in thy heart of the Mother of God, and call upon the saints.' Zwingle again shook his head, and kept his eyes still fixed on heaven. Upon this the irritated soldiers began to curse him. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of the city!' One of them, being curious to know who he was, stooped down and turned Zwingle's head in the direction of a fire that had been lighted near the spot. The soldier immediately let him fall to the ground. 'I think,' said he, surprised and amazed,—'I think it is Zwingle!' At this moment Captain Fockinger of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near: he had heard the last words of the soldier. 'Zwingle!' exclaimed he; 'that vile heretic Zwingle! that rascal, the traitor!' Then raising his sword, so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, exclaiming, in a violent passion, 'Die, obstinate heretic!' Yielding under this last blow, the reformer gave up the ghost: he was doomed to perish by the sword of a mercenary."

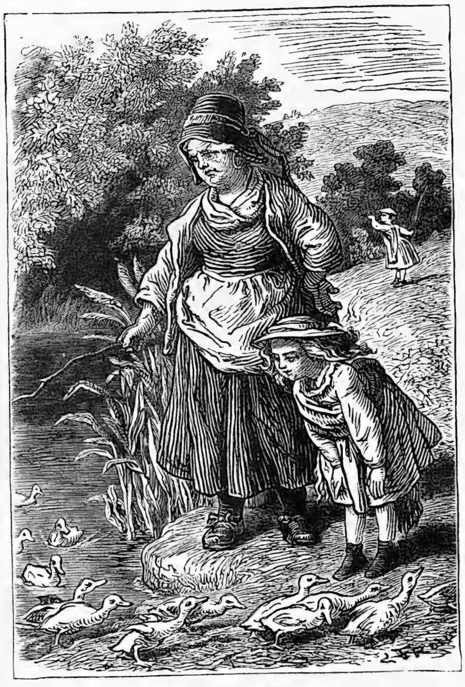


ZWINGLE LEAVING ZURICH.

Luther's Early Days.—This period was a kind of severe apprenticeship to Luther. Launched upon the world at fourteen, without friend or patron, he trembled in presence of his masters, and, during the hours of recreation, painfully begged his food with children as poor as himself. "I and my comrades," says he, "begged a little food for our subsistence. One day, at the season when the Church celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ, we were in a body scouring the neighbouring villages, going from house to house, and, in four parts, singing the ordinary hymns on the Babe of Bethlehem. We stopped before a peasant's cottage, which stood by itself at the extremity of a village. The peasant, hearing us singing our Christmas carols, came out with some provisions which he meant to give us, and asked, in a gruff voice and a harsh tone, 'Where are you, boys?' His tones frightened us, and we took to our heels. We had no cause for fear, for the peasant was sincere in his offer of assistance; but our hearts were, no doubt, made timid by the menaces and tyranny with which masters at this period oppressed their scholars; hence the sudden fright which seized us. At last, however, the peasant still continuing to call us, we stopped, laid aside our fear, and, running up to him, received the food which he intended for us."—From *D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.*



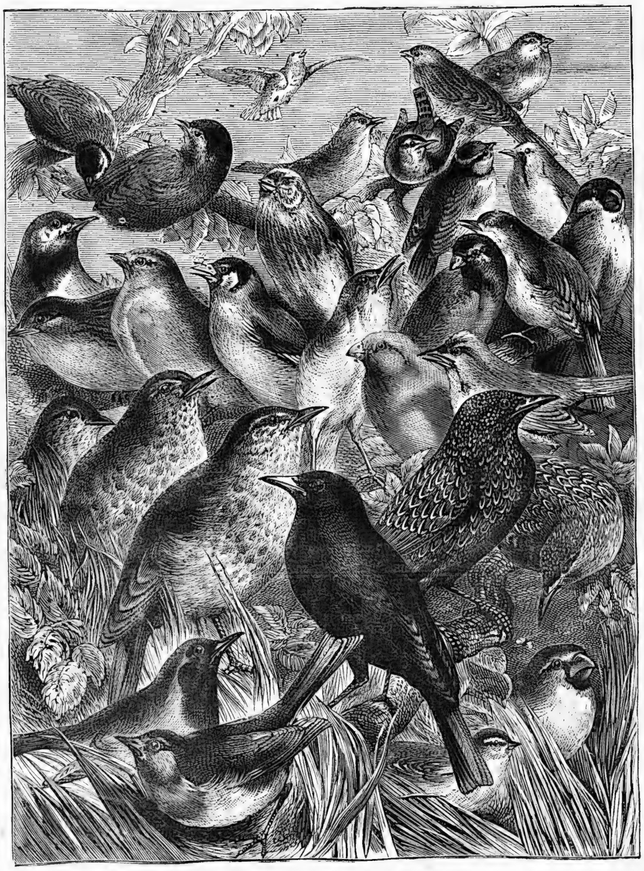
SHOOTING FRIGATE BIRDS.



COUNTRY LIFE.

A BOOK OF BIRDS.*

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have made a reputation for illustrated works in natural history. "Our Dumb Neighbours," "Our Dumb Companions," "Our Four-Footed Friends," "Dogs and Their Doings," are among their best productions in connection with our domestic animals. They are all exquisitely illustrated, and printed in the best style of Caxton's universal art. The most notable of this firm's latest publications is, "Our Feathered Companions," from which we are permitted to reproduce the charming picture that accompanies this brief notice. Both letter-press and pictures are done by loving hands. The pencil is worthy of the pen and the pen of the pencil, while the graver is worthy of both. There is a unity of excellence in the work which is rarely met with. The reverend author gossips of birds with the enthusiasm of a man who glories in his work, and, at the same time, with the freshness of an original thinker and the sagacity of a scholar. He must have rejoiced in the efforts of those legislators who sought to get an act for the protection of "the Flamborough Head pilots" and other sea-birds. One of these parliamentary lovers of "our feathered friends," who worked hard in their interest, was Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson, the member for the Hartlepools, a daring yachtsman, who in his time has seen very rough weather, and a loving student of the habits of sea-birds. The name of author and member of Parliament are alike. We do not think, however, there is any blood relationship between them, but they are alike in their earnest friendship for "the Flamborough Pilots." Beautifully bound, printed on fine paper, "Our Feathered Companions" is a marvel of cheapness and excellence.



OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.†

"In winter afternoons, before the lamps are lighted, and when the red flames make many a flickering shadow upon the curtained windows, the children gather round me and ask me to tell them stories of the time when I was a little girl." And happily doth "Cousin Alice" fulfil her task. Bright, pleasant, well-told stories she tells, and in excellent English. Pleasant, we say, for there is a sad sort of pleasure as well as the pleasure of joy. A tender, affecting story is not necessarily unpleasant, for the emotion waiting on pathos is, to some, a delightful feeling when it is associated with the drama, or with a story. "Cousin Alice's" stories, whether they be pathetic or merry, are always good. The illustration which we select from this book is a bit of country life, and it accompanies a story entitled "A Month in the Country."

SHOOTING FRIGATE BIRDS.

Adventure and Natural History are happily blended in Mr. Kingston's tale of the Eastern Seas,* for the entertainment and edification of our boys, a charmingly written and tastefully illustrated book, prefaced with a capital coloured map of the Eastern Archipelago, enabling the juvenile reader to trace out the passage of the party of venturesome travellers and naturalists. To the story itself we must refer our readers if he wants to know how Dick Turbot and his companions happened to find themselves in dangerous proximity to a band of pirates. The picture we have selected for an illustration in our pages represents three of the party rowing along one of the lonely coasts of those islands, in pursuit of specimens of the Frigate Bird. This is the account of the little expedition:—

"No one is so eager as a naturalist when in search of a specimen, and we soon saw Mr. Sedgwick would be far more pleased if we took him round to the cliff, than should we catch a boat-load of fish. 'Suppose then, sir, that we start the first thing for the cliff, and we can then return and land you if you do not wish to remain for the fishing,' I observed. 'A very good idea, Walter' he answered. 'You and Roger Trew can go, then, to manage the boat, and I will take my rifle. It is difficult to approach those birds near enough to shoot one, and I have long wished to obtain some specimens in full feather.' It was arranged, therefore, that the next morning we should start directly after breakfast. As, however, there was time during that evening, we carried out our lobster-pots, and placed them in a long row on a rocky bed, where we had every hope that lobsters would be found, and we agreed to take them up on our return. We hurried over breakfast, as Mr. Sedgwick was eager to be off, and we then pulled away along the shore, looking into the various indentations and bays as we passed, in the hope of finding a spot where our proposed vessel might be launched, and which might at the same time serve as a harbour. 'Why, that is just the place we are looking for, Walter,' observed Mr. Sedgwick. 'See! we shall find, I think, an entrance at the other end of this reef; and if so, nothing can be more perfect.' We eagerly pulled round the reef, sounding as we went with our oars, and had the satisfaction of finding that there was ample water for such a vessel as we proposed to build. A little further on we came in sight of the cliff on which we had seen the birds. No sooner did we point them out to Mr. Sedgwick than he exclaimed—'Yes; those, from their flight, must be frigate-birds. No ordinary cormorant would fly as they do. They have come there to breed; for it is seldom, except on that occasion, that those wonderful birds ever visit the land. What extraordinary power of wing they possess! It is said that they are never seen to swim or to repose upon the waters. I certainly have never seen them except on the wing.' There was a stiffish breeze, which had created a little sea; and it seemed doubtful, although Mr. Sedgwick was a good shot, whether he would be steady enough to hit one of the birds he so much desired. We pulled on, however, keeping as close as we could venture under the cliff, so as to be concealed from their sight till we got near them. Roger Trew took the two oars, while I sat at the helm, to steer the boat more steadily. My uncle stood up, rifle in hand, eagerly waiting till we got within range of the birds. However, they were so eagerly engaged in preparing the homes for their future young that they scarcely appeared to notice our approach, but kept flying round about the cliff as they had done the day before when we first saw them. At length one of the magnificent birds came within range of my uncle's rifle. Though his nerves were as well strung as those of most men, I fancied his hands trembled in his eagerness to obtain his prize. He recovered himself, however, in a moment, and balancing his feet at the bottom of the tossing boat, fired. An instant afterwards a vast mass began to descend, at first slowly, then it passed rapidly through the air like a huge piece of snow cast before an avalanche, and down it came with a loud thud into the water. 'Pull! pull!' he cried; and Roger Trew exerting his arms, we were soon up to the bird. It was still alive, though unable to impel itself through the water or to rise. It stretched out its beak towards us; but all power had gone; and as my uncle eagerly seized it, and drew it into the boat, it ceased to struggle. The shot had alarmed the other birds, some of whom were seen to soar high up into the air. Up, up they went, till they became mere specks in the blue sky, then disappeared altogether. Others, however, retained their position round the rock, flying about in a startled manner, apparently unable to ascertain the cause of the loud sound they had heard. Meantime Mr. Sedgwick again loaded, and a second bird was brought down. He offered a great deal more resistance, but a blow from Roger Trew's oar quickly settled him. My uncle was highly delighted with his success. The second shot had put all the birds to flight, and it did not appear likely that a third would be killed. We therefore put the boat's head round, and pulled along the shore homewards. On our way back Mr. Sedgwick expatiated on the powers and beauty of the frigate-bird. 'See,' he observed, 'these feathers are not of that coarse and downy texture peculiar to aquatic birds; indeed its graceful form and all the internal arrangements seem especially adapted—I was almost going to say for eternal flight. See these wings, twelve feet from tip to tip. Observe this forked tail, these short legs, the thighs not more than an inch in length. Unless perched on some rocky pinnacle, it is unable to take flight. Neither, you will observe, is it adapted for living on the waves. See its feet; they are unlike those of water-fowl, being but partially webbed. Now, when I come to show you the interior of the creature, you will see with what surprising arrangements it is furnished for flight without fatigue in the loftiest regions of the air, where it can even sleep without the danger of descending. See beneath its throat this large pouch; it communicates with the lungs, and also with the hollow and wonderfully light bone-work of its skeleton. When it wishes, therefore, to rest in air, it first spreads out its mighty wings, which are almost sufficent to float its light body. It then fills its enormous pouch with air, from whence it is forced into all its bones, and even into the cavities between the flesh and the skin. Now this air enters cold, but in a short time, from the heat of the bird's circulation, which is greater than that of other animals, it becomes rarified, and will consequently swell out both the pouch and every cavity I have spoken of, thus giving the bird a wonderful bouyancy, even in the highest regions of the atmosphere. We saw how high those birds went just now, but they probably have gone far higher. In the same way, when the weather is stormy near the earth, the frigate-bird rises into the higher and calmer regions, where with outspread wing, it remains suspended, motionless, and at rest. There it might remain for days together, unless compelled by hunger to descend. When this is the case, it expels the rarified air from its body and pouch, and drops swiftly towards the ocean. It never, however, dives, or even swims, but as it comes within a few feet of the waves, it instantly brings itself to a stop, and skimmng along, catches the flying-fish with its hawk-like bill or talons, holding its neck and feet in a horizontal direction, striking the upper column of air with its wings, and then raising and closing them against each other above its back.'"

---

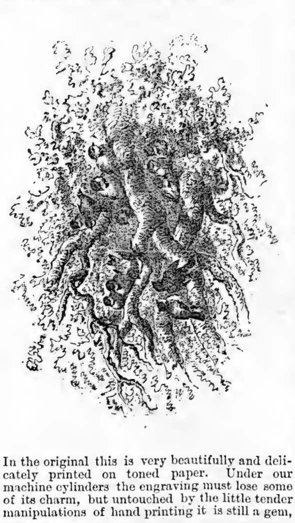
* Our Feathered Companions, Neighbours, and Visitors. By Rev. T. Jackson, M.A.; with more than 100 Engravings. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

† "When I was a Little Girl." Stories for Children. By the Author of "St. Olaves." London; Macmillan and Co.

* In the Eastern Seas; or, the Regions of the Bird of Paradise. A Tale for Boys. By N. H. G. Kingston. London: Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

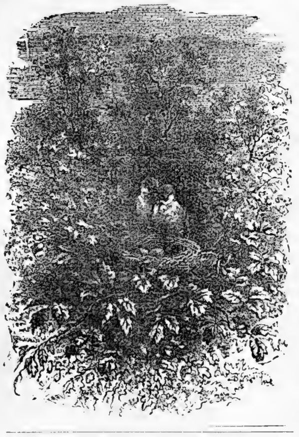
BIRDS AND FLOWERS.[*]

One of nature's poets, Mary Howitt, sings of birds and flowers with all the fervour of her nature. There is passion in her song, passion and love and adoration. She hears the voice of the good spirit in the musical grove, sees His work in every leaf and tree. Her songs are as joyous as the birds', and she has caught all the beauty of the flowers. The book before us is a casket of poetic jewels. Mary Howitt's lines are set in brilliants and adorned by pictures such as are rarely seen. Nearly every page shines out with a vignette that is a poem in itself. For example, here is a tail-piece at page 140.



In the original this is very beautifully and delicately printed on toned paper. Under our machine cylinders the engraving must lose some of its charm, but untouched by the little tender manipulations of hand printing it is still a gem, and the poem is not unworthy of the picture. Take a stanza:—

O the sunny summer time!
  O the leafy summer-time!
Merry is the Bird's life,
  When the year is in its prime!
Some are strong and some are weak;
  Some love day and some love night;
But whate'er a Bird is,
  Whate'er loves—it has delight,
In the joyous song it sings;
  In the liquid air it cleaves;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
  In the nest it weaves!



---

[*] "Birds and Flowers." By Mary Howitt. With eighty-seven drawings in wood by Giacomelli. London and Edinburgh: Melson and Son.

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM,
Under the management of Mr. Mercer H. Simpson.

Mr. SIMPSON has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public, that his Establishment
WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th,
WHEN THE
GRAND COMIC PANTOMIME, entitled
DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,
Written by Mr. C. Millward,

Will be produced with the same completeness and perfection which have always characterised the Pantomimes of this Theatre. The Scenery is most beautiful and brilliant, Mr. Simpson having been fortunate enough to secure the services of that eminent artist, Mr. Charles Smithers. The Magnificent Dresses, Elaborate Appointments, and Properties are of the most perfect description. Mr. Fred. W. Humphreys, with his usual ability, has musically arranged the Pantomime, while the never weary Stage Manager, Mr. J. C. Smith, has for weeks rehearsed the numerous Company engaged.

Miss Maria Longman, Miss Alice Dodd, Mr. Walter Searle, Mr. Henry Wright, and the Alexander Family (seven in number) are specially engaged, and will appear in addition to the clever artistes, Mr. E. V. Sinclair, Mr. Wyke Moore, Mr. T. A. Palmer, Mr. J. Cumberland, Miss Eliza Gordon, Miss J. Gordon, and Miss Madge Antoinette.

MORNING PERFORMANCES—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, December 26, 27, 28, and 29; and every Thursday until further notice. Books of Pantomime, 2d.

Box Office open from Eleven until Three o'clock. Lower Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. No Half Price. Doors open at 6-30; commence at 7 o'clock. [44

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Jas. Rodgers.

Production of the new Grand CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, entitled
JACK AND THE BEAN STALK,
OR, HARLEQUIN OLD DAME TROT AND HER KOMICAL CAT!
Written by Mr. Charles Daly.

The beautiful Scenery by R. M. Hyde, Mr. Evans, and Assistants. Music composed and arrranged by Mr. Sator. Machinery by Mr. Towell. Properties and Masks by Mr. Moon. The costly Dresses by Miss Green and Assistants. The Ballet under the direction of Madlle. Ernestine. The whole produced under the personal superintendence of Mr. James Rodgers.

NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the great success that has attended the Pantomimes at this Theatre for several years past, in consequence of the completeness of each production, still the Manager feels that he can confidently recommend to his supporters in general JACK AND THE BEAN STALK as being quite equal, if not superior, to all previous efforts.

DAY PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME, at Two o'clock, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, December 26, 27, 28, and 29.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at Seven o'clock,
CAPTAIN'S NOT AMISS.
After which, the Grand Pantomime of
JACK AND THE BEAN STALK; OR HARLEQUIN OLD DAME TROT AND HER KOMICAL CAT.
[10

EXCHANGE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1870.
MATTHEWS BROTHERS' TROUPE OF
ORIGINAL CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

Original Lessees of St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, London, for the above Entertainment, and from the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, &c., &c.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN BIRMINGHAM.
BEST MINSTREL TROUPE IN THE WORLD.
The Great Harry and William Matthews at every Performance.

MONDAY, Dec. 26, at 3 & 8 o'clock.
TUESDAY, Dec. 27, at 3 & 8 o'clock.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 28, at 3 & 8 o'clock.
THURSDAY, Dec. 29, at 8 o'clock.
FRIDAY, Dec. 30, at 8 o'clock.
SATURDAY, Dec. 31, at 3 & 8 o'clock.

Front Seats, 2s. 6d.; Second Seats, 1s.; Back, 6d.
Plan of Front Seats at Messrs. Harrison and Harrison's, Colmore Row. [192

BEST SILKS ONLY.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK·SILKS WARRANTED
TRADE MARK.

The increasing demand for these unequalled goods and the testimonials continually received from all parts of the world have induced us to have our registered trade mark stamped upon each dress.
The prices vary from 3½ to 6 Guineas the full Robe of 12 yards, and
We hold ourselves responsible for the wear of every such Dress bearing our name.

MANUFACTURERS AND MERCERS, LONDON AND LYONS.
Established 1815.
LONDON ADDRESS FOR PATTERNS:
CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING-HILL, W.
We have at the present time several thousand pounds' worth of these unrivalled Silks.

PRIZE MEDAL IRISH POPLINS.
Messrs. Pim Bros.' superior manufacture. JAMES CHAPMAN'S of Notting-hill, W., is the only house in England where you can obtain genuine IRISH POPLINS at £3 6s. the dress of 12 yards. [193

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

MR. HOWARD PAUL.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.
THURSDAY, December 29, 1870.
HIS SONGS AND IMPERSONATIONS,
ASSISTED BY
MISS ANNIE GOODALL,
Prima Donna of Mr. George Perren's Crystal Palace Opera Troupe, Lyceum Theatre, &c.;
MISS RAMANELLI,
Of the Gaiety Theatre, &c.; and
MISS M. MANDER,
The accomplished Solo Pianiste;
IN A BRILLIANT PROGRAMME OF
OPERATIC SELECTIONS,
ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH BALLADS,
AND DRAMATIC IMPERSONATIONS,
In elegant and appropriate costumes.

Admission: Side Galleries (reserved), 2s.; Floor, 1s.; Great Gallery, 6d. Commence at Eight o'clock.
Tickets may be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and at Mr. Bryan's.

These celebrated Artistes will appear at Smethwick, Dec. 30th; Walsall, Dec. 31st; Coventry, Jan. 3; and West Bromwich, Jan. 4th. [182

CURZON HALL.

DECEMBER 24th AND FUTURE DATES.

THE GRAND EXCELSIOR DIORAMIC CONCERTS.
TWELVE OF THE MOST POPULAR ARTISTES IN THE WORLD, including
MR. JOLLY NASH and MR. and MRS. GEORGE WARE.
BRASS and STRING BAND.
SIXTY SCENES of GREAT BRITAIN.
The ROYAL EXCELSIOR CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
The ROYAL MINSTRELS of SCOTLAND.
SONGS and SCENES of DEAR OULD IRELAND.
SCENES and SONGS of MERRY ENGLAND.
The PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
FIRST GRAND PERFORMANCE, December 24th.
BOXING DAY THREE GRAND PERFORMANCES. First at 12, Second at 3, Third at 7 o'clock.
Managers, Messrs. JOLLY NASH and GEO. WARE.
[170

FIRE.

RUDLAND AND SMITH
BEG TO INTIMATE TO THEIR NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS THAT
BUSINESS WILL BE CARRIED ON AS USUAL.
All Orders on hand are being
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Should any unavoidable delay occur through the
LAMENTABLE FIRE,
We ask our Friends' indulgence under the circumstances. 194

LIST OF AGENTS
FOR THE
ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS.

Astwood Bank	Mr. Perkins
Bath	,, Chivers
Bilston	,, Fereday
Birmingham	Messrs. Smith and Son, Mr. Willey, &c.
Burton	Messrs. Whitehurst
Bromsgrove	Mr. Palmer
Coventry	,, Horsfall
Cradley Heath	,, Forrest
Darlaston	,, Slater
Derby	,, Harwood
Droitwich	,, Smith
Dudley	,, Hutchings
Edinburgh	Messrs. Menzies and Co.
Erdington	Mr. Pearson
Evesham	Messrs. Smith
Gloucester	,, Goulding
Halesowen	,, Hodgetts
Hanley	,, Timmis
Handsworth	,, Jones
Hereford	Messrs. Head and Hull
Kenilworth	Miss Evans
Kidderminster	Mr. Mark
Leamington	,, Arthur
Leicester	,, Hewitt
Leeds	,, Summergill
Liverpool	,, Doran
Manchester	,, J. Heywood
Nottingham	Miss Clayton
Oldbury	Mr. Lowe
Oxford	,, Harvey
Redditch	,, Heming
Rugeley	,, Manners
Sheffield	,, Weston
Small Heath	,, D. L. Marks.
Smethwick	,, Durose
Stafford	Messrs. Wright
Stoke	Mr. Woolley
Stourbridge	,, Field
Stratford	,, Paine
Tipton	,, Britten
Walsall	,, Wilkes
Warwick	,, Spennell
Wednesbury	,, Hillier
West Bromwich	,, Harris and Mr. Britten
Wolverhampton	Messrs. Barford and Newitt and Mr. Park
Worcester	Messrs. Deighton and Son

The Paper is supplied at the stalls of Messrs. Smith and Sons throughout the Kingdom.

NEW YEAR'S CHIMES. A New Song. Words by Miss Helen Burnside. Music by W. T. Wrighton. Beautifully illustrated title. 3s., free by post for 18 stamps.

THERE'S A SWEET WILD ROSE. Vocal Duet. By the composer of "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" &c.—"A very charming duet."—Vide *Stamford Mercury*. Free by post for 24 stamps.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR HAS COME. Duettino for two voices. By the composer and author of "Hark! the Goat Bells Ringing." 4s.; each free by post for 24 stamps.

LA VIVANDIERE.—Quadrille pour Piano. Par Agnes. Finely illustrated.

THE LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA. New Song by Alfred Scott Gatty. 3s., free by post for 18 stamps.

SWEET NORAH WALTZES, for the Pianoforte. By C. H. Marriott. Finely illustrated. 4s., free by post for 24 stamps.

ROBIN. Song. Written and composed by Anne Fricker, composer of "Fading Away," "I Built a Bridge of Fancies," &c. Finely illustrated. 3s., free by post for 18 stamps.

THE LOUISE QUADRILLE. By C. H. Marriott.—"Thousands will purchase this quadrille for the sake of the frontispiece, which is one of the most elegant we have ever seen."—Vide *Worcester Herald*. Post free for 24 stamps.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING Mr. Wrighton's New Song, NORAH, SWEET NORAH, at her coming Concerts. London: Published only by Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street. Free by post for 18 stamps. [178

A CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

MELODIA DIVINA or SACRED COMPANION for the VOICE and PIANOFORTE or HARMONIUM is the best selected, most comprehensive, and handsome volume of Sacred Music for the Family Circle, and forms a most appropriate and acceptable Gift Book for the festive season, a wedding, or birthday present. This Edition now ready, with many additions, elegantly bound, gilt sides and edges, price 18s., forwarded free.—F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, London. [179

THE CLOISTER.—A cheap reprint of Christmas and Anniversary Odes, Anthems, Sacred Part Songs, &c., adapted for the choir, class, or home use, in Nos. 2d. each, and in Tonic-Sol-Fa at 1d. each. Twelve Nos. are published. Specimen No., with List of Contents, post free for two stamps.—London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

THE VOCALIST'S MANUAL: A Class Tutor on the English *v.* Lamaction System of Sol-Fa, 1s.

THE TONIC MANUAL: A Class Tutor on the Moveable DOH System, 6d.—F. Pitman. [180

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.
No. 135.
FOR JANUARY—Price 1s.
CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER.

1.—M. Guizot on "The Provisional Government and the French Nation."
2.—"Patty." Chapters I.—IV.
3.—"Mr. Dickens's Amateur Theatricals: A Reminiscence."
4. "The Competitive Examination System in China."
5. Lord Hobart on "The Alabama Claims."
6. "La Morte Vivante."
7. "Hospitality."
8. "A Bull Fight, and After-Thoughts." By J. P.
9. "Into Versailles and Out." Part I. By John Scott Russell, F.R.S.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON. [188

ESTABLISHED 1802.

R. SYSON,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRT MAKER, AND LADIES' OUTFITTER.
85, *NEW STREET.*
(Opposite Society of Artists.)
190] BIRMINGHAM.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
Established upwards of Half a Century.
MR. GABRIEL,
THE OLD-ESTABLISHED RESIDENT DENTIST,
Has removed from 65, New Street, to
11, *BENNETT'S HILL*, 11,
(Next to the Bank of England),
WHERE HE IS IN DAILY ATTENDANCE FROM 9 a.m., UNTIL 6 p.m.
Single Teeth from 5s. Complete Set from £5.
N.B.—Only one Visit required from Country Patients.

Notice particularly Name and Address. [115

J. CREESE AND CO.,
LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS, ENVELOPERS,
WHOLESALE STATIONERS, &c.,

Most gratefully acknowledge the great and increasing patronage bestowed upon them during upwards of Nine years, and respectfully inform their friends that they have recently re-arranged their premises, and laid down Steam Machinery, to enable them to execute orders with greater promptitude.

CASTLE STREET and YORK PASSAGE, (High-St.) BIRMINGHAM. [195

M. J. ROTHSCHILD,
Midland
WATCH MANUFACTORY,
Wholesale and for Exportation,
15, CAROLINE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM. [455

E. F. GRIFFIN & CO.,
Manufacturers of
GOLD PLATING, WIRE, TUBE,
Ornaments, Beads, Gold and
Silver Solder, Gold Alloys,
Compositions, &c., &c.
DIE SINKERS,
TOOL MAKERS, STAMPERS,
AND PIERCERS,
82, *SPENCER STREET,*
BIRMINGHAM. [65

SHELLARD AND HODGSON'S

ONE GUINEA

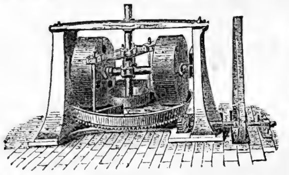
TWEED WATERPROOF

CLOAKS AND COSTUMES.

82, *HIGH STREET,*

BIRMINGHAM. [735

CHRISTIAN'S PATE DE LICHEN, in the form of Lozenges, removes phlegm, and gives relief in most disorders of the voice, throat, and chest. In colds, accompanied by cough, hoarseness, and the peculiar tickling and dryness in the throat usually called huskiness, its beneficial effects are felt almost immediately. If taken on leaving heated rooms, it will often be found a preventive of the above complaints. Being free from any preparation of opium, it may be given to children as well as adults. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Manufactured only at CHRISTIAN'S, New Street, Birmingham. [408



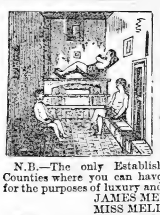
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
MORTAR MILLS,
HAND MORTISING MACHINES, LATHES,
DRILLING MACHINES, &c., &c.,
FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO
W. H. PEARSON, ENGINEER,
50, *ANN STREET, BIRMINGHAM.* [941

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.

MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of
Bennett's Hill.)

Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker.*

SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.
Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*



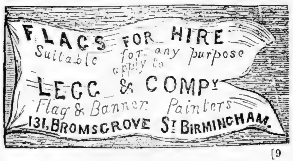
TURKISH, VAPOUR, SULPHUR, AND MEDICATED BATHS,
No. 14, CRESCENT,
CAMBRIDGE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.

Open daily for Ladies and Gentlemen (Sundays excepted) from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m.

LIST OF TERMS ON APPLICATION.

N.B.—The only Establishment in the Midland Counties where you can have such a variety of Baths for the purposes of luxury and health.

JAMES MELLING, *Proprietor.*
MISS MELLING, *Superintendent of the Ladies' Department.*
909]



[9

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

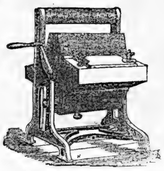
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

[511

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES REPOSITORY,
No 1, CHEAPSIDE, BIRMINGHAM.

MR. J. M. CLAYWORTH begs to inform Noblemen, Gentlemen, and the Public in general, that he will hold his next STUD SALES on
THURSDAY, January 5th; and on
THURSDAY, January 19th.
Sales by Auction every Thursday; by Private Treaty, Daily. [35

CHAVASSE AND CO.'S



AMERICAN "STAR" WASHING MACHINE.

The finest Fabrics uninjured, WASHES IN EIGHT MINUTES, and with this STAR MACHINE it has been proved that a FORTNIGHT'S WASHING for SIX PERSONS can be completed at a COST OF ONLY 3d., half-a-pound each of Soap and Soda being all that is requisite. ECONOMICAL, therefore Valuable in every Household, small or large.

PRICES FROM £3 10s.
505, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.*
(Near the British Museum.) [64

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MISS DRAPER, BERLIN AND FANCY REPOSITORY, from 24, BENNETT'S HILL, to 81, NEW STREET, OPPOSITE THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. [131

HUNT'S ECONOMICAL MOURNING AND FUNERAL WAREHOUSE,
94, *BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

BLACK SILKS, Deep and Half Mourning Dresses of Every Description.

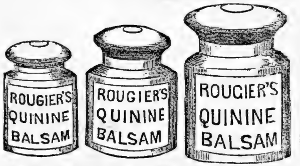
SHAWLS, MANTLES, BONNETS, CAPS, and all kinds of Mourning Fancy Goods.

FUNERALS conducted with economy in any part of the country. [456

W. AND H. DEW,
SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD LLOYD,
GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSEMEN
AND UNDERTAKERS,
33, *NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
[655

CANTHARIDINE
RESTORATIVE
FOR THE HAIR

Prepared by
H. PEDLEY, FAMILY CHEMIST,
29, *HORSE FAIR, BIRMINGHAM.*
In 1s. and 2s. 6d. Bottles. [88



One Shilling. Two Shillings. Three Shillings.

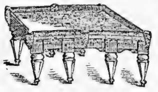
QUININE BALSAM.

THIS PREPARATION is used for Restoring and Preserving the Hair, preventing its falling off or discolouring, also retaining its moisture longer than any other preparation of the kind, giving a beautifully brilliant lustre to the Hair, and preserving the Curl.

Coarse Hair it renders soft and silky, more pleasant to the feel and pliable to Curl, and must supersede all other articles professing the same qualities.

Prepared only by J. ROUGIER, Wholesale Perfumer, 55, UNION PASSAGE, Birmingham. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 2s. and 3s. each. N.B.—Every known Article for the Toilet always on Stock. [37

CHARLES ALLDRIDGE AND SON



MANUFACTURERS OF BILLIARD TABLES, BAGATELLE TABLES.

Works & Show Room:
REGENT PARADE,
CAROLINE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.
[594

THE
GREAT WESTERN HOTEL,
(Snow Hill Station.)
BIRMINGHAM.

"One of the most elegant, comfortable, and economical Hotels in the three kingdoms."—*The Field*, July 31 [691

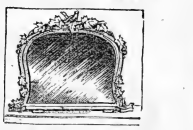
SUFFIELD'S DINING ROOMS
AND
LUNCHEON BAR,
UNION PASSAGE, BIRMINGHAM.
[754

WILLCOX AND GIBBS'

TRIAL
BEFORE
PURCHASE

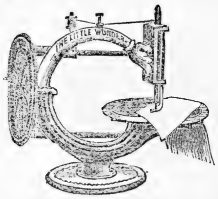
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.
MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, *BULL STREET,*
BIRMINGHAM. [426

HAWKES AND ROLANDI,



LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURERS,
CARVERS & GILDERS
125, *BROMSGROVE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
[83

SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE. £3 3s.



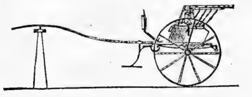
REDUCTION in PRICE of SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2, Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2. —N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

JOHN NEILUS,

BIRMINGHAM INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
PRESENTED TO
JOHN NEILUS
BIRMINGHAM

GENERAL DECORATOR.
5, *MOAT ROW* *SMITHFIELD,*
BIRMINGHAM.
Dealer in all kinds of Paper Hangings. [127

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
CHEF D'ŒUVRE
"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed."
LOVE-LORNE
"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
E'en conquerors feel the power of love."
ATELIER DES FLEURS,
2, New Bond Street, London.



FORDER AND CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight 3 cwt. In Stock; ready to take home with you.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

---

15 Years Foreman to HOLLINGSWORTH & SCRUTON.

D. CRANE,
TROUSERS & HUNTING BREECHES MAKER,
82, *NEW STREET.* [132

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFINS, combining all the advantages of Wood, Shell, and Lead and Oak Coffins, can be obtained *at once* on application to the Head Office of the

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY,
158, *GREAT CHARLES STREET*
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503

PROTECTION FROM FIRE
BRYANT & MAY'S
TRADE MARK
LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX
TRADE MARK
PATENT SAFETY MATCHES
THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST
DANGEROUS IMITATIONS
[410

THE BIRMINGHAM MOURNING AND FUNERAL WAREHOUSE.
42, *NEW STREET.*

EVERY description of MOURNING ATTIRE.

BLACK SILKS, IN THE GREATEST VARIETY.
SHOW ROOMS FOR MOURNING MILLINERY.
MANTLES AND DRESSMAKING.
Funerals efficiently and economically CONDUCTED in every part of the country.

BACH AND BARKER,
PROPRIETORS.
[675

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BRYAN AND MOULTON,
GLASS MANUFACTURERS,
AND CHINA MERCHANTS,
BIRMINGHAM.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—GREAT ADVANTAGES to Furnishers in GLASS and CHINA by going to the NEW GLASS AND CHINA WAREHOUSE,
10, WORCESTER STREET.

	s.	d.		Gs.
CHEAP AND GOOD TOILET SETS ...	3	6	to	6
CHEAP AND GOOD DINNER SETS ...	12	6	to	40
CHEAP AND GOOD DESSERT SETS...	10	6	to	10
CHEAP AND GOOD BREAKFAST SETS	4	6	to	6
CHEAP AND GOOD TEA SETS.				

Beautiful Bohemians and Alabaster Figures and Vases. French and German Goods, suitable for Presents.

NOTED FOR WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
RUSTIC FERNERIES, VASES, &c., &c.

OPAL AND GLASS LETTERS FOR SHOP WINDOWS, KEPT IN STOCK.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

1, *QUEEN'S BUILDINGS, WORCESTER STREET.*
[136

USED IN HER MAJESTY'S KITCHEN,

Sold Everywhere.

YEATMANS
YEAST
POWDER.

In 1d., 2d., & 3d. packets, and 6d. canisters.

AND IN THE ARMY AND NAVY. [43
Sold in Family Packets at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR when light Wines, so acceptable in warm weather, give place to those possessing properties more suited to the temperature being at hand, we again have the pleasure of directing attention to our

DINNER SHERRY,
24s. PER DOZEN,

The extensive use of which is a proof of the estimation in which it is held, and is an additional incentive to renewed efforts to keep up the quality.

INNES, SMITH, AND COMPANY,
28, *HIGH STREET, BIRMINGHAM.* [161

PALFREYS, 4, BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.—JEWELLERS' and PAWNBROKERS' CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists', and Fancy Trades.

WINDOW TICKETS FOR ALL TRADES

First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses.

Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.
Largest variety in the World from 6d. the gross.
[138

BIRMINGHAM CANAL NAVIGATIONS.—The Committee of the Birmingham Canal Company are prepared to RECEIVE OFFERS of LOANS, at Four per cent. per annum, for periods of three, five, or seven years, or to be repayable at six months' notice.

The Committee are also prepared to receive Applications for the issue at par of the Company's Four per Cent. Perpetual Debenture Stock, to be inscribed on the Books of the Company in the names of applicants, free of all expense.

A Commission of ½ (one half) per cent. is allowed to applicants.

Any amount of Stock, not being a fraction of a pound, can be subscribed for and transferred.

Applications to be made to Mr. Robert Thomas, Clerk to the Company, at the Navigation Office, Paradise Street, Birmingham. [104

BIRMINGHAM CANAL NAVIGATIONS.—CONSOLIDATION OF SHARES INTO STOCK.—Notice is hereby given, that the TRANSFER BOOKS will be CLOSED from the 31st December, 1870, until the 7th January, 1871, for the purpose of preparing the necessary Stock Cupons.

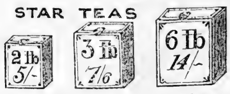
ROBERT THOMAS, *Clerk to the Company.*
20th December, 1870. [172

J. AND L. MOLE,
OLD-ESTABLISHED WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,

Beg to inform the Public that they ARE NOT CONNECTED with any other firm in New Street.

36, *NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM*
(Exactly opposite the Railway Station).
[191

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



LOCK CANISTERS, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.
74b, *WORCESTER STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
[183

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Established upwards of Half a Century.

MR. GABRIEL,
THE OLD-ESTABLISHED RESIDENT DENTIST,
Has Removed from 65, New Street, to
11, *BENNETT'S HILL,* 11,
(Next to the Bank of England),
WHERE HE IS IN DAILY ATTENDANCE FROM 9 a.m., UNTIL 6 p.m.

Single Teeth from 5s. Complete Set from £5.
N.B.—Only one Visit required from Country Patients.

Notice particularly Name and Address. [115

Is unequalled for Blanc-Mange, Custards, Puddings, Cakes, Soups, &c., and is the most wholesome and easily digestible Food for Children and Invalids.

COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLOUR

COLMAN'S

BRITISH CORN-FLOUR

Is to be obtained of all Grocers, in one-pound, half-pound, and quarter-pound packets.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

BLANC-MANGE.

Take four ounces (or four full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour, and one quart of milk, sweetened to the taste, then add a pinch of salt. Mix a portion of the milk (cold) with the Flour into a thin paste; then add the remainder hot, with a piece of lemon-peel or cinnamon. Boil gently for eight to ten minutes, well stirring it all the time, and (after taking out the peel) pour it into a mould to cool. Serve with preserved fruit, jelly, &c.

BAKED PUDDING.

Three ounces (or three full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour to a quart of milk. Mix and boil in the same manner as for Blanc-mange. When cool add two eggs, previously well-beaten, stir them well together, and bake for about half an hour.

INFANTS' FOOD.

Mix two full-sized tea-spoonfuls of the Flour with a little cold water into a paste. Add half a pint of hot milk and water, sweeten to the taste, and boil for about five minutes. To be used warm.

CUP-PUDDING FOR INFANTS.

Mix a full-sized dessert-spoonful of the Flour with half a pint of milk, a lump of sugar; and a pinch of salt. Boil for eight minutes (stirring it all the time), and then add one egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly, and pour into a buttered cup, tie up in a cloth, and again boil for about ten minutes. Serve it hot.

BOILED CUSTARD.

Take two full-sized table-spoonfuls of the Flour and a quart of milk, sweetened to the taste. Mix a little of the milk cold with the Flour; flavour it, and add two eggs, beaten up, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a small piece of butter. Add the remainder of the milk hot, and boil altogether for three minutes, stirring quickly.

CAKE.

Eight ounces of the Flour, three of butter, six of sugar, three eggs thoroughly well beaten, and a tea-spoonful of baking powder. Mix well, and bake in patty-tins.

OTHER WAYS OF USING THE FLOUR.

Prepared as ARROWROOT, it is excellent for invalids.

As GRUEL, prepare with milk in the ordinary way.

For CHILDREN, this Flour makes most nutritious and economical food.

For thickening SOUPS and GRAVIES it is very good.

For GRAVY JELLY, boil in water, mix with a little strong meat gravy, and put into a shape to cool.

As CORN-FLOUR CREAM, prepare in the usual way.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."
—*The Civil Service Gazette.*

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

Epps's Cocoa is also prepared with Condensed Milk, and sold in tins, labelled "Epps's Milky Cocoa."

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Established upwards of Half a Century.

MR. GABRIEL,

THE OLD-ESTABLISHED RESIDENT DENTIST,
Has Removed from 65, New Street, to
11, *BENNETT'S HILL*, 11,
(Next to the Bank of England),
WHERE HE IS IN DAILY ATTENDANCE FROM 9 a.m., UNTIL 6 p.m.
Single Teeth from 5s. Complete Set from £5.
N.B.—Only one Visit required from Country Patients.

Notice particularly Name and Address. [115

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in ¼ lb., ½ lb., and 1 lb. tin-lined packets, labelled— [959
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.—The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants.

DINNEFORD and CO., 172, New Bond-street, London, and of all chemists. [581

COMPANION TO THE SICK ROOM.—The QUEEN'S LAVENDER WATER, the most Fragrant, Refreshing, and Lasting of Perfumes. J. PROCTER (late Thonger and Gray), 104, Broad Street, Islington, Birmingham. [27

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

Shortly, Cloth, 5s.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH. By JOSEPH HATTON. Together with MARK LEMON'S LAST SONG, his Revised Text of Falstaff, and PORTRAIT IN COSTUME. Reprinted, with Additions, from the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News.*

"The Reminiscences of Mark Lemon have lately been one of the chief features of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Chapter V. is not the least attraction of the present number."—*Examiner.*

"A series of articles which are read with real zest."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"Full of curious interest."—*Perthshire Journal.*

"A series of charming reminiscences."—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

"These reminiscences have a special fascination for those living north of the Tweed."—*Kelso Chronicle.*

"The sketch of Mark Lemon at home in his pretty little cottage has a touch of poetry about it. You feel something rising in your throat, and your eyes grow a little dim as you listen to Mr. Hatton telling how Mark Lemon spent his Sunday mornings."—*Exeter Flying Post.*

"Charming. . . . We have had nothing like it in our day."—*Greenock Telegraph.*

London: W. H. ALLEN and CO., 13, Waterloo Place.

PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.

The Best of every Description, at very Moderate Charges,
For Sale or Hire, and on
"The Three Years' System."

HARRISON AND HARRISON,
COLMORE ROW AND BENNETT'S HILL,
BIRMINGHAM.

GREAT MIDLAND MUSIC WAREHOUSE.

All New Music as soon as Published, Half Price and Post Free. [117

CHAPMAN'S

PATENT

Entire Wheat Flour

Highly recommended by the faculty as the most nutritious and easily digested food for infants, children, and invalids. Its richness in *phosphates* makes it invaluable during teething; it is a singularly digestive and nourishing food for children, and is an excellent diet for invalids, being retained in the stomach when Arrowroot, Corn-flour, and similar articles are rejected.

From the "Lancet," 2nd April, 1870.

We hope it will take the place of the purely starchy compounds now in use, both in the case of children and adults.

From Professor ATTFIELD, F.C.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c.

Its richness in gluten or flesh-forming material, and earthy phosphates, or bone and teeth-forming substance, show it to be a very valuable food, especially for children. It is incomparably superior to Arrowroot, Corn-flour, and other forms of starch, which contribute but little to the formation of bone or muscle.

Retail of Family Grocers and Druggists, &c., in 3d., 6d., & 1s. packets, & 3s. Tins.
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors.

Orlando Jones & Co.,

Inventors and Patentees of LONDON,

Rice Starch.

N.B.—This Starch, the Strongest and Purest made, may be used with Cold Water, and retains its stiffness in the Dampest Weather. [99

SAFE INVESTMENTS FOR CAPITAL.

Dividends 10 to 20 per Cent.

Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR *(Post Free).*

(THIS MONTH'S NUMBER NOW READY.)

It contains all the best-paying and safest Stock and Share Investments of the day.

SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, CAPITALISTS,
Will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.

Messrs. SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 33, Poultry, London, E.C. (Established 1852).
Bankers: London and Westminster, Lothbury, London, E.C. [419

PRESENTS—SPECIAL.

SEWING MACHINES,

UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE.

THE ALBERTA SILENT LOCK-STITCH.

In Casket, complete, 5 gs. With Square Stand, 6 gs. With Ornamental Bronzed Stand, 6½ gs.

The Excelsior, Price with Stand from 6 gs.

Hand Machines, from 30s.

First-class Lock-Stitch, from 70s.

LISTS FREE. [181

WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Hill, London.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE PATENT READING EASEL, for holding the Book at any height or angle over a bed, sofa, or easy chair, as used by H.R.H. Princess Louise, is invaluable to invalids, students, and aged persons. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful and elegant gift. Prices 2[illegible]s. and 50s. each. Drawings post free.

J. M. CARTER, [167
55, *MORTIMER STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.*

CHRISTMAS CARDS and FANCY GOODS, for Presents, are now displayed by the Educational Trading Co., Limited, in their new Premises, 91 and 92, New Street, adjoining the Masonic Hall. These Premises are not yet ready for permanent occupation, but have been Fitted as a Temporary Show Room, for the Christmas and New Year's Trade.

AMPLE accommodation has been provided, in one of the largest Show Rooms in the Kingdom, for the display of the choicest Stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and FANCY GOODS for Presents. The Stock also, includes Children's Toy Books, Colour Boxes, Dissected Maps and Pictures, Drawing Slates, Decorations, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Portrait Albums, Purses, Papeteries, and Nic-nacs in great variety.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE REWARD BOOKS, Sunday School Reward and Class Books, Illustrated Books in choice Bindings, for the Drawing Room and for Testimonials, and the miscellaneous STOCK of STATIONERY, are still on view in Union Street, where Business will be carried on until further notice. Our present Stock is the cheapest and most extensive it has ever been our privilege to offer. Early visits are respectfully solicited.

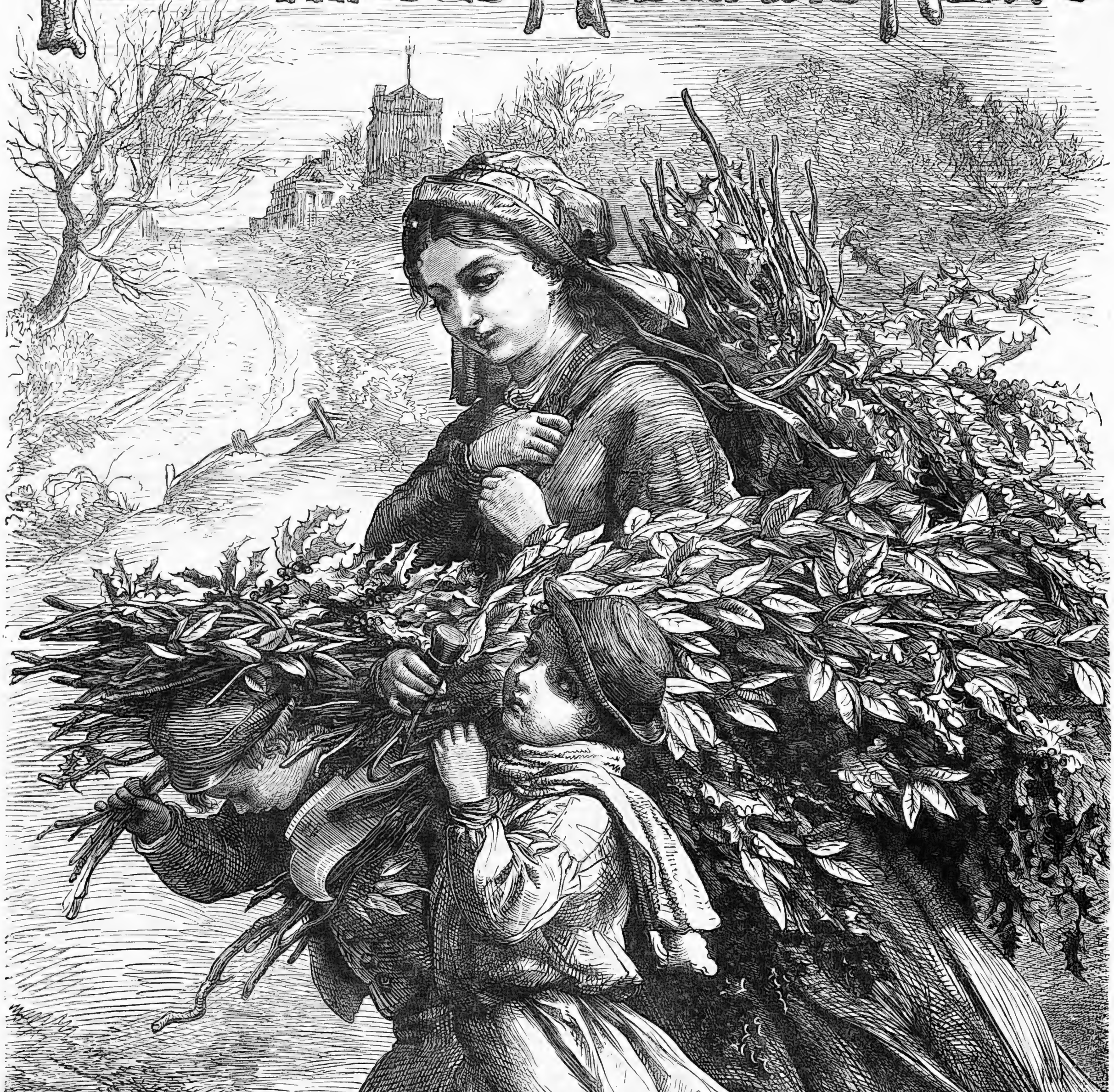
THE EDUCATIONAL TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.
29 AND 30, *UNION STREET*, AND 91 AND 92, *NEW STREET*,
BIRMINGHAM.
171] JOHN KEMPSTER, *Manager.*

QUINN AND SON
ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS,
15, TYTHING STREET, WORCESTER.

All the protected private Stations, Walls, Boards, and Hoardings. Charges strictly moderate. Established 1825. [601

by GEORGE WILLIAMS, at Market Hall Passage, and published by him at 108, New Street, Birmingham.—*December* 24, 1870.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS



BRINGING IN THE HOLLY (*See page* 418.)

CHRISTMAS WORDS.

Let us have done with Great Questions for a few days. Press the spring and shut down the lid upon the puppets of political discourse and current events, and let us take hands together over the advent once again of Dear Old Christmas.

May you have nothing but joy in the happy season! We hope your son from India or New Zealand will arrive to-morrow morning, with the bronze hue upon his cheek, brought direct from the equator. We trust the daughter who *would* marry that young fellow whom you had your doubts about, will drop in after breakfast and introduce you to that sweet little thing, your first grandchild. We shall not be sorry if the brothers or sisters between whom there has been a little coldness meet at your table on each side of a smoking turkey. Make it all up. Depend upon it there was a mistake somewhere. The son would never have run away to Australia had he known how you grieved at his going and longed for his return. That daughter's husband is not half so indifferent a character as you thought him, and the foolish girl is very fond of him. Between father and mother and the young people the hasty word was not half meant, and was never intended to wound so deeply. Let Christmas Day be the Universal Healer. But, perhaps none of these jars and differences ever arose in the bosom of your amiable family? Then most heartily do we apologize, and, in virtue of the blessed season, hope to be forgiven. Be kind enough to pass the paper on to some kind friend or neighbour in the midst of whose domestic circle there are wounds that want healing, and ought to be healed to-morrow. For yourselves be ten times more thankful, as your manly sons and comely daughters, and the budding flowers of the third generation, gather round your Christmas board, that there is family love enough among you to stand any ordinary strain, although, perhaps, you may say little about it, and make no protestations, but rather joke and rally one another, giving and taking all things in good nature. But even as there is great joy and the killing of the fatted calf over the return of the Prodigal, you will not be envious if you hear the rather hot-tempered people next door, who have "words" several times in the course of the year, enjoying themselves in a manner so exultant that you cannot hope to compete with them; for the four seasons have all passed pleasantly with you, and there is something, after all, in the consciousness that there is no quarrel to settle, and no Prodigal to forgive.

Meanwhile, it cannot be forgotten that there are some of us with whom even Christmas will not find all things well. There are sorrows that will be remembered to-morrow, because of the day; there are wounds that will insist upon a little special attention by reason of the Festival; and there are poverty and destitution that will seem more bitter within earshot of the sounds of feasting and revelry. For all these blemishes on the bright shield of the season the best remedy is Charity. In the wide meaning of the term, the exercise of that greatest of the graces will soothe our pains and sorrows while it tempers the misery of others. There is the Charity of Sympathy, and there is the Charity of Giving. One lets into our own hearts, in spite of our griefs, the light of other's happiness; and one makes at this time the great National Festival in some degree a reality to the poorest. But the Divine virtue of Charity will be preached to-morrow morning from ten thousand pulpits, and you will all be in your places to hear again repeated the immortal proclamation of Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards Men. So we will make short our homily to-day. For one year we have talked enough, and, lest the earliest arrivals of your dear friends and relatives should compel you to lay down the paper before we exchange greetings, we hasten to wish you, in all sincerity—trusting you will reciprocate the sentiment—

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BRINGING IN THE HOLLY.

A girl on the brink of womanhood; two boys on the threshold of life: laden with the evergreen emblems of a festival, hurrying home, half gleesome, half thoughtful. A church and parsonage close by. A leafless, wintry tree, bending over the pathway to the glebe. Such is our pictorial introduction to Christmas. The artist takes just one page out of English life as he finds it. Nothing has he to do with what goes before or what comes after. Life for the moment is a wondrously sweet thing to those three young people, and he catches the transient expression of a happiness that is easy to understand and hard to explain. How quickly and perspicuously, and withal how curiously does the world translate itself to the minds of the young! What an easy and delightful faith takes possession of them! What to us is vague, doubtful, abstract; to them is distinct, real, absolute. Those branches of bright red berries and polished green leaves, to them are something more than remote and shadowy symbols. They are items of the Christmas feast, and to them the feast is the season itself and not a superadded condition of the season. That happy group are moving forward as it were into a new land—the land of Christmas. They will find all the same things different, because of Christmas. 'Tis like the halo put round the head of the man, that makes him a saint. There is a halo in the cottage room—the halo of Christmas. 'Tis not so many cubic feet of space, but a dwelling-place, for the time, of the unsubstantial glamour that penetrates the young senses, not from without but from within. The days put on a garment of a colour that deepens and deepens as the great Twenty-fifth draws near. Each morning is a messenger coming before; each night is a stopping-place on the wayside, nearer and nearer the city of promise. There is no roosting time from January to January that in any way resembles the hour of going to bed on the Eve of Christmas. There is nothing else the calendar can turn up that will bear any sort of comparison with the first moment of awakening on Christmas morning. Put aside your sympathies; forget your memories and traditions; let a shadow pass for a moment between you and the associations of all your past Christmases, and look—we won't say cynically, but philosophically—upon the dawn, the meridian, and the setting of the day that is so much to child and youth, and how much difference will you detect between it and any other day of any other wintry month in the childish experience? Happily for us we are not gifted with the philosophy to regard life in that fashion. Happily for us we are all children, more or less. The juvenile faith is a talisman to our hearts the childish enthusiasm is contagious. Care and trouble and anxiety cannot harden us against the touching spectacle of the cheaply-bought happiness of early life. As we look upon the picture of the bringing home of the green branches that are to form the domestic vesture of Christmas-tide, in the mixture of thought and feeling our faith from being smaller grows even to be larger than that of those willing bearers of a glorious burden, and we are ready to take the tender maiden and boys themselves for symbols of innocence and virtue and happiness, as the faggots they bear are the festive tokens of a Love and Goodwill kept bright and precious among mankind through all the ages. Home with the holly! It is a scene of glad tidings! There is a something in the gleam upon those faces that is better to our modern notions of life and art than if these were three medieval figures with a gold ring of light round their heads. An unclouded practical belief in happiness is one of the best elements of human nature. There is a far-reaching trust in it, and a something of redemption from the ills of the world. So this pretty group of youth and holly and happiness moving on towards Christmay Day, with the village church in the background, is not only pleasant to look upon, but it has a good meaning in it, take it how you may.

"I SEE HIM."

She is the miller's daughter,
They called her Saucy Nan,
The Squire would fain have bought her:
She married the miller's man.
His labours now are over,
The mill sleeps in the sun,
Through meadows sweet and clover
She sees the gude mon come.

Home again! I see him!
Coming down the lane
With Willie on his shoulder—
Sunshine after rain.
Home again! I see him!
The miller's trusty man
Coming to his sweetheart,
His own dear wifie Nan.

He starts into a canter,
"There's mother!" Willie cries,
And half in merry banter
She shades her dark blue eyes.
Oh, happy is the miller!
(Go match him if you can)
Whose love 'gainst gold and siller
Won the heart of Saucy Nan.

Home again! I see him!
Coming down the lane
With Willie on his shoulder—
Sunshine after rain.
Home again! I see him!
My father's trusty man,
Coming to his sweetheart,
His own dear wifie Nan.

IN AN OMNIBUS.

By Walter Maynard.

A cold, wet evening in the month of December, not many years ago. The streets of Endon still thronged with passers-by, hurrying to and fro through the pouring rain. The gaslights in shop windows and street lamps shone brightly in the flooded pavement, giving a brilliancy to the crowded thoroughfares in spite of the dreary weather.

At the corner of Charing-cross, near the Post-office, stood one of the more respectable looking omnibuses that ply between London and the distant suburbs.

The driver and conductor were encased in oilskin wrappers—the horses as sleek as satin with the rain running off them—the vehicle and its attendants were made up for the journey, which promised to be unusually uncomfortable. "Time up?" asked the driver gruffly of a man standing beneath the portico of the Post-office. "Another two minutes" replied the time-keeper, looking at his watch.

During the short colloquy two passengers took their places in the omnibus—one a well-dressed man, who growled audibly to himself about the weather; the other a widow in deep mourning. As the latter raised a thick crape veil she displayed a set of features that attracted the attention of her fellow traveller, and stopped his growling. Bright brown eyes, dark lashes, brows and glossy hair to match, a small well-formed mouth, a good nose, and a pale complexion set off by the deep black in which the face was framed formed an *ensemble* irresistibly attractive. An attempt was made by the well-dressed man to enter into conversation with the widow, but it met with no encouragement. She replied curtly, although courteously, to what was said, lowered her veil again, and sat silently in a corner near the door. Away down Parliament-street the lumbering vehicle toiled heavily through the rain and mud. At the foot of Westminster-bridge two shabbily attired women hailed the conductor, and the omnibus was drawn up to the pavement to receive them. They made much confusion in getting in, and complained of there being no lamp inside, talking loudly. The journey continued, and then talking gradually ceased.

"The rain must surely inconvenience you," said the first passenger, resuming his attack upon the widow, "will you change places with me?" He leant forward and endeavoured to persuade her to do as he suggested. The offer was politely declined. "I prefer this position, thank you," replied the little black figure. Some ten minutes passed wearily away, when one of the two last comers showed signs of uneasiness. She rose, and sought something on the floor and upon the seat. She touched the black figure roughly.

"You are annoying that lady," said the man. "What have you lost?"

The woman continued her search. She emptied her pockets, bringing forth a miscellaneous collection of coppers, keys, old gloves, and other things; her anxiety increased every moment.

"I have been robbed," she at last exclaimed. Her friend tried to pacify her in vain.

"Conductor," she cried in a more excited tone, "Conductor, my watch has been stolen, and these people have got it."

The conductor descended from his footboard, and stood at the door of the omnibus.

"My watch has been stolen, and this woman has taken it."

"I know this lady well," said the man. "She is one of my regular customers; you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken," replied the female. "She took it, and has passed it to her friend here. I know their tricks."

"You dare accuse me, madam!" replied the latter furiously.

"Yes, you, and your accomplice here who looks so innocent."

A violent altercation took place. The woman declared she had her watch in her possession a few minutes since, and could not now find it.

The widow was greatly agitated.

"You are very wrong," she said meekly, speaking through her veil.

"No, I am not," replied the accuser fiercely, "and you know well enough I'm not."

"May be you dropped it getting in," suggested the conductor.

"No such thing, it was too well fastened. I felt her touch me as I passed her. I'm positive about it, and quite as positive she or her companion shall give it up."

The widow uncovered her face, now paler than ever, and hardly able to speak, declared her innocence of such a charge.

"Look for it again, ma'am," said the conductor persuasively," "may be you left it at home."

Again the woman looked all over the omnibus and through her pockets—the watch was not forthcoming.

"Give it up," she exclaimed, almost breathless with rage, "give it up, and I'll let you off." No one replied.

"Call a policeman," she then cried. "Stop the 'bus and call a policeman. We'll see who is to rob me, indeed."

The first passenger expostulated with the infuriate woman: offered his card and address, and to be responsible for the loss.

"Your card and address, of course they 're false. Call a policeman, conductor."

Resistance was useless. The omnibus was stopped, and a policeman came up.

"I give this person into custody for stealing my watch"

The constable asked a few questions, and then said it would be necessary for all present to go with him to the police-station.

"Will you have a cab and go quietly," he said, turning his lantern on the widow, who was paralysed with fright.

"We pass your quarters," said the conductor. "I know this lady, and am sure its a mistake." The policeman looked incredulous, and muttered something about suspicious characters.

"Do your duty, sir, and make no remarks," exclaimed the passenger who had been accused as an accomplice in the robbery. The policeman entered the omnibus, seating himself next the widow, who became hysterical and speechless.

Fortunately no other passengers were met with on the road. In due time the Police-station was reached, when all alighted, the constable leading the way to the room where the officer who received the night charges was on duty.

The circumstances of her loss were related with much volubility by the shabbily attired woman, to whom the officer listened with attention, taking notes of what was said.

"You must be searched," he said to the widow, and directed her to be taken up stairs for that purpose.

The passenger protested loudly against this indignity.

"My name is Williamson. I am staying at Morley's Hotel, and will give you any references you please. Let me be responsible for this lady, or let me pay you the value of the watch," he said earnestly, addressing the last request to the woman, who made no reply.

"The matter is now in our hands," said the officer, "and must be proceeded with in the regular way." He then repeated his orders for the search to be made.

The widow was led, or rather carried, into a room on the first floor, and there submitted to the tender mercies of two of the female police.

Her bonnet and veil were torn rudely from her head, the long brown hair ruthlessly dishevelled, and her dress was taken off. As the black gown fell upon the ground something in the pocket struck heavily against the floor.

"Ah! there it is," exclaimed one of the searchers with a malicious grin, "I thought we shouldn't have far to go."

The packet was opened, and to the disappointment of the female police a large door key, but no watch, was found therein.

"You can dress yourself," said the women, one of whom more charitable than the other, assisted the widow who, in a sad condition, and still speechless, presently descended the staircase and reappeared in the police station.

"Nothing found on her?" inquired the officer. "Nothing," was the answer.

The officer proceeded to enter the details of the case upon the police sheet.

"What name does the prisoner give?

No reply.

"She has some cards with her," said one of the searchers.

"Hand them here." The name on the cards was taken down.

Mr. Williamson again repeated his request to be accepted as bail for the accused. "You're not a householder, and it's too late now, "replied the officer, who then ordered the widow to be removed to the prisoners' cell, a dimly lighted room, furnished only with a few benches against the walls, and containing some twenty occupants of both sexes, and all classes. She was thrust in among the wretched group, and the door locked upon her.

"Sorry to see you here, my dear," said a gaily dressed woman coming up to her, as she stood bewildered in the middle of the cell.

"Egad though, I'm not," continued a drunken fellow, attempting to embrace her.

"Leave her alone," exclaimed the woman, thrusting the man away, and knocking him down without much effort.

The rest now gathered round the widow, and her newly-found defender; they offered no interference, but gazed with sheepish wonderment at what was going on.

"You're a nice one to protect the innocent, Poll, you are," said one of the prisoners jeeringly to the woman who held the widow in her arms.

"I shall protect who I please," was the reply, accompanied with an oath, "she's out of place among us, and will soon be released."

"No, no, let her stop here," stammered the drunkard, lying where he had fallen, "let us all stop here, it's very comfortable, I'm sure."

The woman tried to soothe the widow, and succeeding in preventing the others from molesting her. It would indeed have been useless for any of them to dispute the authority of such a protector, whose powerful arm kept them all at bay.

An hour—two hours elapsed in this terrible position—the prisoners, those to whom the locality and circumstances were familiar, had settled themselves for the night; some stretched upon the floor, others upon the benches. One or two novices continued to pace the cell, occasionally disturbing the sleepers, who protested louldly and coarsely against the intrusion.

The widow regained her speech and consciousness, and was still clinging to her protector, when the door opened, and her name was called.

Being led out, she was received at the entrance by an old friend who had been desired to come to her assistance by an unknown visitor.

Without waiting to inquire into what had happened, he offered to become security for her.

"You are a householder?" said the constable, interrogatively.

"I am not, but I live in a house belonging to my family, and am a medical man well known in this neighbourhood."

"Useless, sir, quite useless. If you are a professional man, you perhaps know our regulations in these cases, and how strict they are."

The doctor endeavoured to overrule the objections, but unsuccessfully—the police insisted upon the accused returning to the cell, and were about removing her, when Mr. Williamson arrived, accompanied by several other friends, to find whom he had been driving about town. Two responsible householders satisfied the requirements of the police, bail was accepted, and the widow taken to her home, overcome with excitement and distress of mind.

"I told them it was a mistake," said the conductor, as he opened the door of the omnibus, but that old vixen wouldn't have it."

Having escorted the widow to her home, Mr. Williamson and those with him left her to the care of the doctor and a servant.

It was five o'clock in the morning before the omnibus was dismissed, having been employed all night by Mr. Williamson in his endeavour to gather the widow's friends together.

He had obtained one of her cards, and visited the doctor, clergyman, and principal tradesmen living in the neighbourhood of her address—urging them to render every assistance in the emergency. The doctor was the first to arrive at the police station; having been absent when Mr. Williamson called, he complied with the anonymous request immediately upon his return home, and thus preceded the others, who were brought to the scene of action by Mr. Williamson, in the omnibus.

"This is the longest job I've had for many a day," said the conductor to the driver, as they entered the stable yard.

"And the wettest," muttered the driver—an observation correct in more senses than one—being applicable to the melancholy weather, as well as to the means Mr. Williamson had literally adopted to encourage the zeal of both driver and conductor in behalf of the widow.

According to the directions given by the police all concerned in the strange occurrence assembled at the police court, at eleven o'clock the following day.

The widow, accompanied by the rector of the parish in which she lived, the doctor, and several friends, were the first to arrive. She looked pale and ill, but had recovered her self-possession, and was apparently calmer than during the previous evening.

Being well known in the neighbourhood, and the news of what had befallen her having spread rapidly—as such news always does—long before the time at which it was thought the case would be heard, the court house was crowded by neighbours and acquaintances, burning with curiosity to know the result of the extraordinary accusation.

It is hard to define the rate at which slanderous rumours travel—they seem to exceed that of the most rapid telegraphic messages.

The widow and her escort took their places in the court. Amongst the first charges heard was that of a common assault against the woman who had protected the widow from insult in the police cell. They recognized each other as the former stood in the dock; she was sentenced to pay a fine, or undergo seven days imprisonment; the rector then addressed the magistrate in her favour. The appeal, however, was of no avail—sentence had been passed, and must be enforced. Without giving publicity to his motives for doing so, the rector paid the fine imposed, and desired the woman to come to him at the rectory. The earnestness of the clergyman surprised all who witnessed it, and no one more so than the individual in whose behalf it was evinced.

The night charges being disposed of, a short delay occurred before the other more important cases were called on. The buzz of conversation in the crowded court was suddenly interrupted by a constable making his way towards the widow and her friends, and conducting them with much ceremony to the magistrate's room.

What could have happened? Was the densely packed audience to be disappointed by the case being heard in private? Curiosity was still more cruelly excited when the magistrate, returning to his seat on the bench, desired the clerk to proceed with case number two on the list, and passed over that of the widow and the watch without a remark.

In the meantime a strange scene had been going on behind the legal curtain.

Upon entering the room, the widow was met by her accuser, who, in the most abject manner, implored forgiveness for what had happened—she had come to confess her error—the watch had been found.

"And where was it found?" asked Mr. Williamson of the woman who was on her knees.

"Not half-an-hour ago, in my table drawer," gasped the virago, who was now as humble as she had been violent.

"And you had not the prudence to look there for it last night?" said the rector.

"I was so sure she had it."

"You still persist in taking this lady for a thief!" exclaimed Mr. Williamson indignantly.

The widow requested the penitent to rise, and declared she readily forgave her.

"But the matter cannot be allowed to rest thus," said Mr. Williamson; "a public apology is necessary, and some atonement must be made for all the misery that has been caused."

Hereupon the magistrate, who had been a silent spectator of what had passed, suggested that legal advice should be taken on the subject, and an apology drawn up in due form; he then left the room to resume his official duties in the crowded court house.

It was ultimately arranged that a confession of her error should be publicly made by the woman, and moreover that the false accuser should pay certain sums to charities of the district as a compensation to the widow for what she had suffered. And the apology was so worded by the rector, who drew it up, that no name was mentioned but that of the person who made it.

The doings in the magistrate's room became quickly known (affording an instance of how rapidly good as well as evil reports travel). As the widow went from the court house she was loudly cheered, and her carriage—not the Omnibus this time, although that vehicle, its driver and conductor were close at hand to give evidence if necessary—was followed by an enthusiastic crowd of rejoicing admirers.

The possessor of the watch found the anger of the mob incited by information given gratuitously and constantly, during the morning, by the conductor and the driver from the top of the Omnibus. She remained until the police business of the day was over, and then slunk home, but not to rest. In spite of its brief duration and sudden termination, the occurrence, when generally known, caused great consternation in the usually quiet neighbourhood where the widow and her accuser lived.

Street ballads were sung upon the subject, and the chivalrous vagabonds of the locality made the life of the owner of the watch a life of terror.

The windows of her cottage were smashed—she dared not venture out of doors. So insupportable did her tormentors make existence that she was compelled to leave the neighbourhood clandestinely.

The event was also the cause of subsequent annoyance to the widow—although not of such intolerable annoyance as that inflicted upon her persecutor. She was in the first year of widowhood—living in the strictest retirement with two little daughters, to whose nurture she wholly devoted herself. The publicity given to her name by all that had occurred was repulsive to her. Visitors, from curiosity or any more worthy motive, came in countless numbers. Letters, offering advice and praising, or sometimes upbraiding her, were innumerable. Anonymous writers blamed her for riding in an Omnibus so late at night—for accepting the woman's protection in the police cell—while some requested a full account of the whole affair in her own hand.

Mr. Williamson obtained permission to continue an acquaintance so strangely commenced. He was a man of propossessing manners and appearance, fond of children, and delighting especially in those belonging to the widow.

Some months after the Omnibus incident—he had in the meantime availed himself of the permission, and had made himself a great favourite with the children—his visits to the house became more frequent.

"Do you remember," he said on one of these occasions, to the widow, "how perseveringly I tried to make you talk when we first met?"

The widow blushed, and declared she had forgotten the circumstance.

"You may forget it, but I never can; the impression you made upon me nothing ever will efface"—and Mr. Williamson continued a most eloquent speech, one which probably he had long studied, and often waited for an opportunity to deliver. The opportunity presented itself, and not long afterwards the widow was his wife.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

I.

Despairing man may find one open door
Which, once pass'd, closes on the world's distress;
And he who stood amid the whirl and roar
Of London streets, alone and penniless,
Sated with life, would hasten to its end,
And turn to Death as to his only friend.

II.

"Of what avail," his bitter musing ran,
"Has been this pitiful weak life of mine?
Of what avail is any life of man?—
Madly we drink foul Circe's madd'ning wine,
To wage in drunken dreams an idle war,
And wake to find ourselves the brutes we are.

III.

"But yet there dwells in my besotted brain
One feeling—be it born of good or ill—
A scorn of life's ignoble loss or gain—
The feeble stirring of a half-drown'd will;
I chose no part in life's bald farce to play;
I quit the stage; and who shall bid me stay?

IV.

"Alas! who cares to stay me? Here I stand,
By no bold phrases sav'd from my own scorn;
The burthen gather'd with a willing hand,
Is no whit easier, therefore, to be borne.
Put the case truly: an unbridled fool,
Sick of his lesson, runs away from school.

V.

"Is this the end? If I could make an end!
But *Hamlet* settled that point long ago;
And were life's motley too far gone to mend,
My naked soul were an unseemly show....
Get thine old cloak about thee; bear a heart
Against thy griefs, and choose a wiser part."

VI.

As, half in hope and half in scorn, he turn'd,
All things without seem'd wretched as within;
Cheerlessly thro' the fog the dim lamps burn'd,
And muffled was the mighty city's din;
In thick confusion, like a doleful dream,
And dim discordance, roll'd the human stream.

VII.

But, now and then, some jolly soul went by,
With jest and laughter; and, as once he stay'd,
Irresolute and aimless, suddenly—
Two brown shades growing from the yellow shade—
He heard a voice: "Now, Bob, old fellow! come
And spend your merry Christmas down at home.'

VIII.

We use strange phrases in our common speech—.
"It chanc'd," "'twas lucky," "fortunate," and so on;
But there belongs, apart from these, to each,
Some deeper theoretic way to go on;
Some notion as to what the bard intends
By the "divinity that shapes our ends."

IX.

A chance? a Providence? It matters not;
The pleasant magic of the homely phrase
Broke down the weaken'd barrier of his thought,
And pour'd sweet memories of olden days
Upon him, till, in soft'ning stream, they stole
Across the arid desert of his soul.

X.

Tho' with fair hope and high resolve we roam
From the calm circle of our early friends,
The hungry heart turns yearningly to home,
And memory, with fruitless fondness, bends
Above the pictures of that broken past,
Which, fading daily, leaves a blank at last.

XI.

More fondly yet we turn when friends have grown
Cold and regardless, and adversity—
The bitterer because we stand alone—
Belies the promise of our summer sky....
Sweet, when at last from Folly's haunts we part,
The large allowance of a father's heart.

* * * * * *

XII.

The night is clear, and keen the jocund wind
Which chases the white snow through mazes swift,
Which clips in cold embrace the struggling hind,
And holds him fast amid the whirling drift:
Then, with shrill laughter, flies afar and swells
The merry music of the Christmas bells.

XIII.

Sad, tir'd, and hungry comes the Prodigal,
Along the frozen fields and down the lane,
And toward the gates of his ancestral hall—
The gray memento of a Saxon Thane,
Oftentimes altered, like its founder's story,
Each generation adding some new glory.

XIV.

Standing without, he heard the jovial din,
Loud music and glad laughter intermingl'd,
And, thro' the frosty window peering in,
From that gay crowd one sadden'd face he singl'd—
One sadden'd face—and at the sight he bow'd,
Broken down utterly, and wept aloud.

XV.

He bow'd his head and wept. Let none deride
That by such tears the burthen'd soul is eas'd
No whining tribute to a wounded pride,
Pity for self, or passion unappeas'd;
But the return of a forgotten sense—
A manly, honest, heartfelt penitence.

XVI.

"O dear gray head! O face so lin'd and worn!
O rare, true heart! Thy truth so long belied—
Thy wealth of love repaid with careless scorn—
Thy gentle counsel set so long aside—
Good-bye! good-bye! How true the new-born love
I bear from hence the years to come shall prove!"

XVII.

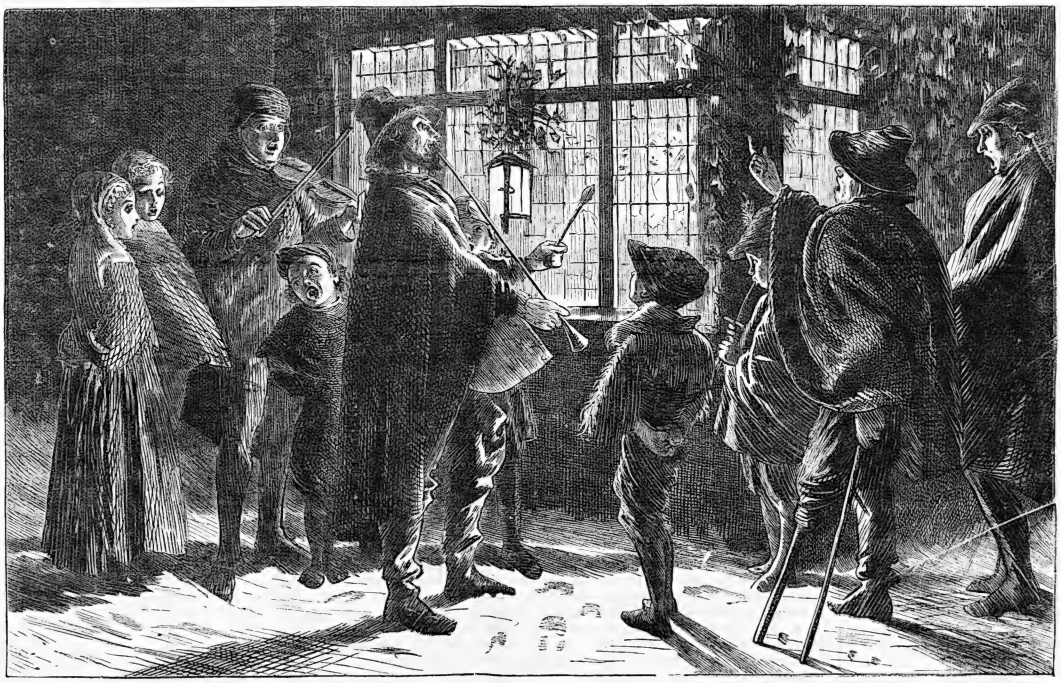
He would not enter. His unworthiness
Should wound that tender bosom nevermore;
He stood a moment, with full heart, to bless
The place, and turn'd him from the open door;
And, finding half a pleasure in his pain,
Address'd him to the bitter world again.

XVIII.

What magic drew the mother from the room,
And led her slowly to the darken'd lawn?
Whence came the light that broke the spirit's gloom?
The voice that whisper'd, "Lo! at last the dawn!"
Thy prayers are answer'd. Grief-worn mother, rest!
The Prodigal is folded to thy breast!

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHRISTMAS SUNDAY.—One of the first problems the young scholar sets himself is to discover what day in the week Christmas falls on. Seeing that a little disappointment ensues upon the accident of the Twenty-fifth of December falling on Sunday, it soon becomes a question in the nursery how often the event will happen. Confining himself to the present century, the child finds that between 1800 and 1900 Christmas Day occurs on Sunday fifteen times, and during the hundred years it happens thrice (in 1820, 1848, and 1876) that Leap Year causes Christmas Day to jump from Saturday to Monday. We are, therefore, just now entering upon one of these blissful periods. From to-morrow it will be eleven years before the holiday falls again on Sunday. After the eleven years the intervals are six years, five years, six years, eleven years, and so on as long as the century holds out; but the occurrence of the centenary spoils the order, there being no bissextile for eight years at the end of each century.



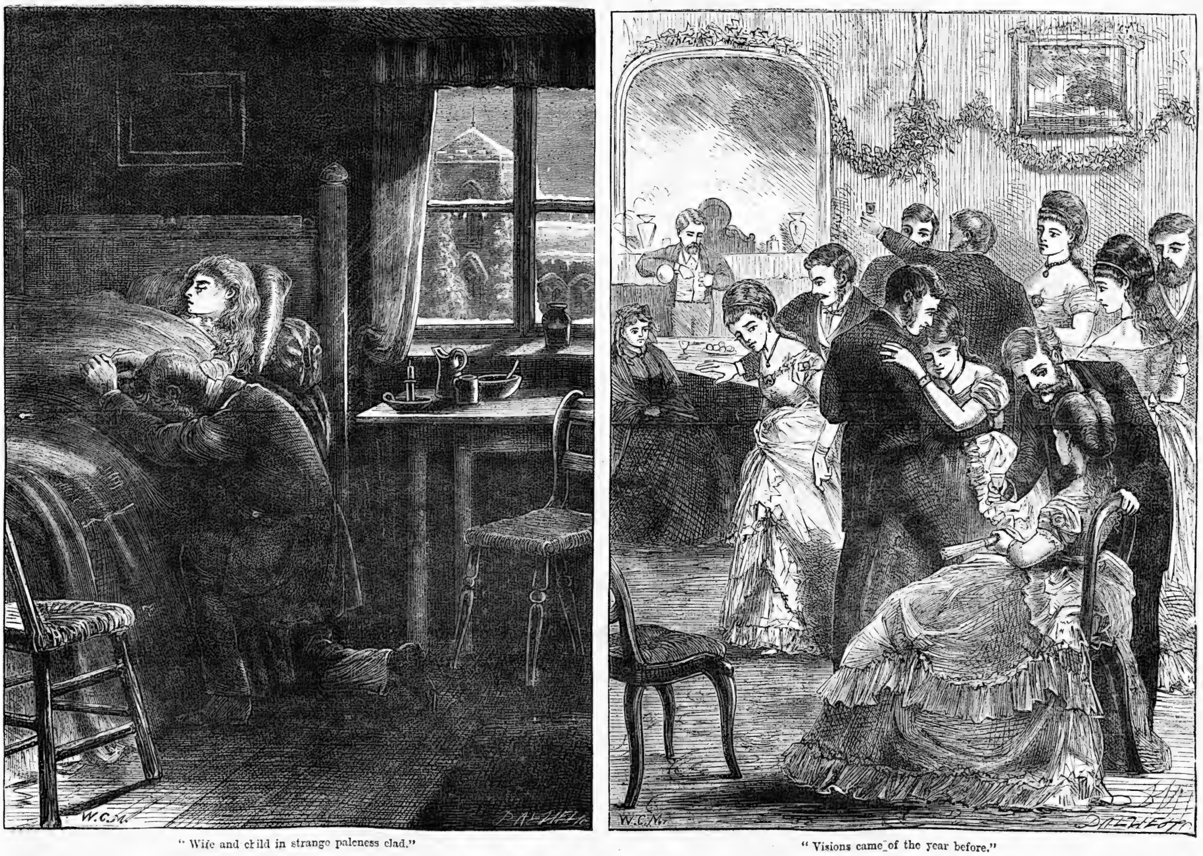
THE WAITS.

Of all the Seasons of the year,
More sweet than Spring or Summer's prime,
Is that which brings to us good cheer—
The jolly festive Christmas time.
'Tis then that Christians really feed
From east to west—from Thames to Tweed.

'Tis sweet on Christmas Day to dine;
'Tis sweet at all times so to do,
But Christmas pudding, beef, and wine
Are sweeter far than Irish stew,
Or tripe, or broth, bread, cheese, or beer,
Or aught we get from year to year.

'Tis sweet to trip fantastic toe;
'Tis sweet to smoke a good cigar,
Or 'neath the holly-bough to go
With pretty girl—but sweeter far
To kiss the said girl on the sly
In corner dark when no one's by.

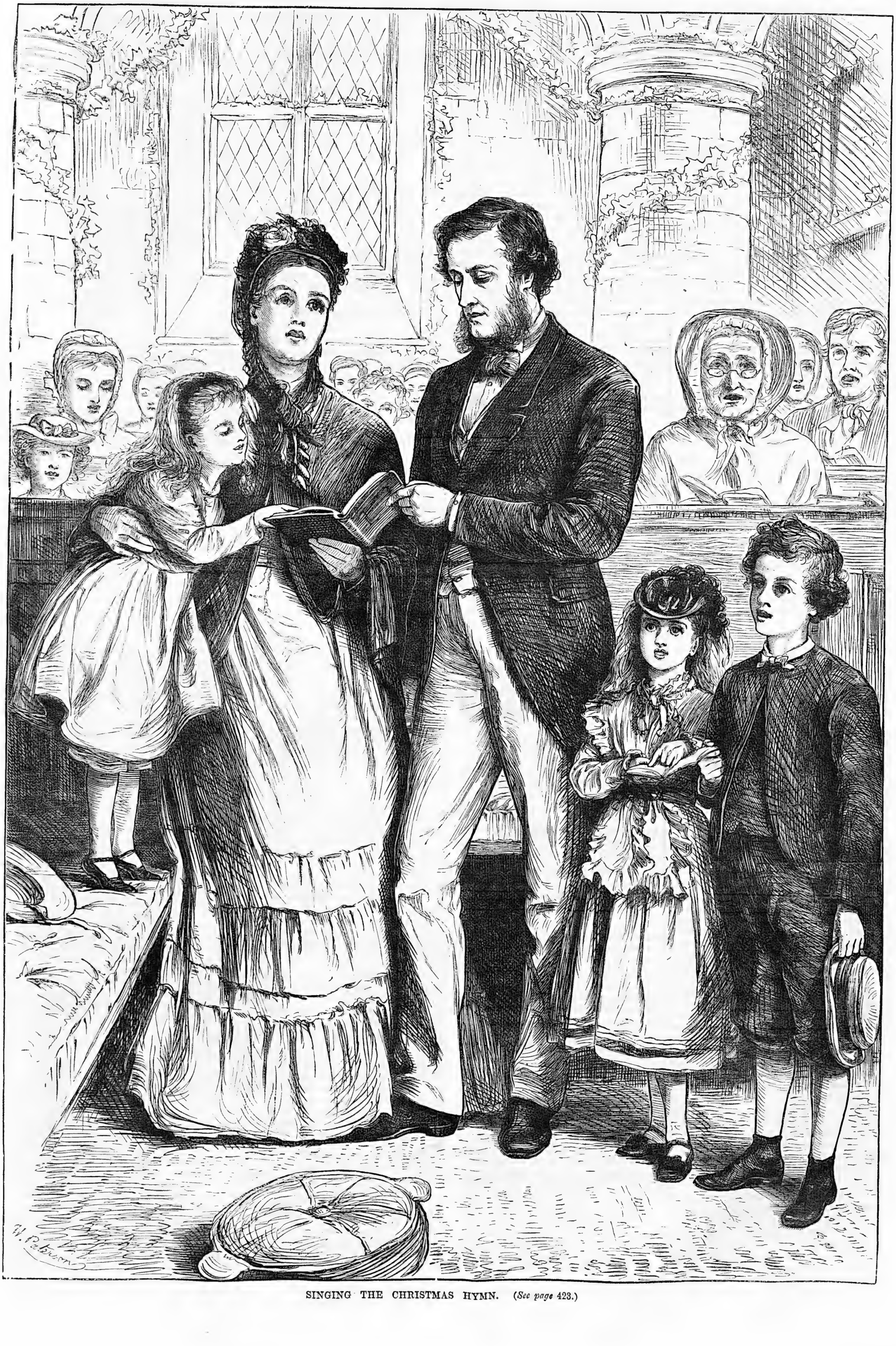
'Tis sweeter far than all, I think,
When it is time to rest the head,
And sleepy eyes begin to blink,
Then quietly to go to bed
And watch the fire that brightly glows,
And listen to the WAITS and doze.


W.C.M.
DALZIEL
W.C.M.
DALZIEL

"Wife and child in strange paleness clad."

"Visions came of the year before."

CHRISTMAS EVE WITH ASMODEUS. *(See page 426.)*



SINGING THE CHRISTMAS HYMN. (*See page* 423.)

CHRISTMASTIDE.

The tide of ages past seems trying to roll up once more on the shores of Time as the Christmas bells ring out on the turn of midnight. The present loses its identity. Eighteen hundred and seventy anniversaries grow half articulate. History, wordless but expressive, appeals to us. What a time it has been for the large family of man, living and dead! Oh what endurance of misery! Oh what dark hours! Oh, what hopeless times when those who loved their kind saw no chance in the future for what ought to succeed on the earth! What times when the evil had the upper hand and the spark of goodness and charity was no longer discernible! And these eighteen hundred and seventy Christmas Days have brought us through it all and landed us where we are. The divine spark never went quite out.

But the heart sinks a little as the bells cease. At what point have we arrived to-day? Whose work have some of us been doing since the sound of the chimes died away three hundred and sixty-five days ago? Old history has been outdone in the work of murder. Calling up the memories of the year, one incident makes itself conspicuous: a typical scene of the time—a melancholy example. A king, a mighty minister, a great commander, and a military spectator from a distant land in the West formed a group on a hillock three or four months ago, and looked upon one of the frightfullest spectacles of carnage ever witnessed in the world. And they made merry together over the pleasant piece of work. In the dead of night, thinking of Christmastide and how we have reached it, the saddest recollection of a year's reading is the picture of those heights near Sedan, when the Chancellor of the North German Confederation, puffing between whiles a cigar, joked with a general of the United States and half a dozen newspaper correspondents, over the evil fortune of the French soldiers then being pounded by cannon shot, and the downfall of the Emperor, who was the King's dear friend in Paris only three years ago.

Moral philosophers have demonstrated that happiness is the real object of Life, and that all our conduct, however mistaken, blind, or perverted, and however little we are able at times correctly to estimate our own motives, is guided by the desire for happiness. If this is so, there is yet a difference in our modes of search. The ordinary business of our life is an indirect endeavour to bring about the one desideratum: at a season like this we seek it directly. By the first method we perform wonders in the world. We make the earth yield its riches, and gather the fruits about us. We scheme, and build, and surround ourselves with protection, and comfort, and luxury. We cultivate our faculties. Art, taste, improvement, employ our thought and labour. We set aside the enjoyment of the moment to make ourselves wealthy in material and spiritual blessings. Amidst all our blunders and failures, we accomplish great results in this way. For a period, in the transition from the simple and primitive to the complex and civilised mode of life, while many fell by the way, and men saw that the toil was present but the harvest far off, there was reason to hesitate and to doubt; but labour prevailed, and we dwell now in the midst of the wonderful products. But Christmas comes and we lay by for the hour, as far as may be, the machinery of this indirect pursuit of happiness. We step aside from the laborious road and bask in the pleasantness which our work has rendered possible. This is the direct method. It is materially unproductive, and must not be repeated too often; but it is well earned, and withal it comes in the shape of a duty. It is a time of spiritual joy and gratitude, when every Christian heart responds to the demands of a welcome religious festival; and as all the genuine feelings of our nature are closely allied, it is a time, too, of social and domestic joy. The happiness which we seek, that comes to us in half measures in the midst of our avocations, is close to us now and the cup is filled. The best and warmest side of the natures of those about us is turned our way, and we learn to see how much there is to like in life when the strain of work is relaxed. It strengthens our faith in the excellence of that which has been bestowed upon us, in the worthiness of what we have been striving for, and in the better feelings of those around us. That is the Merry Christmas our friends wish us at this time, and it is calculated to do us good.

"A merry Christmas" is a wish. This is not only the season to be happy; it is the occasion above all for wishing happiness to others. Christmas plays upon our generosity and sympathy, and reminds us of the debt of good feeling we owe to one another. A merry Christmas will hardly benefit us—it will scarcely bring us happiness—if it find us incapable of a genuine desire that our fellow-creatures may enjoy it. We believe there is much sincerity in the use of the phrase. It is not repeated so many thousands of times without a good deal of honest prompting, and when uttered as an ordinary conventional expression it must in some degree touch the natural feeling of the speaker. Try it. Address the sentiment in thought to those around you, and see if it be not accompanied by a certain movement, such as we imagine takes its rise in the heart. Repeat it to the stranger, and learn how much pure human feeling resides within you, responsive to the appeal of kind as well as kin. Think of it as spoken to your enemy, and you will perchance see reason to thank God for having implanted within you so much good-will towards those who have wronged you. Fancy it for a moment with regard to some dear, distant friend, and it may be that the tears will start into your eyes. The bare words are not without their potency, and we may be glad that while we are discoursing on them they are for the time the best used syllables in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In the countless repetition of the sound of them we may distinguish the tones of mercy, and love, and charity. Christmas stories without end are provided for the quiet entertainment of our hours of relaxation at this season, but their number is multiplied a hundred fold by the legends of real life, working themselves out by deeds and thoughts and words, and not by chapters and paragraphs. In these actual romances, the details of most of which are known to only one or two, and are never wholly told, we have warrant for hoping that many and many a happy denouement will be wrought by the talismanic phrase, "A Merry Christmas," and by the associations which gather round it. It may let in a light upon a hundred mistakes that have grown up between friends and kindred. It may be the means of undermining the evil thoughts of some, and dissipating from before the eyes of others those little mists of selfishness which oftentimes create a fictitious ill-feeling. It may break down quarrels and effect reconciliations; and while it may influence for good and for happiness the relations of hundreds and thousands of Christian men and women, it is hardly possible that it should create one jar of discord between any two human beings. From end to end of this land, and very far beyond, the welcome note of goodwill from man to man is heard, and knowing, as we do, from history and experience, from romance and song—which are the reflex of life—the wide and increasidg consequences oftentimes arising from almost inappreciable causes, we may comfort ourselves, at this season of rejoicing, with the thought that the tide of peace and good-will runs high in the hearts of Christian people.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I.

AT THE TRYSTING PLACE.

I.

She sat her down and waited for her lover;
The mellow sunlight gloated on the trees;
Whilst at her feet, about the pleasant garden,
With slumberous music swarmed the banded bees,
And o'er the sunset's bars of gold and crimson
The rooks sailed slowly home by twos and threes.

She was young and fair, and her life seemed bright,
And a little joy was a great delight,
And the month was the month of June.

II.

"He comes." She heard his footstep on the greensward;
She heard him lightly vault the rustic style,
She bowed her head above the poet's pages,
In love's so innocent and simple guile,
And toying with her dress's broidered fringes,
She strove to hide the tell-tale blush and smile.

And a nightingale started a sweet, sad note,
Which faded and died in his swelling throat,
And she rose with a blush and a smile.

III.

She turned, and started. 'Twas a swarthy seaman
Who stood before her, bowing, cap in hand;
"Madam," quoth he, "our craft hath come to anchor,
But young Sir Reginald will never land!
He fell in fight against the bragging Spaniard,
And left the vessel unto my command."

Oh hopes that beguile us to sorrows more deep!
Oh dreams that make bitter the rising from sleep,
And rob us forever of ease!

II.

THE MARINER'S STORY.

I.

We cruised about the Spanish Main
For many a weary day;
But never we sighted a flag of Spain,
Nor bore a prize away,

II.

So the word was passed for the Spanish coast,
And we spread our sails to the breeze,
To try the truth of the Spaniard's boast
That he was king o' the seas.

III.

And at last we came to where in sight
Three heavy galleons lay;
Our deck was cleared, our seamen cheered,
And stripped them for the fray.

IV.

We singled one, and down we bore,
And loud in scorn we laughed,
As near she drew to the other two,
At sight of our little craft.

V.

But ere the fight had yet begun,
I stood at Sir Reginald's side;
Quoth he, "If I fall, seek Lady Clare,
And tell her how I died!

VI.

"When our sail gleams white round the far Ness Point,
She will come as of old to the grove;
There seek her, and tell her my soul's last breath
Was spent in a prayer for my love."

VII.

The sea was calm as a sheltered pool,
And you might not hear a sound,
Till we startled the quiet with horrid riot,
And gave them a broadside round!

VIII.

At that their sleepy courage woke,
And they started a ringing cheer,
And came along with the rising wind—
Two abreast and one in the rear.

IX.

The third was laden with merchandise,
And had no heart to fight;—
We ran betwixt the foremost two,
And boarded, left and right!

X.

He led to the right, and I to the left,
And I never saw him more;
For the Trinidad broke from our grapnels' hold,
And made for the distant shore.

XI.

We thrashed the foe in an hour or so.
And we scoured the coast of Spain,
For three long weeks, for the Trinidad;
But we sighted her never again.

III.

CHRISTMAS-TIME AT THE MANOR.

I.

The fires burned brightly in the hall,
The ruddy holly on the wall
A thousand swift and twinkling glances gave;
All hearts were light, all faces bright,
Each serving man was gaily dight,
And every maid in rustling fineries brave.

II.

Beneath the moonbeams placid light,
The outside snows lay deep and white,
Whilst from the manor windows quaint and old,
The splendour of the firelight glowed
Afar along the frozen road,
And seemed the cheerier for the outer cold.

III.

Came in the guests with stately air;
Came winsome ladies, young and fair,
And bright with girlhood's glad expectancy;
Came boyhood, with an eager face;
And generous age with feeble pace,
Slower with bows of old-world courtesy.

IV.

Came young and old, and with the rest
Came Lady Clare—a welcome guest:
The good old knight had loved her as his own,
And looked, with half a lover's pride,
To see his son bring home the bride!
Grief knit love closer since that hope had flown.

V.

The mighty yule-log's flickering glow
Chased distant shadows to and fro,
As though it played at hide-and-seek with gloom;
Whilst the musicians, placed on high,
O'erlooking all the pageantry,
With airy music filled the lofty room.

VI.

The maskers' quaint and antic guise
Brought laughter to the ladies' eyes,
And whispered praises blushes to the cheek;
Upswelled the music's jocund sound,
The cheering cup went gaily round,
And timid lovers dared at last to speak.

VII.

But Lady Clare, who sat apart,
In commune with a restless heart,
Her often gathering tears could scarce control.
The merriment of mask and mime!
And all the gladness of the time
Were bitterness unto her weary soul?

VIII.

But the host whispered in her ear,
"I pray thee, be of better cheer;
The darkest cloud perchance may pass away....
O Clare! .... sweet Clare! .... the sun may shine....
Dear Clare! .... he cometh!—mine and thine!
And turneth dreary night to gladsome day!"

IX.

What need I tell of hope renewed—
Of prayers in blissful solitude—
Of joy, the sweeter for remembered pain!
All life is touched with wavering light,
With swiftest change from dark to bright,
And o'er us grief and joy alternate reign.

IV.

THE LOVER'S RIDE.

I.

He leaves the sleeping town behind,
The road beneath him rings,
As past him flies the bitter wind,
For very joy he sings!

II.

Chill Dian's face is wan and white,
Is pinched and thin with cold,
She wraps her from the frosty night
In sheets of clouded gold.

III.

The bright stars hold a keener watch
Above the rapid ride;
Old echo waits each sound to catch
And throws it far and wide.

IV.

Oh, yonder gleams the long white gate!
There, through the trees, the hall!
He nears the gate—he will not wait—
He clears it, hold or fall!

V.

Oh joy! the day of exile's done,
And sailed the waste sea foam!
And the hope of a faithful heart is won
In a Christmas welcome home!

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

THE BOOTS WITHOUT HEELS;

A SHORT STORY FOR CHRISTMAS,

BY THE WEARER.

"What made Mrs. Somerville invite this Miss Carew here for Christmas?" I know we shall dislike her, for I caught sight of her in the hall, and only fancy, girls, she *twists her hair*, and wears no high heels to her boots!"

The object of the above remark was myself, Jeannie Carew, who stood alone in the centre of a large room, an unwilling and unobserved listener to a conversation evidently not intended for my ears. A good fire was burning in the open grate, and round it was gathered a party of young men and girls of all ages and description.

The speaker was a tall, pretty-looking girl, who had just entered, and whose speech was received with general approbation by all—I say by all, but I am wrong. A deep, grave voice belonging to one of the gentlemen of the party here interposed. "I beg your pardon, Miss Martelle, but I think you can hardly judge of a young lady's character by a casual glance of a minute's duration, and because—"

I could stand this no longer, so walking up to the group and drawing myself up to my full height (which is rather under 5 feet 2) I thus addressed them, in a firm voice: "I think you are unaware that I am in the room. I am the Jeannie Carew of whom you are speaking. I was told my aunt, Mrs. Somerville, was in here, but I am mistaken. If you will kindly tell me where she is I will intrude no longer."

Vexed though I was I could not help smiling at the blank dismay depicted on the countenance of my fair opponent. One of the other girls now rose, and said hurriedly,—"I am sure you will not take offence at any of the thoughtless remarks you have overheard. Nor need I ask you to say nothing about them to Mrs. Somerville, or else—"

"You need have no fear," I replied, rather scornfully. "I will now go and find my aunt, hoping to receive a warmer welcome from her than I have from my cousins."

This was a random shot but it hit the mark. A tall, dark girl muttered something about "Mama being upstairs with Walter," so without waiting for her I walked out of the room. Meeting a servant in the hall I was directed to the nursery, where my aunt met me most kindly. Yet I could not help feeling lonely, for my reception downstairs did not auger well for a visit of a month's duration. However, I soon shook off my depression and was talking to my aunt about my mother, when the dressing bell rang. Although I had often seen my aunt and uncle before, the distance from our house to theirs (which was in North Wales) was so great that my mother had never liked me to go so far from home, therefore I had as yet seen nothing of my cousins, excepting our unfortunate meeting downstairs. When this last invitation had arrived for me to spend Christmas at Tyn y Fron, mama demurred about my accepting it. However this time I gained the victory, and, duly equipped, had arrived jaded and tired, to receive the sorry welcome before described. Well, "What can't be cured must be endured," so I tried to think no more about it.

"There is the dressing bell, my dear. I will take you straight to your room and then you will be fresh for dinner before being introduced to your cousins and their friends. There are several young people staying with us, and they will be delighted to have you to add to their party."

Dear, unconscious Aunt Edith, little did you think that I had already introduced myself, not quite so much to the delight of your visitors and daughters as you imagined. However I held my peace and followed my hostess down a long corridor with doors on either side, and as we went told me the names of the occupants of the different rooms. From one I heard a faint falsetto warbling the old Scotch air, "I'm over young to marry yet," and was surprised at being told that the owner of the voice was "sweet" on one of the young lady visitors. I was mentally ejaculating "A bad look-out for the young lady if he sticks to the words of his song!" when my cogitation was cut short by our arrival at my room. Here my aunt left me, saying we should meet again at dinner and she hoped I should find all I wanted.

A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and the white curtains of the bed and the gas all combined to make the room most homelike and comfortable. However I had to make haste, as I had but half-an-hour in which to perform my toilet. As I twisted my much-despised hair I could not help smiling to myself at the ludicrous position I was in. To face all those people again after their disparaging remarks on me was certainly not pleasant, however the introduction would be more uncomfortable for them than for me, and thus I consoled myself. Having finished dressing and duly criticised my new grenadine in the cheval glass without arriving at any very detrimental conclusions, I sat down by my fire waiting for the preliminary bell, which my aunt told me would ring, and busily conning over in my mind the events of the day, when I was aroused from my reverie by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a pretty girl of about nineteen, dressed in plain white silk, with scarlet berries in her rich dark hair. She came up to me and took my hand.

"You are Miss Carew?" she asked, in a pretty, low voice.

On my replying in the affirmative she continued, "You must excuse my intrusion, only my brother told me of your reception here today, by that horrid—no, I won't say that—by the rudeness of one of my fellow visitors, and he asked me to find out where you were and introduce myself to you. I was out with Frank when you arrived, but Jack told me how well you stood their rudeness and how cooly you answered them. But of course you don't know who Jack and Frank are. Frank is—I mean I am engaged to Frank—and Jack is my dear old brother, who, notwithstanding his shyness, had begun to defend you, when you interrupted them, this afternoon."

"The owner of the deep voice," thought I. I then thanked her for so kindly seeking me out and asked her name.

"Alice Brentford," she answered; then on she rattled again. "Fancy, Louise Martelle saying a word against your hair—you see Jack told me all they said—why it is lovely! How well some of these berries would look in it. I'll fetch you some from my room."

My new friend then left me, but soon returned with some berries like those I had noticed in her own hair.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, when I had fastened them in my dress and hair. "Don't you hate artificial flowers? I do."

"There is the first bell!" I exclaimed. "Had we not better go down?"

She acquiesced, and we went down to the drawing-room. The first person we met was my aunt, who looked surprised to see me with Miss Brentford; but she only nodded, and went to speak with visitors who had just arrived. A tall, handsome man stood in the doorway, and from his likeness to my companion I should have recognised him at once as my deep-voiced champion, even had not his sister introduced him to me.

"My brother, Captain Brentford, *alias* John the stoic, *alias* Jack, Miss Carew. I don't remember which I ought to name first, the lady or the gentleman; however, I'll give Jack the honour due to his years, and leave you to become better acquainted, while I go and search for Frank, who, however, will be sure to get late for dinner."

Here she walked away, leaving me, feeling very silly, beside her brother. However, I found that if I said nothing he would volunteer no remark, so I summoned up all my courage, and began with the following originality—"What splendid rooms these are."

"Very."

Now this was not cheering, but, fortunately for me, a respite from this interesting conversation appeared in the shape of my uncle, who, after shaking my hand, drew my arm through his, and led me off on a tour of inspection round the room. I passed my enemy of the afternoon, but beside changing colour she gave no sign of recognition. The dinner bell sounding, I was confided to the care of a mild youth, whose name sounded like "Scrumps," but it must have been my defective organ of hearing misinterpreted it, for no one could possess such a cognomen. From the blank look which came over his face when asked to conduct me in to dinner, and the sheepish looks he cast at a young lady, of the same stamp as himself, opposite us, I conjectured that he was the individual I had overheard whistling, "I'm over young to marry yet," and quite coincided with the song, that it would indeed be a shame to "take him from his mother yet."

I was delighted to find my left-hand neighbours were my new friend, Alice, and her "fiancé," to whom I was introduced, and soon forgot my meek companion on the right, in discussing the relative merits of croquet and lawn billiards. The dinner passed quickly and pleasantly. I only saw Jack—I mean Captain Brentford—once during dinner, but remember thinking he was decidedly the handsomest man I had ever seen, and that he looked very kind, though, of course, it had nothing to do with me.

After dinner I knew the inevitable hour of introduction had come, and re-entered the drawing room with rather a faltering step. First came up my eldest cousin, a tall handsome girl, who shook hands with more cordiality than I expected. Then the youngest came up, who looked at me rather mischievously with a pair of merry brown eyes, which look I returned with interest. The second girl, Fanny, who was the one who had spoken to me, did not come forward until called by Aunt Edith, when she advanced, shook hands very sullenly, and went back to her friend, Miss Martelle, with whom she was playing "bèsique." These two girls had evidently conceived a strong dislike to me, which grew stronger as the intimacy increased. Music followed the entrance of the gentlemen. A young lady sat down with much ostentation, and carolled some song about "Oh, would that I had died ere now," and I fear I almost wished she had, at any rate, before she uttered the last despairing shriek, which seemed to force my fingers to my ears. However, I controlled myself with clenching my teeth hard, but was caught even then by Captain Brentford, who smiled and asked me whether I sang.

I, of course, answered, "A little."

I wonder if anyone ever answers otherwise. I remember being immensely amused with a gentleman, who, after affirming he sang "a little," filled the room with most sonorous tones, and I wondered, if that was "a little," what would "a good deal" be. Where was I? Oh, Jack had just asked me about singing, when my little cousin Agnes came up, and insisted on me performing in some way for the amusement of the assembled company. I accordingly sang a favourite song of mine, "Out on the Rocks," which they all liked, I think; but the only one I remember thanking me was Miss Brentford's brother, who asked me to sing it the following day. We finished that evening with a dance, and as I had plenty of partners I enjoyed it very much, and had quite forgotten my reception, when I suddenly passed Louise Martelle in a doorway, who sneered as I entered, and muttered to her partner something about "the red-haired girl who had spoilt Sainton-Dolby's lovely song." I looked at her as I passed, to show her I had heard her uncalled-for remark.

As the weeks went on I made friends with all the inmates of Tyn-y-Fron, with the exception of this Louise Martelle and my cousin Fanny. These two seemed determined not to forget what I had inadvertently overheard on the day of my arrival, they evidently wished to impress on me that I was not wanted in their clique, and tried to avoid me in every way. Should any excursions be planned, the execution of them was deferred if I took any leading part in them.

The consequence of this was the formation of two parties, the Brentfords, myself and our friends forming one, and Louis Martelle, Fanny Somerville and Co., the other.

Christmas was passing with all sorts of gaiety, when, one afternoon, we agreed to make an excursion into the woods at the back of Tyn-y-Fron.

As usual, on starting, a discussion arose, headed by Louise Martelle, as to all going together, or in two detachments, ours to the wood, and the other to an old castle about four miles distant.

I started in rather a bad temper, for our party was composed of Alice Brentford and Frank Gordon, my cousin, Fred Somerville, and the girl on whom he was sweet, another couple (also in the blissful state of tacit understanding), a girl named Florence Lennox and myself. I did think Jack Brentford might have come with us, he always was with our party, for our shyness had become a thing of the past. And we were now great friends.

But on the morning in question he had scarcely spoken to me, and had ended in going off with the opposition party.

However, I tried to think I didn't mind a bit, and walked on, talking to Flo of our past gaities and how I should regret leaving Tyn-y-Fron.

It was a bitterly cold day. Snow had fallen in the night, so walking along the narrow paths of the wood was not very pleasant. I was warmly dressed, so defied the cold, and my feet were encased in the despised boots *without heels*. Poor old boots, I little thought when you arrived home from Springless, our village shoemaker, how well you would serve your poor little wearer.

However, I will not anticipate.

We walked on fast for a long time, and were talking away, and not heeding our road, when I exclaimed

"Look Flo, the snow in front of us is untrodden, we must have missed following the others. How stupid of us. We must retrace our footsteps until we come to the others. See too, it is snowing again,"

We turned back and, for some time, succeeded; but a snow-storm in Wales is a far more serious affair than in England, and we soon found all hopes of discovery, by that means, were futile. We wandered about for quite half an hour, vainly shouting and giving numerous "cooees," the watchword of our clique. It was evident to us both that we had lost our way, though we were both too cowardly to own it to each other. All the places we had noticed in coming were now hidden by the snow which had fallen, and the small circuitous paths were, in many places, quite blocked up. My hands were becoming numbed with cold; and, strive against them as I might, horrid thoughts *would* come over me of people being frozen to death, and if not to death of the most dreadful frost bites, the agony of which was even worse than death itself. I tried hard to shake off these morbid thoughts and to cheer my poor little companion, who, by this time, was in a state of indescribable terror. In vain I tried to console her by saying that when they found we did not return they would start to find us. All my consolation seemed useless, it was impossible to conceal our helplessness any longer, but agreed that the only thing to be done was to keep on walking to keep our blood circulating.

We walked on and on through the seemingly interminable wood until, at last, we were forced to stop from sheer exhaustion. Poor little Flo soon became drowsy, and then I remembered to have read in a book of my brother's, that on the mountains in Switzerland the people who were lost in the snow generally became drowsy, though whether it was good or bad for them I could not recollect. I happened to have in my pocket a double scent bottle, which I gained off a Christmas tree a few nights previously, and which fortunately contained some Eau-de Cologne, with which I rubbed her hands, also pouring a little between her teeth. This revived her, and we again walked on for, I should think, nearly a mile, when we saw a heap of stones and there rested again. It had ceased snowing, and the moon, shining through the trees on the whitened ground, made a lovely picture. My poor little companion was resting her head on my lap and crying bitterly. I felt very much inclined to also, but I with difficulty repressed my tears as I thought of home and how little they knew where I was. Then I thought of their fright at my uncle's.

Would Jack Brentford mind? Would he come to search for us. Then I thought of poor gentle Mrs. Lennox, Flo's mamma, what frightful anxiety she would be in.

Then, this awful cold. My own limbs were becoming stiff, and Flo's breathing grew heavier, and she seemed a greater weight on me. Oh, what should I do?

Suddenly, in the far distance, I heard a faint cry. With all my strength I answered it. Another succeeded. Was help really coming. Another shout; this time nearer.

"Wake, Flo, dear, don't you hear voices?" I shook the sleeping girl, but she was too drowsy to answer. A horrible suspicion crossed my mind; what if it should be too late, and she had succumbed to the cold and exposure! I poured the remaining spirit between her teeth; she replied, but made no effort to move.

Shout followed shout in the distance, when there came one louder and more prolonged than the others had been. Then I heard the words, "Keep on shouting both of you." Alas! only one was capable of doing so. However, I did my best, and then a light gleamed near at hand. The bushes parted, and I saw a man, in the path before me. How well I knew that great, broad shouldered figure, and that deep grave voice.

Yet all strength seemed to have left me, and I was at first unable to speak. At last I cried faintly, "Oh, help us, Captain Brentford," and in another moment he was by my side.

"Thank God, I have found you, at last, Jeannie." That was all he said, and yet it was enough to make any foolish heart beat, even at such a time; and an odd feeling came over me, such as had never overtaken me before.

I soon shook it off.

He raised my charge, gently from my lap, and then forced brandy between her lips, from his flask. He shouted out safety to the others, who soon found us. Traps were produced, and, amid hearty congratulations, we were carried through the wood. Florence still remained insensible. Carriages were waiting us outside of the forest, which conveyed us to Tyn-y-Fron. At the lodge we found my aunt and Mrs. Lennox, both in a state of indescribable alarm. They at once put poor Flo to bed, where she, after a time, recovered consciousness, but a bad attack of cold and ague kept her in her room for some weeks.

I only sustained a slight injury in the shape of a sprained ancle, but the pain it occasioned me was quite overruled by the excessive kindness I received from all in the house. The next day I was in the music room, looking for a song, leaving all the girls talking over the fire in Flo's room, when, hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw Jack Brentford looking, as I had never before seen him.

"I have come, Miss Carew," he said, "to apologise to you for my excessive rudeness yesterday, in calling you by your Christian name. It was an unwarrantable mistake; but I trust both Somerville and you will forgive me."

I grew very hot, and asked him "what Mr. Somerville had to do with it."

But it wasn't my uncle, but Fred that he meant; for Louise Martelle had led him to believe that we were engaged to one another.

Of course, I indignantly denied this, and then he told me that was the reason he had gone with the other party; and then—I don't know how it was, but he told me he loved me—and we were engaged, feeling as though we had been so for years. He then told me how he had found us. When the rest of our party saw a snowstorm coming on, they had returned a short way through the wood. On calling to us, and receiving no answer they surmised we had become tired and had gone home. When they reached Tyn-y-Fron and found us still absent they became alarmed. Jack at once instigated a search, and they had been hunting for more than two hours, but saw no signs of us. When the snow ceased they tried to trace our footsteps, but so many were engaged in the search that the ground soon became imprinted all over, and as there were several boys of the party, the impression of whose feet were smaller than the rest, that way to discovery seemed impossible. They were beginning to give up in despair, when suddenly Jack caught sight of two that he instantly recognised as ours, for there was the deep impression made by Flo's heel, and by its side that of my own foot, made by the despised *boots without heels*. This gave him the clue to discovery. He followed the steps out of the usual path, and was still able to keep them in sight. He next came to the place where we just rested, and where he picked up one of my gloves (which, by the bye, I could never get back). There he raised the first shout I had heard.

After that you know what happened.

As we were talking the door opened, and Alice came in. I suppose she saw how matters stood between us, for she came up and kissed me, saying she only hoped we might be as happy as Frank and herself, though that, she feared, was impossible. But that I did not believe.

There is only one more incident of my visit remaining untold, and that is, when I was once more alone in my room, after an interview with my aunt and uncle, vainly trying to collect my thoughts after all that had happened, when I was again disturbed by the entrance of Louise Martelle, my old enemy, who came to ask forgiveness for her rudeness and spite towards me.

"You would," she said, "did you but know how utterly wretched I felt when we thought you were lost."

I told her I had nothing to forgive, but rather much to be thankful to her for both life and a husband, for nobody would have particularly noticed my arrival had it not been for her remark on my BOOTS WITHOUT HEELS.

HARRY LEMON.

SINGING THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

A grand old church, in which in years long past
High mass was sung and monks in sombre cowl
With early chanting scared the solemn owl,
And holy vigil kept with prayer and fast.

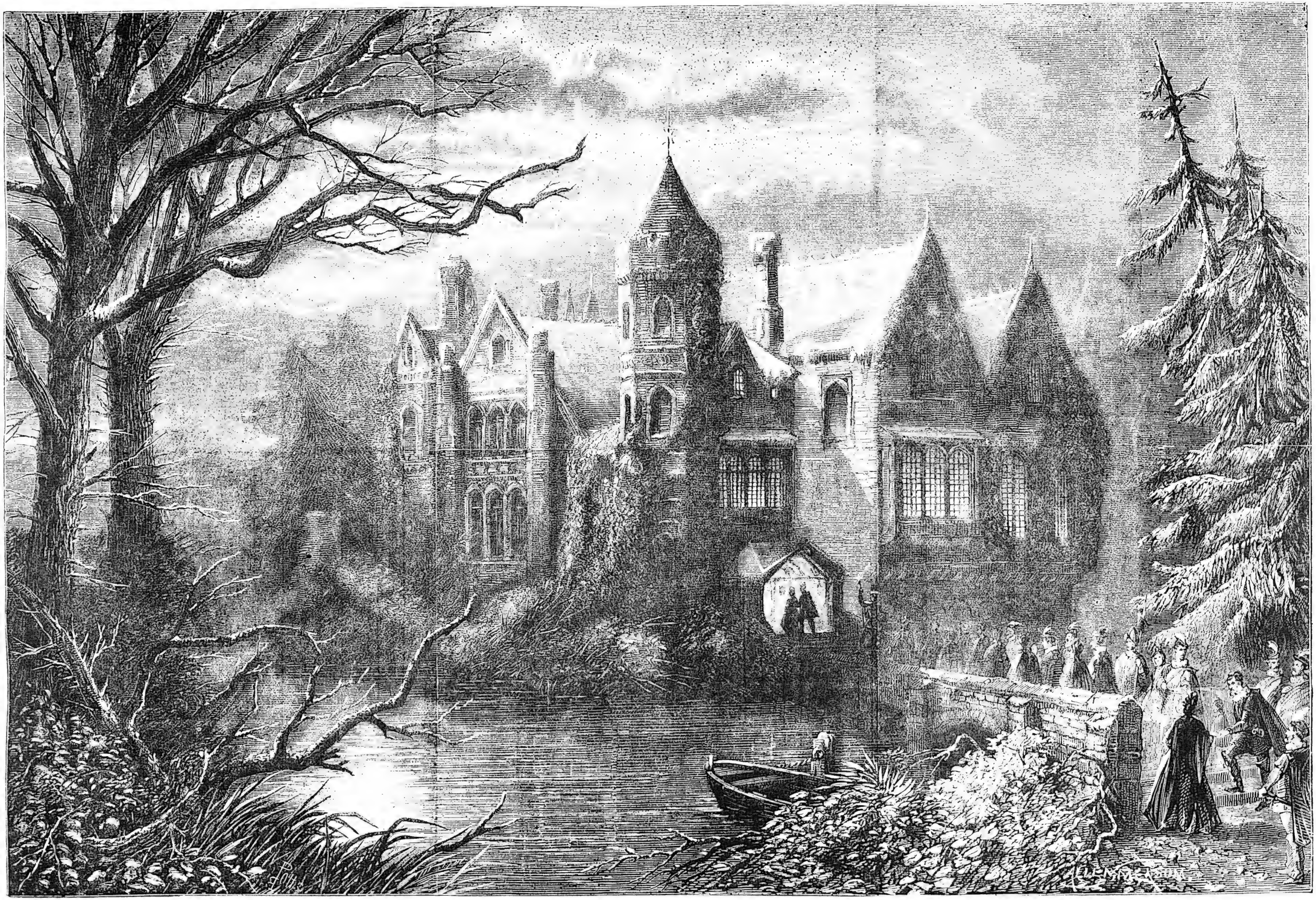
Enshrined Mary's niche now empty stands,
A bird for years has built within the space,
Too zealous souls the gargoyles from their place
Have torn with fervent idol-scorning hands.

Man left it so; but Nature pity took,
And with long ivy-shoots a covering made,
With vernal tracery the wrong o'erlaid,
That future days the deed might overlook.

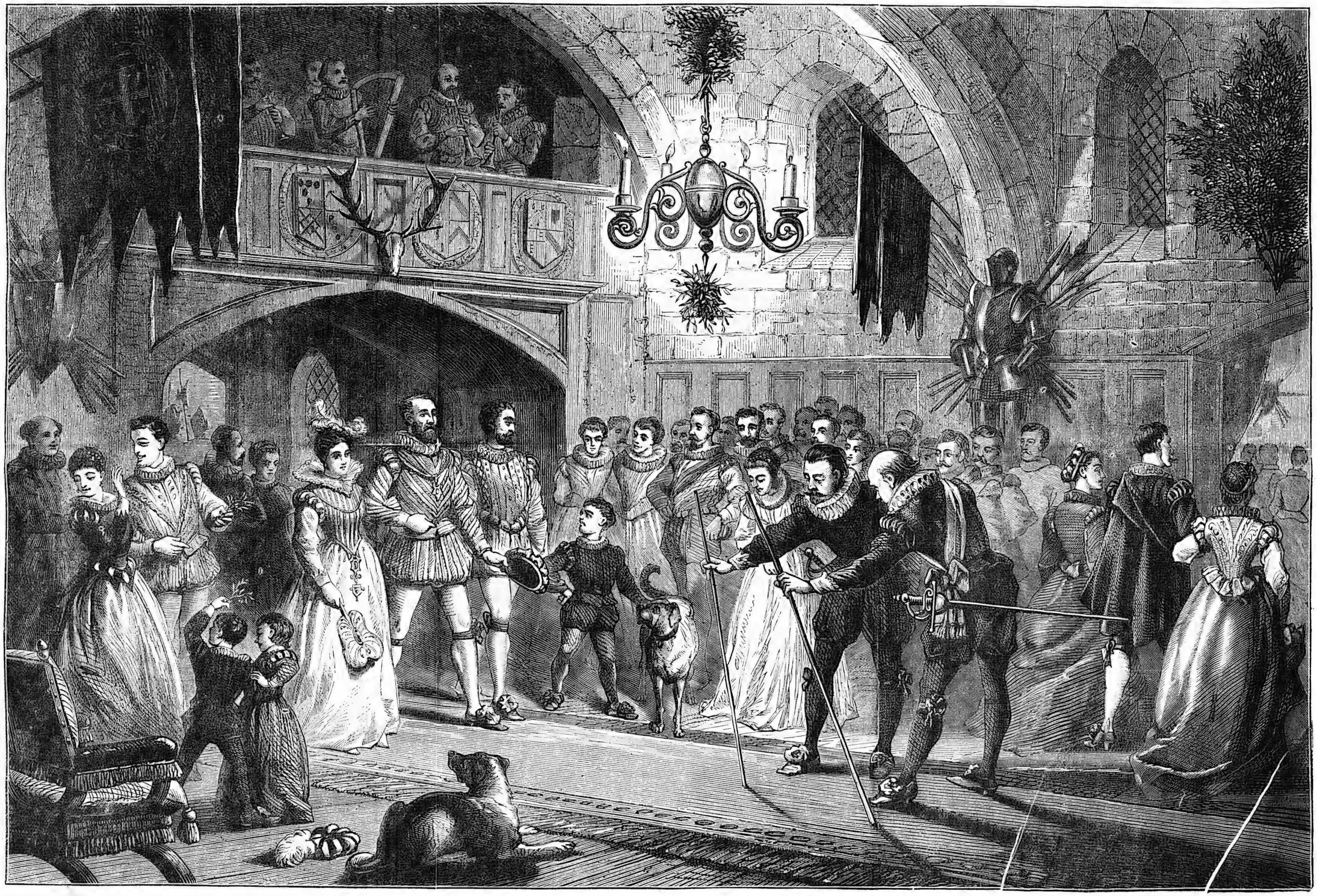
Up the wide aisle the choir boys two and two
Singing a hymn, in measure pass along,
Theme of all others for the children's song,
"To-day we bring glad tidings unto you."

And with their voice is heard from either side
The wavering tones of age, with calm content
Sounding once more while yet the light is lent
The eternal praises of the Christmas-tide.

ST. GERMAIN.



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN THE OLDEN TIME: ARRIVAL OF GUESTS. *(See page 422.)*



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITES IN THE OLDEN TIME: RECEPTION AT THE MANOR HOUSE. (*See page* 422.)

CHRISTMAS EVE WITH ASMODEUS.

I.

Wrapt up in a stillness profound
The city slumbered: not a sound,
Save the watchman treading his round,
Broke through the air.
It was the jovial Christmas time,
When bells ring out a merry chime,
Shouting in sad or joyous rhyme,
Everywhere.

II.

But see! a light gleams through the panes
Of yon lone house; there grief remains,
For Death, the mighty monarch reigns
In sickly state.
Pale fever in that little room
Breathes o'er a scene of direst gloom,
Waiting the poor sufferer's doom—
Dealing out Fate.

III.

And by the bed a husband mad
Stares wildly at the picture sad—
Wife and child in strange paleness clad,
Fearfully still.
Calmly they lie upon the bed:
The faintest sign of life is fled;
Frantic he looks! for they are—dead!
'Tis Heaven's will.

IV.

Outside the house there came a throng
Of children with a gleeful song,
It was a simple lay and long
Of Christmas cheer.
O, what sweet mock'ry to impart!
It stings afresh his wounded heart;
He looks around, and seems to start
With sudden fear!

V.

Visions came of the year before
When happily a bride he bore,
Mid Christmas mirth and laughter's roar;
Last—Christmas-time!
But list! the bells begin to ring;
Oh how they hiss that once did sing!
As though all Hell did 'bout him swing
In devilish chime.

VI.

They told him once of joyous days,
Of peacefulness and pleasant ways,
And cheered his soul with thrilling lays
Of happy life.
But now the chime deceitful boasts
Of witches and of goblin hosts,
Of crowded churchyards, graves, and ghosts
Of bitter strife.

VII.

Whilst tears from his eyelids flow,
He turns to watch the falling snow
That o'er the fields and trees doth throw
Tresses of white.
A moment sorrow went to sleep,
Forgot to mourn—forgot to weep;
Then mem'ry to its place did creep
All ease to blight.

VIII.

Tis done! some sad resolve is made.
Behold he kneels! now he has prayed,
And soon will he in death be laid
With wife and child.
His trembling hand put out the light,
And as he turned for hasty flight,
Upon the dead the moon shone bright—
Upon them smiled.

IX.

A parting kiss— a last farewell
He took, and fast the hot tears fell
Upon the wife he loved so well,
And then he fled.
He left the house and through the street
Glided on with hurried feet,
And whirling head his end to meet,
To join the dead!

X.

When life with bitterness o'erflows,
And misery frightens all repose,
Is he a coward who weary goes
From such a fight?
Or is he brave who dares defy
The jeering world, and turns to fly,
Who's tried to live and dares to die?
God save the right!

XI.

"Oh Lord! be merciful," he said,
And heavenwards he raised his head,
Then onwards to the river sped,
Adown the glen.
A splash! a dreary wail!—and then
'Twas o'er. The bells rang on agen,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men—
Goodwill to men!

GUY ROSLYN.

A CHRISTMAS PEAL.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

On fait dire aux cloches tout ce qu'on veut.

You remember the story of the widow, told by Rabelais. The original version is in a Latin sermon on widowhood by Jean Raulin, a monk of Cluny, of the fifteenth century. Mr. Kelly repeats it in his "Proverbs of All Nations." A widow consulted her parish priest about marrying again. She stood in need of a helpmate, she said; her journeyman understood the trade of her late husband well; and she had taken a fancy to him. "Very well," said the priest, "you had better marry him." "And yet," rejoined the widow, "I am afraid to do it; for who knows but I may find my servant become my master?" "Well, then," said the priest, "don't have him." "But, what shall I do?" said the widow; the business left me by my poor dear departed husband is more than I can manage by myself." "Marry him then," said the priest. "Ah, but suppose he turns out a scamp," said the widow; "he may get hold of my property, and run through it all." "Don't have him then," said the priest. Thus the dialogue went on, the priest always agreeing in the last opinion expressed by the widow, until at length, seeing that her mind was actually made up to marry the journeyman, he told her to consult the church bells, and they would advise her best what to do. The bells were rung accordingly, and the widow heard them say most distinctly, "Do take your man, do take your man." So she went home, and married him at once. In a short time the fellow showed her that he really had become her master with a vengeance, qualifying himself for the whipping which Mr. Dillwyn would fain administer to all husbands who beat their wives. Madame went back to the priest full of rage and bitterness, cursing the hour when she had been credulous enough to listen to his advice. "Good woman," said the priest, "I am afraid you did not rightly understand the bells." Accordingly he had them rung again, and the poor woman heard clearly, but too late, these warning words: "Do not take him, do not take him."

From "yon ivy-mantled tower" how joyously they ring, "the merry bells of Yule!" How merrily, how pensively, how plaintively, how gaily, how dolorously, how mirthfully, how joyously! how sad; how moaning, how complaining, how weird, how glad! Rippling out into the starlight with a melancholy wail; now tripping over the frozen lake with a pleasant gleeful clatter, now riding on the chill bosom of the wind; anon nestling in the nooks and corners of the old Hall hard by, and making glad the hearts of all those young people whose shadows you see flitting hither and thither on the blinds. Who shall interpret the music of Christmas bells to these actors in life's great play?

Hundreds of changes may be rung even upon a small peal of bells, but thought and fancy and memory accompanying them ring thousands of changes that are not to be set down in the "triple bobs" and "bob majors" of which the ringers boast. What tender feelings Moore has awakened in the hearts of millions by his poetic accompaniment to "those evening bells," and his allusion to the "other bards" that should sing their praises in the future! But a few years ago Willis, in his "Pencillings by the Way," was gossiping to American and English people about the bard, how he looked, and what he said and did:

> Those pleasant hours have pass'd away,
> And many a heart that then was gay
> Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
> And hears no more those evening bells.

Cowper's bells "in cadence sweet" opening the gates of memory; Scott's midnight bell, echoing amidst Northumbrian rocks; Poe's clanging, jangling, golden, silvern, brazen bells; Tennyson's Christmas bells answering each other in the mist; and Dickens's chimes with their clear, loud, lusty-sounding voices;—what glorious changes these have added to individual translations of the language from the steeple! Who has not travelled with the tintinnabulary variations to Gray's churchyard, imaged a moss-grown village into that which Moore had in his mind, and listened to Cowper's gentle melodies? Who has not stood on Cheviot Fell and seen the stag spread his broad nostril to the wind, or listened to Lamb's discourse of "the music nighest bordering upon heaven?" Where is the man with soul so dead who has not thrilled with strange delight and fear at the clang and clash and roar of Poe's loud alarum-bells startling the ear of night and appealing to the mercy of the fire? Who has not listened with poor Toby Veck to the chimes that clashed in upon his slumbers? And who has not said a loud "Amen" to the soul-stirring rolling pealing lines:

> Ring in the valianut man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

How much better are we for these words and thoughts which have been put to the bell music! It is easy to be good on £5,000 a year, as Becky Sharp remarked; but it would be much harder than ever to be good on comparatively nothing without those aids to an interpretation of the language of the bells which have been given us by men whose thoughts breathe, whose words burn. Dickens has thrown a halo about the social character of Christmas, which has brightened thousands of homes in all the corners of the earth, and in many a distant nook thoughts of Tiny Tim will make the Christmas bells preach tender sermons of forbearance and love and gentle humility. People who spend Christmas in lighthouses, on islands out in the sea, away in colonial ranches, in ships on the big waters—fancy "The Carol" and "The Chimes" in their hands for the first time—Englishmen and women making a first acquaintance with Toby Veck and his daughter, with Scrooge and Bob Cratchett and Tiny Tim! The most delicious tears that ever were shed have fallen upon the pages in which Tiny Tim has moved about with his tiny crutch, or sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool.

O'er all the land the bells ring out the glorious Christian message. Though the strains may come to us blurred and blotted with sad memories and associations, the bells have a mirthful, joyous sound which is cheerful and hopeful. It is mostly our own fault if we misinterpret their language. Let us not rely upon our vanity or our selfishness to prompt the words; but try to let our better nature, our kindly Christmas-tide feelings, influence their melody. The widow in the story would not be influenced by her judgment or experience; she was determined to marry her journeyman whatever the bells might say. It is unhandsome to blame the bells when we have made them say what we wish. "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London?" was the prophetic prompting of a spirited and enterprising nature, bent on deserving fame and winning it too. Shadows will step between our best resolutions, and ghosts flit across our path to tempt us aside into melancholy; but if we are resolved that the Christmas bells *shall* ring merrily and joyously, so they will. There is a quiet sober joy which none but those who have suffered feel. It is the sweetest of all sensations. He who has never been sick does not understand half the zest and delight of full and rosy health. Commend we to you the calm and settled happiness of him who knoweth how to "suffer and be strong." May the bells have happy messages for us all this year. "And so," as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one!"

ANNA'S CLOCK;

OR WHAT HAPPENED TO WILL ABOUT LAST CHRISTMAS TIME.

I cannot think how it was my father's shop became such a rendezvous for the gossips of the town. Not a night passed but you might see, through the squares of the old fashioned window, a strange motley group leaning over the brass rails watching him at work. As yet I have not told you what his occupation was, but he followed the trade of a watch maker, or rather watch cleaner. There they were, coming with the most trivial excuse or without one at all. My father was an industrious man, working early and late, but he never seemed one bit better off. It was long before I discovered that he was prone to excess at times, but his industry always made up for that. He took in regularly a daily paper or two, but it was more for the delectation of these casuals than himself. True they read up to him, but he was a wonderful man: he could attend to them as well as to his work. In my childhood I used to sit on a little stool watching him, these sages expounding all the knotty details of parliamentary news or the topic of the day. Many incidents they touched upon, often ludicrous enough—leisure moments recall them. It was his desire to give his children the benefit of a good education if possible. I and my elder brother Jim fared very well. Since then I always picture my father as the very model l'Anglais of M. Goulden, the watch maker of Phalsbourg. My father's greatest fault was that he did not make us stick to some good calling; as it was, we either jumped into a trade, or fared badly by living on our wits. My poor brother Jim, whose talent was in the wood-carving line, ran away one morning to sea, disgusted with the scant appreciation of his talent, and the scantier recompense it brought him. My father was wrath at this, and, when Jim was weary of a sea-faring life, and wrote for forgiveness, desiring his father to buy him off, my father answered him, that it was impossible, as he could but raise half the money required, if he could meet the rest, well and good. But he could not, and so Jim had to abide where he was, and I had not seen him since the day he went to sea.

Our mother was dead. Jim and me could only just remember her, and my father has married twice since, and he has three families. Really there had been no home comfort for me the years past, and when I was nineteen, I cleared out to find for myself. London is wide, and I have done pretty well so far with jobbing work. It is just twelvemonths since I began to look out for myself. If I am very hard set, my father will always give me a job, for he has mostly plenty to do, but I don't like taking the bread out of the mouths of all those little ones, for I can't help but love them. They are my father's children, and dear to me for his sake. If I feel hungry and am down in the world, I can always go there for a bit of supper. I don't spend a deal of money in dress. Old Nathan Levi round the corner has always something cheap, and for all he's a Jew he's not one to stick at a shilling with a poor fellow he knows. The present coat I wear was probably made for a taller, stouter man than me; it is a black surtout, and hangs very loosely, but when I am going to work I double the sleeves over two or three times. I need only roll it up once at supper or in company, for then it doesn't show the faded lining. In my solitary little attic I am tolerably comfortable, for when my mind is easy; that is if I see my way clear. I can sit down and read—my greatest pleasure, or write a letter to poor old Jim. For he tells me to keep him well up in home news, as father never finds time to write.

I had been out of work a day or two, and cadging about from one shop to another looking for a job. But it was no use, and my money was dribbling away. So I thought I'd trot down to father's and see how he was getting on. It was nine o'clock then, the shop was full as ever of gossips, and little Martin sat by the fireside just as I used to sit years ago.

When I opened the shop door, and the bell just tinked, my father scarcely looked up; he thought it was another crony. And I didn't want to talk before all that lot, so I never drew his attention my way, thinking I would wait until they were gone. But little Martin had seen me, and he tugged at father's coat tail.

"Father, here's our Will!" the child said.

"Now, my lad," said my father, taking off his glasses, "I'll finish this, and be wi' thee soon."

It was a gentle hint for them to disperse, but they didn't seem to take the hint.

"Shall I put the shutters up for you, father?" I said.

"Ay, lad, thou might as well," he answered.

I had to go behind them to get the shutters, which were kept behind the door, and so, thinking we were really in earnest, they began to move off, bidding us good night.

It seemed like old times to me, closing our little shop; and when I had put the last shutter up, and father had finished his work, we all retired into the little room behind.

"Anna talked of coming to-night," my father said, "but it'll be too late now, I should think."

Anna was older than any of us. She was a grown woman with children of her own. Her husband was a Pole, and taught languages, and one night I had dropped in when he was reading to his wife, "The Conscript," out of the French. It was a class book he had for his pupils. That's where the thought came to me of my father's resemblance to old M. Goulden's Englishman. And it struck Anna and her husband.

They had bought some steaks, expecting Anna She never came, so we enjoyed ourselves without her. After supper, father talked to me of trade, asked me how I was getting on. I told him I had been out two days, and had looked for a job without success.

Anna lives in Kentish town. She had brought her clock a week since for her father to look at, but he never had had time to look at it.

"May be thou'll look to it," he said, "then thou can take it home to her, she'll be glad to see thee."

I promised him I would. Little Martin had fallen asleep on my knee. He had clambered there as soon as my chair was well away from the table. He ought to have been in bed hours ago; but they never thought of putting him to bed.

It struck twelve o'clock, and I thought I must be going, so I kissed Martin, and gave him up to his mother. Poor little lad!

My father went with me into the shop and gave me the clock. He unfastened the door, and let me into the street. With the clock under my arm I sallied forth, cheerily bidding him "good night." I had'nt got so very far, only just out of that little street into Holborn, when a policeman seized me, and said:—

"Now, young man, what's that you've got under your arm?"

"It's a clock," I said to him, making a motion to go on.

"Stop a bit, and where have you got it from?" he asked again.

"I'm a going to clean it for my father," I answered.

"Likely thing, and take it to your *uncle's* then," he said, laughing at his own pleasantry.

I tried all I could to make him believe, but he wouldn't. At last he said:—

"Um! likely thing, mind what you say you know, I'll have to use against you all what you say, so mum's the best thing for you. You must come along with me."

And there I was with a policeman, being trotted right out of my way, because he wouldn't believe me. And he took me right away to the station house.

The inspector received me, and took the clock from me. I told him the same tale. He seemed to me a kindly sort of a man, and before he locked me up he promised to send another man to the address I gave him where my father lived. I heard him send for Jenkins and tell him the facts I'd stated.

You can imagine my feelings locked up. I'd never been locked up before in my life, and had kept clear of a court house for fear I should have been dragged in as a witness for something I'd seen but forgotten.

One fifth of November—I thought about it when I was in the cell—I was walking in the streets about ten o'clock, when somebody let a cracker or a pistol off, and a policeman chased me without me knowing the length of the street, and vowed it was me. He searched me, and if he had found anything about me he said it would have gone hard with me, for he said he still believed it was me. He threatened me with a summons, but I never heard any more of it. I wondered if they'd rake this up against me now they'd got me.

I thought the policeman a strange time away, but at last he came, and told the inspector it was all right, so they let me off. "I'm very sorry," said the inspector, "for our man exceeding his duty. I must speak to him." He then returned me the clock.

I was very glad to get off, and walked away as sharp as ever I could. I hadn't got much above two hundred yards from my lodgings, when another policeman darted out of a dark corner, and collared me.

"Where have you brought that from," he said fiercely, pointing to the poor old clock.

"From the station-house," I said, looking at him fierce back again.

He never said any more, but let me go. When I got to my lodgings there was another fellow in dark clothes dodging about the door. "Bless me," I thought to myself, "here's another of 'em." So I stood still a bit to see what he was after. But he did'nt seem in any hurry, walking backwards and forwards, and looking up at the top window. I made sure he wanted me. I thought I'd put a bold face on and go up to the door. I really had done no wrong. And if they would have me why they must. So up I went, trying to look as bold as brass. I had got my hand on the knocker when the man spoke, nearly frightening me out of my wits.

"Is that Will?"

Why it was my brother Jim's voice, I could swear to it anywhere. So I stepped back.

"It isn't Jim!" I exclaimed.

"It is though," he answered; and he nearly wrung my hand off.

"Mind my clock," I said.

"You're out late," he said.

I said "Yes, I am, I have been humbugged rather. Have you been here long?"

"About half an hour. I thought I'd knock you up sooner than them, at this time of night; we'll go to them in the morning. What's kept you out so late?"

"It's Anna's clock, and a bobby took me to the lock-up, thinking I'd stolen it, and they've sent a man and knocked father up to see if I had spoken the truth. Anna had taken the clock for him to clean."

Jim was very wroth, and talked about actions for false imprisonment, and defamation of character. But I shook my head saying:

"All that costs money brother Jim, and time, and we've none such a deal of that to throw away."

I set what I had eatable before him.

"They wouldn't let me in. I asked if you were in," he said with a mouthful.

"They wouldn't know you," I said.

"I should think not."

We went to bed, and, in the morning, we went down to father's, both of us. And he'd a tale to tell us, as startling as mine. He would have me tell him all that had happened first though.

His version is as much like this as I can pen down.

They had all got into bed and dozed off, when somebody came knocking at the door. It woke little Martin.

"Father, father, here's somebody at the door."

Martin woke his mother first, and she woke her husband.

"There's somebody at the door. It ain't Will come back?" she said.

My father, half asleep, jumped out of bed and ran down stairs in his shirt, just opening the door on the chain. The policeman said: "You needn't be frightened, I'm a police!"

Thieves have a good many dodges, but my father saw it wasn't a sham. Then the policeman began to ask if all I had said was true, "Yes it is," my father said, thoroughly roused, "and the sooner you let my lad out the better it'll be for you. You're a mighty deal too officious collaring folks like that."

Father thought, perhaps, he'd be waspish at being spoken to like that, but no, he wasn't, and there he stood.

"Now off ye go, don't stand like that. Remember you're only keeping him out of his bed. You've got all you want to know."

And then he stood stock still.

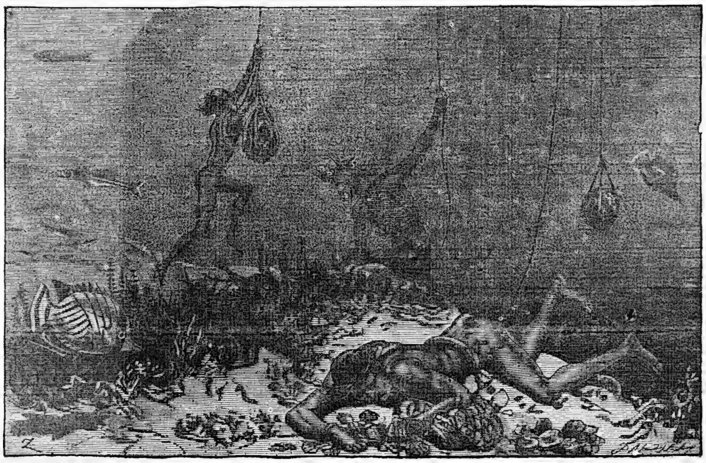
"Oh! I see what it is," said my father, "you want some money, but from me you'll not get any; I'm blest if I don't report you."

And he slipped the chain off the door, and ran into the street, but the policeman had his hand on his number in a trice, and started with his hand on it, my father, in his shirt, in hot chase. It was very unwise for my father to leave the door wide open like that, and rush off in the state he was. The policeman knew how to use his legs and my father, as he was getting old, lost ground. Then, when my father thought of returning, he remembered his plight; and he knew he had passed several, even at that late hour, who gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at the picture of a policeman chased by a man in his shirt.

My father drew his shirt tight about him and set off back at a run, for, he felt rather ashamed of himself, and his eye was open now to see the people he was obliged to pass. And he was rather afraid of being served the same as I was.

When he got back again the whole of them were wide awake, wondering what had become of him. And for all he had run hard he had had turned as chill as chill, and he was glad to jump in among the warm bed clothes and get warm again.

They laughed, his wife and him, after he had told her all. And we all laughed at it the next morning. Jim was for following the policeman up and reporting him, as I had heard the inspector name. But my father, wiser than any of of us, said: "No, my lads, he'll be chary enough of extorting money for the future, we'll not ruin his prospects."



PEARL DIVERS AT WORK.

Anna laughed, as did her husband, when I took her clock home, and told her what it had subjected me to. We made very merry about it.

We managed to scrape enough money together to buy Jim off. Father had been laying bye on the sly; and Anna's husband came out handsome. He has got into work at a carver's in Oxford-street. And I got into a watchmaker's shop in Bond-street, and kept middling constant. But my capture has afforded a great topic for my father, and the gossips increase—they never seem weary of hearing my father relate it, in his quirky way, or, of laughing to immoderation every time he tells it, for my father has the happiest way in the world of telling a story.

EDWIN WHELPTON.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

Holly and mistletoe,
  Coral and pearl,
Set in rich emerald,
  Bought for my girl—
Bought for my pretty one,
  Oh! how her eyes,
Joyous with sparkles,
  Will flash with surprise!

Holly and mistletoe!
  What—do I dream?
Where are her little orbs
  Lit with love's gleam?
Where are the tiny feet
  Dancing around?
Bright eyes and nimble feet!
  Where?—underground.

Holly and mistletoe,
  Visions divine,
Tender and beautiful,
  Come where ye shine!
Visions of little lips
  Sweeter than sweet;
Safe from the snow-storm now,
  Safe from the sleet.

Holly and mistletoe,
  Coral and pearl,
Red for the rosy cheeks
  Worn by my girl;
White for the fairest face
  Nature e'er drew;
Green for the memory
  Love keepeth new.

Holly and mistletoe
  Crowning her name,
Welcome, for her sweet sake,
  Welcome each game—
"Truckle the trencher round,"
  "Kiss in the ring,"
"Apple and candle," "Buff,"
  "Courtier and king."

Holly and mistletoe!
  Yes, I am blest,
Merry-mass comes, and lo!
  I am possessed:
Up goes the kissing-bush,
  Down cometh she,
Singing "Sweet merry-mass,"
  Ever to me.

Holly and mistletoe,
  Tears must be shed;
Ye have your living ones,
  I have my dead;
Yours is a present joy,
  Mine is a past;
Clear is your sky of life,
  Mine overcast.

Holly and mistletoe,
  Long may it be,
Friends, ere my loneliness
  Ever you see;
But if that time shall come,
  Then you will know
More of my text than my
  Sermon can show.

EDWARD CAPERN.—(From *Good Words.*)

PEARL DIVERS.*

Pearls are among the rare beauties of creation, prized by the wealthy in all lands, worn by Queens and Princesses, and by all fair women who can obtain the precious ornaments. They are found, as our readers are aware, in what are known as the pearl-oysters in the Indian Sea and Eastern Archipelago. These waters are so infested by sharks that formerly the occupation of diving for the pearly treasures was only thought fitting for condemned criminals; but the work is now carried on by thousands of respectable and courageous men, who obtain a livelihood as pearl-divers in the Persian Gulf and at Ceylon. The method pursued by the Cingalese divers is very simple. They proceed in boats to the place of operation at the season, which lasts about two months, commencing in February and ending in April. Each boat contains about twenty men, half of whom are divers, while the others row the boats, and assist their companions in reaching the surface of the water after diving. Five of the divers descend at the time, and when they come up, the other five take their turn; for the fatigue and exhaustion of the body is very great in continuing under water; and a minute—in some cases a minute and a half or nearly two minutes—is about the utmost time these men can sustain their breath. Many divers suffer severely from over-taxing their powers of endurance, and bloodshot eyes and spitting of blood are common to them. It is to be hoped that the modern improvements in diving-bells and suitable apparatus for divers will be much more generally adopted than they have been in a few places, that life may be rendered more secure, and other distressing consequences be obviated. To facilitate the descent of the diver into the water, a stone weighing about twenty pounds is suspended over the side of the boat, with a loop attached to it, in which he inserts his foot; a bag of network is attached to his toes; his right hand grasps the rope, and after inhaling a full breath, he presses his nostrils with his left hand. He now raises his body as high as possible above the water to give force to his descent, and liberating the stone from its fastenings, he sinks rapidly below the surface. As soon as he reaches the bottom, the stone is drawn up, and the diver, throwing himself on his face, collects into his bag as many oysters as he can. This, on a signal, is hauled to the surface, the diver springing to the rope as it is drawn up. The sea, at the oyster-beds, is generally from twenty-four to sixty feet deep. The number of oysters thus collected varies: sometimes several thousands are obtained in one day, and at other times a few hundred only. The oysters are landed from the boats, and are placed underground to putrefy, and it is amidst such a mass of corruption that the pearl,

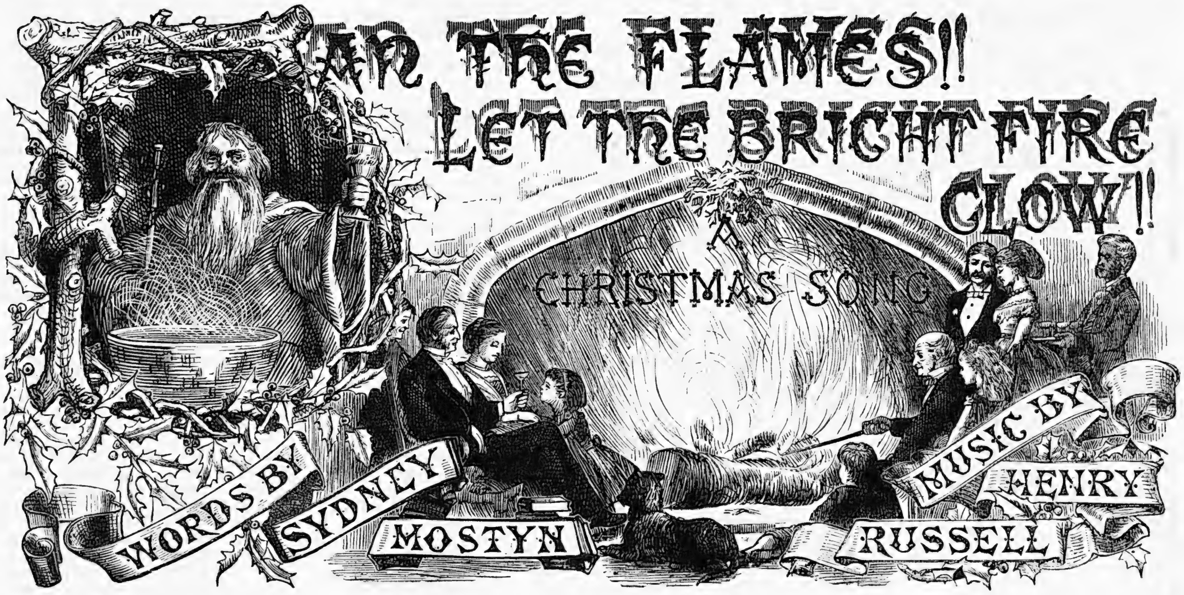
"Purest of Nature's works,"

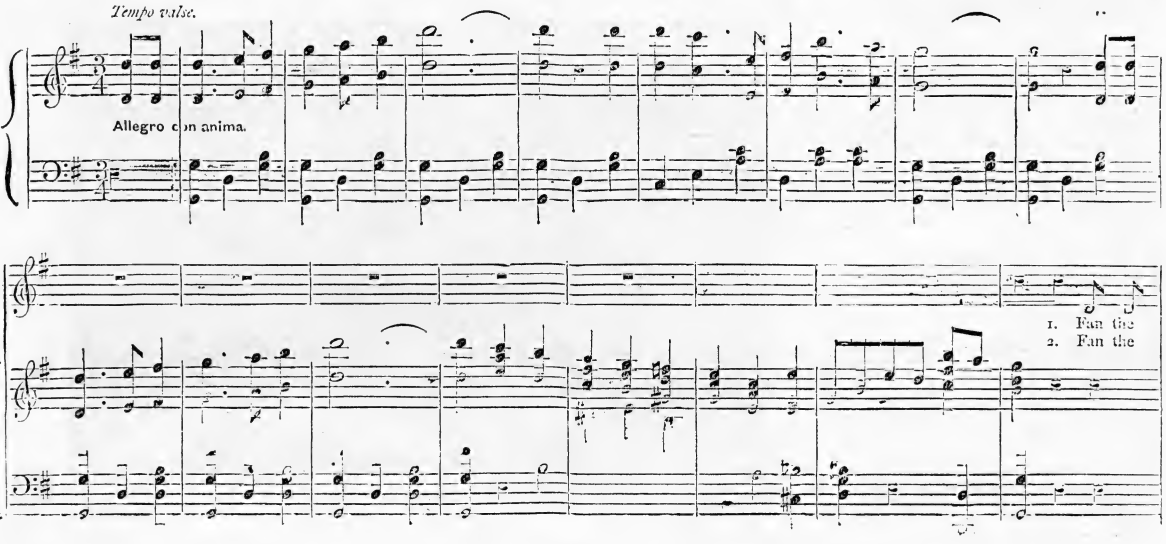
is obtained. The pearl-fishers in ancient times used to place the shells in vessels filled with salt, and leave them until all the fish were dissolved, the gems remaining at the bottom. The ordinary operation now is, that as soon as putrefaction is sufficiently advanced, the oysters are placed in a trough, and sea-water is thrown over them. They are then shaken and washed. Inspectors stand at each end of the trough, to see that the labourers secrete none of the pearls, and others are in the rear to examine the shells thrown out. The workmen are not allowed to raise their hands to their mouths while washing the pearls, lest they might attempt to swallow some. Sometimes the pearls, instead of adhering to the shells as is usually the case, are in the bodies of the oysters, which are boiled before being thrown aside as useless. The number of pearls in a shell differs: one may contain a considerable number, while hundreds are without any. To give an idea of the extent to which the pearl fishery in Ceylon has been carried for several ages, the shore in some parts of the island has been raised to the height of many feet by enormous mounds of shells, millions having been flung into heaps that extend to the distance of many miles.

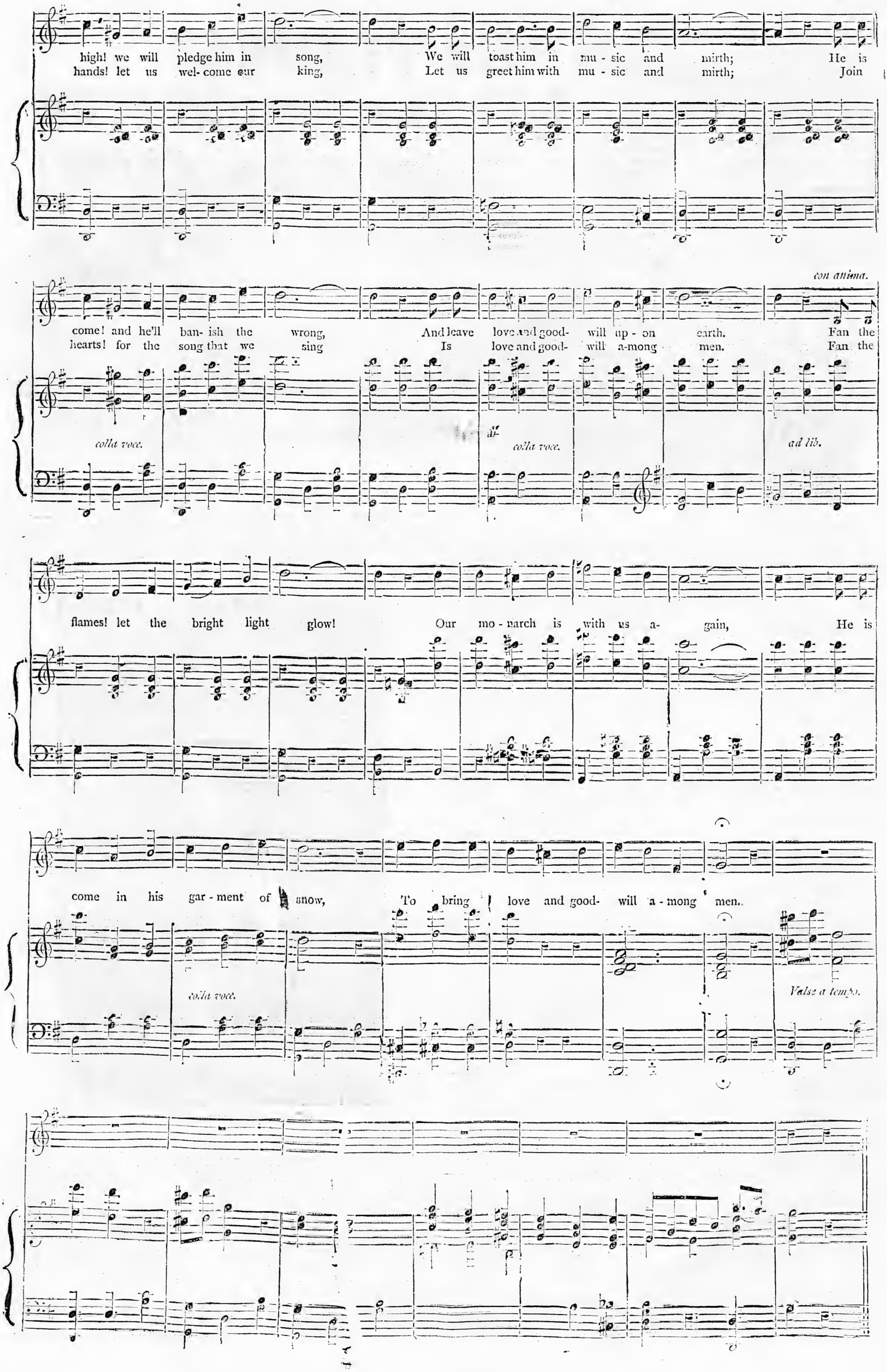
We select this information and the picture which accompanies it from a very interesting work, entitled "The Broad, Broad Ocean." It is full of carefully-compiled and original facts concerning the sea and its many wonders. Written in an easy and familiar style, the work is eminently calculated to afford entertainment and instruction, not only to the young, but to "children of a larger growth."

---

* The Broad, Broad Ocean and Some of Its Inhabitants. By William Jones, F.S.A. London: Frederic Warne and Co.


FAN THE FLAMES!!
LET THE BRIGHT FIRE
GLOW!!
A
CHRISTMAS SONG
WORDS BY
SYDNEY
MOSTYN
MUSIC BY
HENRY
RUSSELL


Tempo valse.
Allegro con anima.
1. Fan the
2. Fan the
flames! let the bright fire glow! Our mo-narch is with us a- gain; He is
flames! for the snow lies white, And the night low- ers grim - ly, a- bove: What care
come in his gar- ment of snow, To bring love and good- will a - mong men. Fill
we? our glad hearts are bright In the glow and the glo - ry of love. Join
a poco ritard.
a poco ritard.
f


high! we will pledge him in song, We will toast him in mu - sic and mirth; He is
hands! let us wel- come our king, Let us greet him with mu - sic and mirth; Join
con anima.
come! and he'll ban- ish the wrong, And leave love and good- will up - on earth. Fan the
hearts! for the song that we sing Is love and good- will a-mong men. Fan the
colla voce.
colla voce.
ad lib.
flames! let the bright light glow! Our mo - narch is with us a- gain, He is
come in his gar - ment of snow, To bring love and good- will a - mong men.
colla voce.
Valse a tempo.

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

"They're going to hang Snap," said Frisk, my lady's Blenheim, as she stood wagging her tail with great animation on the top of the kitchen steps looking out into the yard.

"Well, who'd have thought it!" said Growler. 'But I'm not surprised when I reflect; that was what master and the groom were talking about yesterday, no doubt, for they looked at him."

"They're measuring his neck for a rope," said Frisk, scampering off.

"Snap's going to be hanged," said Growler to Tray.

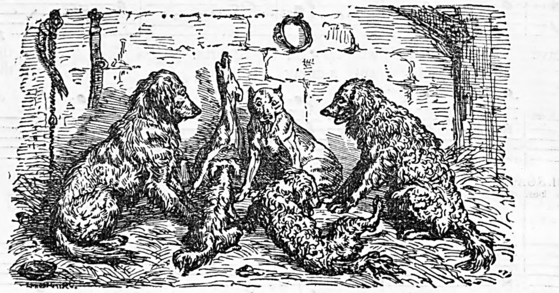
"Indeed! Well, I thought he looked very low-spirited all day yesterday. I'm not surprised at all; but are you sure?"

"Only think of Snap," said Tray to Lion, the Newfoundland dog.

"What about him?" said Lion, apparently more inclined to think of something else.

"Going to be hanged, that's all."

"And enough too," said Lion. "When?"



"Oh, I doubt if he isn't hanged already. I fancy the rope was about his neck some time ago."

"Poor fellow! what is it for?"

"I can't exactly tell. The groom's been complaining of him to the master, I believe, from what Mr. Growler says."

"I thought he was a great favourite."

"Ah! but we've all seen a great change lately."

"When did you notice it?"

"I don't know that it was spoken of till this morning; but any one might have seen it long ago."

"I never saw it."

At this moment Snap entered into the yard with a spick-and-span new collar on.

"Hey, what's this?" said Lion, as Snap trotted from one to another to show his finery; while Frisk looked down from the top of the steps, and whispered rather sheepishly to Growler, "Who would have thought they were measuring him for a collar?"—From *Original Fables*, by Mrs. Prosser.

MY FIRST WRIT.

It was not yesterday—nor the day before—not even last month—nor a year ago—it is in fact so long since that which I am about to relate occurred, that all disagreeable associations connected with it have died away and the event itself has become a tender recollection, if not a very pleasure of memory. Perhaps, if you are not a Member of Parliament, you would be ashamed to own you ever saw a writ. Yon don't know what it is! Blissful ignorance! Why, you are more to be envied than a youth his first cigar, having such a sensation still in store for you. And, by the way, the effect of the two exciting causes are not very dissimilar. Both will make you feel sick at heart—your gall rise, and in each case a headache the next morning will follow a sleepless night—that is to say if you receive the paper delicacy as you should the narcotic weed, with due Epicurean appreciation, and do not cast it carelessly aside. Even then its magic power will not be interfered with—it may take eight or twelve days to show itself, but so surely as the time expires will you be made to feel it. Writs possess this peculiarity in an extraordinary degree—once passed through the ordeal of touch, they thereby acquire a strength which can only be overcome by much cunning or philosophical resignation.

Another quality they have also in common with tobacco—nauseous and overpowering at first, they become in time the source of gentle and pleasureable excitement to the nerves—at least, so I have heard those who have gone through a course of them declare, although my own experience does not enable me to speak authoritatively upon the subtle point.

What is a writ? Dou really wish an answer technically accurate—turn then to a law book and save us both a dry and dreary explanation.

This much I will tell you for your guidance—it is no fiction such as Doe, Roe, and other legal figures only of speech, raised to afford learned gentlemen in wigs and gowns the opportunity of upsetting them again.

As to the nature, form, origin and action of this instrument of torture, some of the Dandies now airing themselves in Rotten Row are quite as well, if not better informed than I am. Ask them, and they will tell you that the strip of blue paper, so innocuous in appearance—so Biblical, and yet so stern in its commands—so obligingly submitted to their notice, has been a sign of peril to them more overwhelming than any Alpine glacier, and yet, occasionally, a healthy stimulant to exertion which has saved their financial lives.

My first, and, I rejoice to say, my last writ was presented to me some twenty years ago when I was commencing practice as a physician, or, rather, when I had set up as a medical man, the practice itself being then still unborn. I had taken a house in a fashionable part of town and deemed it necessary to convince the neighbourhood of my learning and importance by starting a carriage. The trouble I had to employ that vehicle sufficiently! My rounds, as they are called, consisted in a visit to one patient living in the next street—the use of the carriage was a fiction if you please. My expenses were heavy—my income light. In the course of time the circle of my acquaintance increased, and I was received by many of the opulent residents of the locality, whether by reason of the carriage, or my individual merits, matters not.

Among the houses I visited was that of a retired tailor—wealthy man—proud of his riches, and still prouder of the social standing they gave him.

According to his theory, there are only two spheres of society—that in which the affluent move, and the other where the poverty-stricken herd together.

He recognised no sub-divisions of the community—tradespeople and beggars were alike to him, unless the former had amassed large fortunes. As for those in want of money—bankrupts—psha!—they were beneath his notice.

"I would not have a bankrupt," he has often said to me, "seated at my table, no, I would rather entertain Mr. Calcraft, the hangman."

This Dives had a daughter—an only child—not personally attractive, perhaps—but intrinsically so interesting to me that I fell in love with her. After our first introduction I asked permission to call—on the occasion of my second visit I squeezed her hand—the third time we met portentous words were spoken, and soon after Miss Dives permitted me, clandestinely, to pay her my addresses.

What happiness—what joy the anticipation of my fondest hopes being realised gave me!

With such a prize my future would be free from all monetary cares, for would she not bring me riches galore?

Our courtship continued, and, at the earnest instigation of the young lady, I made known my intentions to her parent, with what hesitation and diffidence I shall not attempt to describe.

"You are deriving a large income from your profession?" said Dives, interrogatively, to me at the momentous interview.

I replied in the affirmative, although the spirit of my patient rose up against me at the assertion.

"You are unembarrassed?"

"Quite so."

"You are attached to Araminta?"

These and many such prudent questions were asked and answered, when, no less to my surprise than delight, I was accepted.

Sound the drums and let the cymbals clash! I could now appease the hungry creditors who swarmed about my door with promises that had some chance of being fulfilled.

I received them daily in my study, and they did duty often as show patients in the waiting room. In this capacity they had long deceived each other, and so enabled me to keep up appearances.

Some came, as usual, the day following my triumph, and I confided in them.

They all agreed to wait.

One stranger that morning was incautiously admitted by the servant, at other times a most careful man, who took him—fatal error—for a real patient, and was the cause of this present writing, as well as much more trouble.

He was respectably dressed, and even I was deceived by his appearance at first.

We bowed to each other most ceremoniously as he was shown to me. I prayed him to be seated; he inquired my name; I acknowledged it, and proceeded mentally with my diagnosis of his case. This he interrupted by placing his right hand in his left-breast coat pocket, and drawing therefrom a document it is unnecessary to specify, handed the latter graciously to me. His politeness was excessive, and as I rose to open the door, which I did from force of habit, I felt so inclined to kick him for his abominable hypocricy, that several breaches of the peace were all but committed.

I threw the paper on the table before me, and contemplated it awhile. I then hurriedly concealed it, fearing anyone might enter the room. I locked it in a drawer, where I left it for a time. Its safety there did not satisfy me. I was going out, and could take it with me. Accordingly, I stowed it in my waistcoat pocket with all due caution.

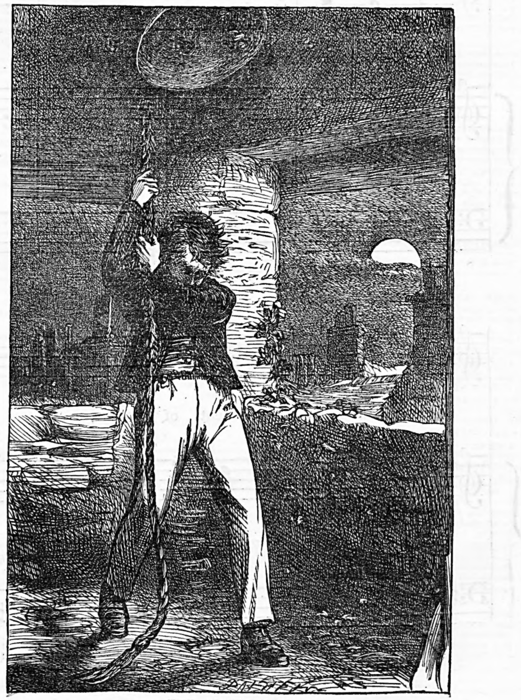
The hour of my devotions had arrived. My treasure expected me. Should I not forget all mundane difficulties, basking in the golden sunshine of her presence? I did so, indeed, alas! The wretched writ escaped my recollection and my possession too. I dropped it in the drawing room of my love, and there it was picked up by her father. He sent it me that evening by his coachman, with a letter, unsealed, forbidding me his house for evermore, denouncing me as an impostor in words which I must be excused repeating. The coachman grinned as he served the writ unwittingly a second time, and certainly did not perform his unpleasant duty with that ease and polished grace of his predecessor which had so exasperated me a few hours before.

It was a trying time. I made efforts to justify myself, and tried to explain the circumstance away. But Dives knew well the details of all such measures, and would not hear me.

He did, however, listen to his daughter. She interceded for me, and ultimately prevailed upon her stern parent to relent, and is now, I am happy to say, occupying the enviable position of—my wife.

"WHO RANG THE ALARM BELL?"

It was Bob who raised the alarm (who Bob is the reader will gather from Mrs. Eiloart's most attractive and exciting book*), and this is why he did it. He had been shut up in Dr. Chilling's closet for a boyish offence, and in this old and antiquated apartment he fell asleep. The doctor went out, and was unexpectedly detained. "At last Bob woke, stretched himself, yawned, and wondered whatever made his bed so hard, and next, where that bed was. He was lying on the bare ground, the closet being quite devoid of furniture. Then he remembered where he was, and began to wish the Doctor would come and let him out, for he was very cold. The moon was shining now through the little window of his prison, and her light made Bob feel colder than ever—fearfully cold soon, as her beams fell on something black against the door—a tall figure with arms pendant by the side. Was that a face above it—that white gastly shapeless thing? Bob felt sure it was; and what—what—*what* was the dreadful thing shut up with him there? He had heard so many legends of this part of the school house, how that the old monks who had lived near it, and whose chapel still remained, were believed to haunt it. He always *said* he didn't believe in ghosts, and it was very easy to say so in broad daylight, with his schoolfellows and brothers round him; and he had even sometimes, by way of proving his bravery, affirmed that he wished one or other of the monks would appear to him—he shouldn't care if they came with their abbot at their head, a whole troop of them. Had he been taken at his word? Were there such things as ghosts after all? and was this one of them? He couldn't bear it! There stood the black shapeless thing, with the white featureless face. He was sure it was a face!—a face risen from its coffin, where it had been hidden above two hundred years, to punish him for his daring incredulity. He shrieked with horror, but no one heard him. He looked up at the window, and tried to jump up to it, but in vain. There were the iron bars; they would keep him safe enough—safe till that dreadful thing had driven him mad! If he would only have faced his danger, and put his hand boldly on the thing that so appalled him, he would have found that he was only shut up with the Doctor's gown, his morning coat, and a tumbled dirty white cravat, which three garments having been hung together, just as the Doctor took them off before he went out that afternoon, had in the moonlight taken the guise which so alarmed him. He never thought of this—never knew that the Doctor frequently made use of his study as a dressing room, and of this closet as a sort of wardrobe. He was thoroughly frightened, and losing all self-control, only thought desperately how to escape from the presence of the phantom before him." But, like many a boy and many a man before and since, Bob put down an ordinary reality for some visible spiritual essence. He saw ghosts, hobgoblins, and all sorts of terrific things in the doctor's garments, and went almost mad with fright. Groping his way up some mysterious staircase, he came upon the almost equally mysterious alarm-bell, and rung with all his might. How Bob, having climbed up to the old tower, was in danger of his life from the decayed woodwork; how he was seen in the moonlight mad with fear, shaking the very edifice to its foundation in his crazy demonstrations; how the town in an anxious crowd was out in the road; and how at last the boy was rescued from his perilous position, is told by the authoress with telling and graphic skill, and we heartily commend the story and the book to all our young readers.



THE ALARM BELL.

---

* Cris Fairlie's Boyhood. A Tale of an Old Town. By Mrs. Eiloart. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

JUST PUBLISHED,

DAPHNIS THE UNFAITHFUL:
A POETIC ROMANCE BY
GUY ROSLYN.

ECHO.

Is evidently written by one who is ardently attached to mythology.

DISPATCH.

The portraiture of Daphnis is not without considerable poetical merit.

ERA.

Mr. Roslyn has treated it well, and his poetry is smooth and flowing.

ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS.

Apart from any other considerations his poem is an intelligent and interesting narrative.

LLOYD'S NEWSPAPER.

There is a freshness, a vigour, and grace in the author's style, which cannot fail to please.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

This is a pretty little pastoral poem, creditable to the ability and taste of the author; and giving promise of future excellence.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE.

It is a tale of love and tenderness, though blighted by inconstancy, into which are woven scenes of joy, and hate, and jealousy, which tend to illustrate the vivid conceptions of the writer.

CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE.

In this little work, which is dedicated to Mr. Barry Sullivan, we find much evidence of considerable poetic talent. Narrative poetry always possesses an attraction of its own, and in the present instance this attraction is enhanced by the light yet vigorous manner in which the subject is treated.

LONDON MIRROR.

Rendered with rare poetic feeling and taste. It is not often we find the lives of the immortals, their jealousies, and all the passions portrayed with the freshness, the vigour, and the grace combined with the delicacy and elegance of style which pervades Mr. Roslyn's poem. It is rich in passages of beauty, the verse flows fluently and smoothly with true poetic ring, and the whole picture is presented to the mind's eye with all the evidences of thought and feeling.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Guy Roslyn, on the title-page of his book, tells us that he is a minor, and a perusal of his poem has convinced us that he is young, and that he is imbued with real poetical feeling. The book, though small, is not barren of promise; it has agreeable and pleasing passages, and its language betimes is polished and pretty. . . . With care and earnest study we shall expect Guy Roslyn to write poetry that will command attention; for he has feeling and fancy, and an unquestionable appreciation of poetic forms.

EXETER FLYING POST.

Daphnis is excellent by itself; and perhaps we cannot give a better proof of our appreciation of the story than by saying that we have gone through it from the first page to the last, not only with interest, but with a growing appreciation of the powers of the writer. He has thought and feeling. He has a quick eye for scenes; and he possesses the art of flashing a picture upon the eye in two or three picturesque lines. The impression Guy Roslyn's romance leaves upon our mind is that which is left by a group of statuary—it is Greek to the core. There is the true ring of the poetry of classical romance in these vignettes of Guy Roslyn; and we shall be glad to see the author of Daphnis again in the field where Mr. Morris and Algernon Swinburne have won their laurels.

CIVILIAN.

Who is Guy Roslyn? The title-page of his pretty poem tells us he is a minor, but we doubt the veracity of the title-page. Certain it is our modest author who conceals himself under so quaint a *nom de plume* has arrived at the age of poetic manhood. "Daphnis the Unfaithful" is dedicated to Mr. Barry Sullivan, and certainly the great actor was amply justified in accepting the dedication, for "Daphnis" is a work of genuine merit. That it will be widely popular we cannot predict, for mythology, upon which the story is founded, is not just now a favourite study with the masses. We have, however, no hesitation in saying, that with the refined and cultivated it is sure to meet with a most flattering reception. "Guy Roslyn" is undoubtedly a poet, and a poet too of no mean capacity.

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 & 75, PICCADILLY.

WORKS BY JOSEPH HATTON.

Price 5s., cloth, small 8vo.

PIPPINS AND CHEESE.

"There's pippins and cheese to come."—*Shakspeare.*

"Kindly humour and thoughtful moralising . . healthy touches of nature and honest flavour."—*Standard.*

"Worthy to take their place by the side of Washington Irving's Sketch Book."—*Public Opinion.*

Price 2s., cloth, uniform with Handy Volume Series.

THE TALLANTS OF BARTON.

"Has a certain touch of the grace of the 'Lord of Burleigh.'"—*Illustrated London News.*

"Mr. Hatton's description of the panic is worked in with a light and skilful hand.—*Athenæum.*

Price £1 1s. Two Vols. May be had at all the libraries.

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

"Leaves an impression which is singularly powerful. . . . We are of opinion that Mr. Hatton reaches this effect by simulating with that finest species of art which conceals itself. There is a faithfulness of phrase throughout which is astonishing. Take for instance the following love letter. . . . The innocent incoherent prattle of the letter is charming. We can scarcely believe that it was a man who wrote the sentence with its suggestive 'and'"—*The Examiner.*

"A model novel."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

In Two vols. £1 1s. At all libraries.

NOT IN SOCIETY. Edited by JOSEPH HATTON.

"There is a melancholy interest attached to this little fragment of genius. . . . . One cannot lay down this absurdly amusing book without a real pang of regret that powers so keen and lively should have been lost ere they came to maturity."—*Morning Post.*

LONDON: BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO.

SPECIMEN ISSUE NOW READY.

No. 1. TO APPEAR JANUARY 4TH, 1871, OF

THE BRITISH COAL AND IRON TRADES' ADVERTISER AND DIRECTORY.

Demy 4to., 48 Pages; 10s. a year, Post Free.

The object of this Publication is to bring together PRODUCERS and CONSUMERS in these great branches of the NATIONAL TRADE to their mutual advantage.

The Paper will appear every alternate Wednesday, and as the Terms for Advertising (which may be had on application) are extremely low, the Publishers anticipate a large constituency.

Orders for the Paper and for Advertisements should be sent as early as possible.

OFFICES; 4, CORN MARKET, DERBY.

THE CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.
1s. MONTHLY.

A High-Class Magazine for English Churchmen, Conducted by eminent Clergymen and Laymen.

LONDON:
W. MACKINTOSH, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW,
And all Booksellers.

BOWATER'S PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE, MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 stamps. [573

CANNOCK CHASE COAL,
CANAL AND RAILWAY.

THE COMPANY send COAL by Railway in Trucks to all Stations, and load Canal Boats at their extensive Wharves on the Anglesey Branch of the Birmingham Canal, adjoining the Colliery, and also at Hednesford Basin, Cannock.

PRICES LOADED INTO BOATS.

DEEP COAL	11s. 0d.	per ton.
YARD or HOUSEHOLD COAL	10s. 6d.	"
SHALLOW (one way)	8s. 6d.	"
HARD COAL	7s. 6d.	"
ROUGH SLACK	4s. 6d.	"
FINE SLACK	3s. 0d.	"

CANNEL GAS COAL, 11,000 FEET OF GAS PER TON.

Illuminating power of Gas in standard Candles, 32½ Candles.

For prices by Railway, including rate, apply to
JOHN N. BROWN,
56, *Union Passage, Birmingham.*
London Offices: 455, *New Oxford Street.*
June 1st, 1870. [793

E. AND F. BOSTOCK,
FIRST-CLASS
FAMILY SHOE WAREHOUSE,
24, *NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
(UNION PASSAGE CORNER.)

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
"TOM HOOD" DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.

This Machine is acknowledged to be the best Hand Machine yet invented. Price, £4 4s.
With Treadle and Stand, £5 10s. [986

BUYERS OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY can have a Liberal Discount for Cash at SWINDEN and SONS, 27, Temple Street, Birmingham. [956

PERFECT PAINLESS FIXING
Of Everlasting
ARTIFICIAL TEETH, BY
MR. LYONS, SURGEON DENTIST,
52, *NEW STREET*
(Nearly opposite Theatre Royal).
FROM 3s. 6d. A TOOTH. [63

CONEY AND CO.,
CORKSCREW AND FANCY STEEL TOY MAKERS,

Invite the attention of Merchants and Factors to their WHISTLE RAILWAY KEYS and Corkscrews, just Registered by them, in Steel, German Silver, &c.; Light, Compact, Efficient, Cheap.
80 (*Top*), *LIONEL STREET.* [748

W. AND F. WEBB,
BEDSTEAD, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE
MANUFACTURERS & WAREHOUSEMEN,
7 *and* 8, *CORN MARKET, WORCESTER.*

N.B.—The new and spacious Show-rooms are now open. Inspection is invited. [782

MONEY.—From £100 to £3,000, various Sums, to be immediately ADVANCED, on approved Freehold or Leasehold Securities.—Apply to Mr. John Barnsley. Offices next the Queen's College, 36, Paradise Street, Birmingham. [866

MONEY LENT for Three Years, repayable quarterly, on approved Personal Security. THE FULL SUM ADVANCED.—Apply (if by letter with four stamps) to JAMES BATE, MINORIES, BIRMINGHAM. [827

THE GREAT CENTRAL STEAM POWER DYEING AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT.

Principal Depôt: Oriel House, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Works: 121, Great Charles Street.

Branch Office: Darlington Street, Wolverhampton.

JOSEPH HARRIS, Proprietor.

The above are the largest and most complete Dye Works in the Midland Counties. [44

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES are superseding all others.—PRIZE MEDALS. London, 1862; Paris, 1867. Gold from £15 15s.; Silver from £6 6s.—68, Cornhill; 230, Regent-street; and 76, Strand. [842

INDIGESTION. — The Medical Profession adopt MORSON'S Preparation of PEPSINE as the true remedy.—Sold in bottles and boxes from 2s., by all Pharmaceutical Chemists and the Manufacturers. Thomas Morson and Son, 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London. [845

YATES'S VIRGINIAN SILVER and PATENT ELECTRO-PLATE SPOONS, FORKS, TEA SERVICES, CRUET FRAMES, &c., &c. Manufactured by J. YATES and SONS, Pritchett Street, Birmingham.

Virginian Trade Mark, J. Y. & S. & $^{\text{Y.}}_{\text{V.S.}}$ on a shield.

Electro Trade Mark, J. Y. & S. & E. P. under a crown.

May be had through all respectable Wholesale Houses. [686

ROYAL LEAMINGTON HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN. — SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. This Institution was established 1860 for the treatment of Skin Diseases, and those resulting from Cancer, Scrofula, Lupus, Varicose Veins, &c.

The North Wing is now open for the reception of *In-Patients from all parts of the Kingdom.*

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Special accommodation for Self-supporting Patients. [895

PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS,
THE BEST OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
For Sale or Hire, and on the Three Years' System,
AT MR. RUSSELL'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE,
25, *BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM.*
NEW MUSIC AT HALF-PRICE. [118

OLD COINS FOR SALE.—Gold, Silver, and Copper.—Saxon, English, Roman, Greek, etc. Lists free.—J. VERITY, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury. [169

TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE THE TEETH, USE HAMPSON'S

FLUODENTINE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. HAMPSON, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM AGENT:
ARBLASTER, LATE CHRISTIAN. [934

WAR.—ORDER OF THE DAY.
DRESS!
RIGHT ABOUT FACE! QUICK MARCH
TO THE

GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSE for a Brilliant Smart HAT, the crowning point of a Gentleman's *personel.*

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.
9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d.
NEW STREET, CORNER OF TEMPLE STREET.
[946

OFFICES FOR BRITISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS and for the REGISTRATION of DESIGNS,
1, *BENNETT'S HILL and* 56, *ANN STREET,*
BIRMINGHAM.

Full instructions may be obtained upon application to Payne and Talbot. [651

LIVERY BUTTONS.—Order your Livery, Crest, Monograms, Police, Naval, Military, and Railway Buttons from PIGOTT and CO., with their *Fast* Shanks.

Improved TROUSER BUTTONS, made with any Name and Address. St. Paul's Square, Birmingham. Patterns by Post. [779

GOLD SPECTACLES.—The largest and best assortment of handsome GOLD SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES set with best Pebbles, at 41, Bull-street.

JAMES GARGORY, Optician.

ELEGANT PRESENTS.—The largest and best assortment of Foreign NOVELTIES to be found in the Midland Counties.

JAMES GARGORY, 41, Bull-st., Birmingham.
[679

RICHARD NEWHALL AND SONS, Beg to call the attention of Merchants and others to their

PATENT SELF-ACTING NEEDLE CASES,
Cigar Cases, Photographic Receptacle Ladies' Companions. Business Card Cases.
N.B.—Cases, &c.. made to any design or Pattern.
ASTWOOD BANK, NEAR REDDITCH.
[919

CARPENTERS' TOOLS, in greatest variety, and of best quality, may be had at lower prices than from any other House in the Midland Counties, from

ROUTLEDGE (LATE THOMAS), [626
23, BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

NOTICE.—G. ORAM supplies, on Hire, FURNITURE, BEDDING, GLASS, CHINA, &c. Houses completely Furnished for the week, or any other time. 500 Cane Chairs and Rout Seats for Hire. —Address, 124, Broad Street. Selling off, at a Great Reduction, a Lot of Surplus Stock. BARGAINS.—Second-hand Cottage PIANOFORTES, by Broadwood and others; Garden Seats, 12s. 6d. each, Garden Rollers, large and small Fire-proof Safes, Doors for strong rooms, Copying Presses; Garden Chairs, 4s. 6d. each; large and other Office Tables; large Music Boxes, large and small Harmoniums, Office Fittings, Counters, round and oval Loo Tables; Bagatelle and Biliard Tables, and folding Boards; large Oak Bookcase; 1,000 dozen Champagne Bottles, at 6d. doz.; all other kinds of Wine Bottles for sale cheap; 500 Cane Chairs, used once, 2s. each. LOT OF FOREIGN WINES, in Cask, or Bottle, or in Bond, for Sale, at one-half their usual price, all warranted, and taken back if not approved of; Sample Bottles, delivered anywhere, on approval, Port at 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 3s. per Bottle. 1847 Port and 1834 Sherry, part of Burdett's Stock, at 3s. 4d., worth quite double. Claret, 1s., Champagne, 2s. No charge for Bottles. All kinds of Wine Bottles Bought and on Sale in any quantities. Sandeman's celebrated 1863 vintage Ports, 36s. dozen, or £60 per Pipe, very choice for laying down.

G. ORAM'S GREAT FURNISHING MART, 124, BROAD STREET. Send for a List how to Furnish a House for £6, £20, £50, and £100. [576

A PIANOFORTE FOR ONE SHILLING.

THE MUSICAL ART UNION (Under the sanction and control of her Majesty's Privy Council). The PRIZES at the SECOND DISTRIBUTION, to be held in JANUARY, will consist of valuable PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, VIOLINS, CONCERTINAS, MUSICAL BOXES, and other Musical Instruments, HANDSOMELY BOUND VOLUMES of MUSICAL WORKS, &c., ranging in value up to FIFTY GUINEAS.

Early application should be made for Tickets, ONE SHILLING each, which may be obtained, with particulars, of the appointed Agents, or direct from the Offices, 22, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., by sending Stamps or Post-office Orders, made payable at Charing Cross to the Secretary, WILLIAM A. SMITH.

Agents wanted in unrepresented localities. All letters requiring an answer must contain a stamped envelope.

AGENTS for BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. BARBER, 108, New Street; and Miss WOODCOCK, 21, Cannon Street. [162

THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS is supplied at 24, OLD CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, by WILLIAM ALEXANDER (late H. Brooks), Newspaper Advertising Agent and Stationer.

REMOVAL.

THOMAS UNDERWOOD,
LITHOGRAPHER AND STATIONER,
FROM CARR'S LANE,
TO 42, CASTLE STREET,
(Two Doors from High Street.) [137

In the spring months Christian's preparation of Sarsa Taraxacum (Dandelion combined with Sarsaparilla) is recommended with confidence as one of the most efficient Restoratives hitherto produced. As an alterative, tonic, and purifier of the blood, it is invaluable. For languor, inactivity of the liver, weak digestion, flatulence, spasms, general debility, boils, and skin diseases, it has been employed with the greatest success, where other medicines have been unavailing. It is not objectionable to the palate, but of a most agreeable flavour. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 8s., and 10s. 6d. each. There is a considerable advantage in purchasing the larger sizes.—Prepared only at Christian's Dispensing Establishment, New Street, Birmingham. [711

THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS is supplied in Bromsgrove and the district by Mr. Palmer, proprietor of the *Bromsgrove Messenger,* who will allow the usual discount to the trade.

NEW LIBERAL DAILY NEWSPAPER.

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1871,
WILL BE PUBLISHED THE

BIRMINGHAM MORNING NEWS,
A FIRST-CLASS
LIBERAL DAILY NEWSPAPER,
FOR BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.

THE "MORNING NEWS" WILL CONTAIN
FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS DAILY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office of the *Birmingham Morning News,* 88, New Street, Birmingham. [141

In one large Octavo Volume, price 21s., containing nearly 100 Engravings, handsomely bound.

A BOOK OF MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE AGE.
FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE.
By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., &c.

Memories of Moore, Coleridge, Maria Edgeworth, Wordsworth, Southey, Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Lætitia Landon, Professor Wilson, James Hogg, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Hood, Theodore Hook, Amelia Opie, Hannah More, Lady Morgan, Thomas Campbell, Miss Mitford, Samuel Rogers, George Crabbe; with nearly 120 Memories, in Sketches, of other leading men and women of the epoch.

London: VIRTUE & CO., 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. [155

RELIGIOUS BOOK AND TRACT DEPOT
40, *PARADISE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

Subscribers and the Public generally are respectfully informed, that the Committee have just added to their Stock, a number of Books which are strongly recommended to the notice of all who are desirous of aiding in the circulation of sound Religious Literature.

Clergymen, Ministers, Sunday School Teachers, and others requiring Books for Christmas Presents, New Years' Gifts, School Prizes, etc., etc., will find the Depôt contains the best selection for such purposes.

Inspection is invited.

A Discount of 2d. in the 1s. is allowed. Catalogues may be had on application.

160] HENRY SHILTON, *Depositary.*

HANDSOME ANNUAL FOR CHRISTMAS.
THE COMPLETE ISSUE OF
THE ART-JOURNAL FOR 1870
IS NOW READY.

In One Volume, royal 4to, handsomely bound in red cloth, extra gilt, and gilt edges, forming an elegant Drawing-Room Volume. It contains Thirty-six large Steel Engravings, and several Hundred Woodcuts; also many interesting Articles on Art and Literature.

LONDON: VIRTUE AND CO., AND ALL BOOKSELLERS. [154

MR. J. SWINSON
DENTIST.
102, *NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

CHAS. REEVES
SWORD CUTLER, &c.,
20, *GEORGE STREET, PARADE*
BIRMINGHAM. [103

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS,
NEW STREET.
WILL FINALLY CLOSE ON JANUARY 14, 1871.

THE EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN DAILY,
From 10 till Five o'clock;
AND EVERY EVENING,
From 7 till 10 o'clock.
ADMISSION - - TWOPENCE. [28

NOTICE.

OFFICE for the RECOVERY of DEBTS, through the medium of the County Court, CHRIST CHURCH PASSAGE, New Street.

W. EGGINGTON, Agent.

Parties having Book Debts for Sale treated with. [111

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE.
LOMBARD STREET, and CHARING CROSS,
LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1782.
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the world.
610] GEO. W. LOVELL, *Secretary.*

DRESS CAPS, CAPS FOR ELDERLY LADIES, SERVANTS CAPS IN GREAT VARIETY.

THE HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE.
THE LAMB KNITTING MACHINE.
SEWING MACHINES IN GENERAL.
WHEELER & WILSON COMPLETE, £5 5s. 0d.

MANWARING AND ORRAH,
LATE
SCHOFIELD AND JORDAN,
16, *BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
[57

1,000 PRIME FAT TURKEYS,
1,000 PRIME FAT GEESE,
PHEASANTS, HARES, PARTRIDGES, &c.,
In great variety, at

HENRY HANDY'S
No. 9, HIGH STREET,
BULL RING
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST SHOP IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES. [114

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED IN 1807, (FOR LIVES ONLY.)

79, *PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.*

DIRECTORS.

Robert Alexander Gray, Esq., *Chairman.* Joshua Lockwood, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.*

Charles Bischoff, Esq.
Thomas Boddington, Esq.
Charles Chatfield, Esq.
Sir J. Buller East, Bart., D.C.L.
W. Augustus Guy, M.D., F.R.S.

The Right Hon. The Lord Lisgar, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Charles Jellicoe, Esq.
James Murray, Esq., C.B., F.R.G.S.

Philip Rose, Esq.
George Russell, Esq.
Thos. G. Sambrooke, Esq.
Admiral Tindal.

Actuary and Secretary—GEORGE HUMPHREYS, Esq., M.A.

The Annual Report for 1869—1870, circulated August, 1870, showed that the Income for the year was:—

For Premiums	£369,514	15	9
For Interest on Investments, and Balance of Profit and Loss Account	158,864	2	4
	£528,378	18	1
That the Expenses of Management were	£15,710	16	1

(Or 3 per cent. on the total Income.)

And that the Cash and Securities in hand amounted to	£3,247,686	17	6

(Bearing an average interest of £4 5s. per cent.)

FURTHER SECURITY.

A Subscribed Capital of	£1,722,500	0

Of which the original call of Ten per cent only has been paid up.

Four-fifths of the ascertained surplus are divided every fifth year amongst the policy holders assured with profits. The addition to the Surplus Fund in 1870 was £118,234. The next division will take place in 1872.

AGENTS IN BIRMINGHAM.
Messrs. Beale and Marigold.
„ Matthias & J. M. Green.
„ Saunders and Bradbury.
Mr. W. S. Allen.

NOTTINGHAM.
Mr. D. W. Heath, County Coroner's Office.

EVESHAM.
Mr. A. H. Wright.

LEICESTER.
Messrs. Miles, Gregory, and Bouskell.

WORCESTER.
Mr. John Jones, 18, Foregate Street.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE.

LOMBARD STREET,
LONDON.

NORTH JOHN STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

CAPITAL, TWO MILLIONS.
Fire Revenue, £483,180.
Life Premiums, £213,420.
Accumulated Funds, £1,850,000.

SECURITY TO LIFE ASSURERS.

From a quinquennial valuation of the entire Life liabilities made as at 31st December, 1869, by independent Actuaries at 3 per cent. nett premiums, the Life Assets showed a Surplus over Liabilities of £249,956. Enabling the Directors to declare a Revisionary Bonus amounting to £7 10s. per cent. on each sum assured for the five years, and to still hold in reserve all profits accrued on Annuities and Endowments.

EXTRACT FROM LAST ANNUAL REPORT.

After payment of Dividend and Bonusses, the FUNDS of the Company stand as follows:—

Capital paid up	£289,095	0	0
Reserve Fund, and Profit and Loss Account	286,925	10	0
Life Assurance Funds	1,173,401	9	1

In Consequence of the Entire Abolition of Duty, the Company is now prepared to Grant Insurances on the Buildings of PRIVATE DWELLINGS and their CONTENTS at the following scale of charges, showing the total Annual Expense for the same, viz.:—

Furniture in Private Brick Dwellings.		*Buildings of Private Brick Dwellings.*	
£100	2s. 6d.	£100	2s.
150	3s.	150	2s. 6d.
200	4s.	200	3s.
300	6s.	300	4s. 6d.

JOHN H. McLAREN, *Manager.*
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, *Secretary in London.*

MIDLAND DISTRICT BRANCH, 34, *BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM.*

Local Manager.—B. J. Whitehead.

VELVETEENS.
VELVETEENS.
VELVETEENS.

The Patent Moleskin Lyons-Finish Velveteens in Black and Colours, to be obtained only at BAKER and CRISP'S, from 17s. 6d. Full Dress. Patterns free.
198, Regent Street, London.

WINTER DRESSES.
Bright Satin Cloths, every Shade, equal to Silk, 10s. 9d. to 25s. Dress.
Patterns free.—198, Regent Street.

WINTER DRESSES.
Wool and Silk Serges, 7s. 11d. to 29s. 6d. Full Dress, Wool and Silk Repps, Roubaix and Coutil Cloths, 7s. 11d. to 29s. 6d. Full Dress.

SILK REPPS, very best quality, 27s. 6d.
Lorraine and Alsace Cloths,
Cashmere and Habit Cloths,
Diagonal and Honeycomb Cloths,
Genoa and Marine Serges,
6s. 11d. to 29s. 6d. Full Dress.

WINTER DRESSES.—A Speciality.—London Cords, 10s. 6d. and 15s. Kirtle Tartans, Acon Tweeds, Willow Cords and Clan Repps, Heather Tweeds, and Tullochgerum Costume Cloths, 8s. 9d. to 25s.

FRENCH MERINOS.—Seventy-nine Shades of Colour, 1s. 9d. per yard; very best, 2s. 6d.
French Flannels, 1s. yard.
All-Wool Plaids, 1¾ yard wide, 5s. 6d. yard; worth 10s. 6d. Every clan.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street, London.

NOTICE.—1,300 PIECES for CHARITIES, of good wide Aberdeen Winceys and Monks-Eleigh Linseys, at 25s., 27s., and 35s. piece of 54 to 60 yards each. Piece sent for P.O. order to BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street, London.

SILK VELVETS EXTRAORDINARILY CHEAP.
The War Panic has enabled BAKER and CRISP to buy and now offer the most extraordinary bargains ever seen in Black Lyons Silk Velvets,
viz., £2 14s. to 5 gs. Full Dress. [123

THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, 9, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate-street, London, appoint Agents in every Town for the sale of their Teas. A good living may be made by this Agency. Apply for Prospectus as above. [853

NEXT OF KIN.—1871 Edition.—Now Ready, a Classified and Descriptive INDEX (of 20,000, names guaranteed) to Advertisements for Next of Kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, &c., from 1,700 to 1,871, post free 32 stamps. Address, Mr. CULLMER, 17, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. [858

TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA.—HODGES "SOZODONTA" is the only certain Cure for Toothache without touching the Tooth. Headache and Neuralgia relieved immediately. Enclose 15 stamps. London Depôt, 4, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn.
Agents Wanted. [923

OZOKERIT---OZOKERIT

(PATENTED.)

The New and Beautiful Candles

made of this mineral will be found to far surpass any that have yet been introduced, possessing marvellous brilliancy of light, and burning to the end without bending, though placed in the hottest and most crowded rooms. They resemble in appearance the very whitest bleached beeswax, also in odour, whence the name, from the Greek *Ozo*, I smell of, and *Keros*, wax. They will be found a great boon and ornament to all

ASSEMBLY AND BALL ROOMS,

The intense heat and injury caused by the use of gas to gilding and pictures being avoided by their use. Their great hardness adapts them for all climates. To be had in all sizes 1s. 3d. per lb.

Order of your Chemist, Grocer or Chandler, and insist on using no others. The Patentees,

J. C. & J. FIELD,

UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH, LONDON,

Who supply the trade only, will be happy to answer any inquiry as to the nearest agency where these wonderful Candles can be obtained.

JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s.6d. per pot. Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London. [852

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEORGE DIACK, 212 and 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.
212 *and* 213, *OXFORD STREET, W.* [102

LAMPLOUGH'S

PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making most invigorating, vitalizing, and refreshing draught, that gives instant relief in Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Innoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or Small Pox, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use.* Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. & 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, *HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.* [873

POLLACK, SCHMIDT, AND CO.,

MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL
PARIS
HAMBURG
NAPOLEON III EMPEREUR
WIEN
1862
1863
1865
COLN

BEG to Announce that they have Opened another Depôt of their celebrated

"LA SILENCIEUSE,"

210, *REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.,* and invite an early inspection of this sole really silent Lock-Stitch Family Sewing Machine in the market provided with a new HOOK and NEEDLEGUARD, which prevents breakage of thread and needle, and hook and bobbing from being scratched. THIS NEW INVENTION, which is patented in all European countries and the United States of America, is of paramount value, and renders it superior to all other Sewing Machines on the Rotating Hook principle.

GERMANIA PATENT LOCK-STITCH HAND SEWING MACHINE.

GREATLY IMPROVED SHUTTLE MACHINES FOR WORKSHOPS.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free. Instructions Gratis.

AGENTS WANTED. [838

SIX MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS.

CARACAS COCOA.

"As an agreeable invigorator, refresher, and nourisher, it could not be too highly recommended."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

"No more delicious, refreshing, nourishing, and wholesome beverage has ever been manufactured."—*Morning Post.*

Fry's Chocolate Creams are Delicious Sweetmeats. [7

BROWN & POLSON'S

B P TRADE MARK

PATENT CORN FLOUR.

CAUTION AGAINST PIRACY.

BROWN AND POLSON were the first to adopt the name Corn Flour, and they are greatly interested in maintaining its reputation, which is liable to be discredited by the unwarrantable appropriation of the name to articles of a different character, prepared, as in one instance, from Rice.

THE PUBLIC,

It is hoped, will discriminate, between

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

which is prepared solely from Maize—Indian Corn,

AND

CHEAP QUALITIES BEARING A FALSE NAME,

Depending upon the recommendation of

PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL WRITERS. [936

KELLY'S HARMONIUMS, as manufactured for Her Majesty, the Duke of Edinburgh, &c., are the finest toned, best finished and cheapest Instruments of any yet produced, whether English or Foreign. Gained the ONLY AWARD for ENGLISH MANUFACTURE at the Paris and Dublin Exhibitions. Price Lists post free. 9, 10, & 11, Charles Street, Berners Street, London. A liberal allowance to the Clergy and Institutions. [51

PEARLINA

For

DELICIOUS PUDDINGS,

In great variety.

PEARLINA

Differs from Corn Flour,

in being granulated

and rich in gluten.

PEARLINA PLUM PUDDING.

Take six tablespoonfuls of Pearlina steeped in eight tablespoonfuls of milk for an hour, till the milk is absorbed; and add three ounces of minced suet, three ounces of raisins, three ounces of currants, three ounces of orange peel, a little ground cinnamon and ginger, four ounces of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of flour; mix the whole well together, and boil in a cloth for three hours, leaving plenty of room for expanding.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL AND CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush. [851

WIDE VELVETEENS, bright and soft as Silk. Sacrificed at 2s. 6d., usually sold at 4s. 6d. per yard. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

FRENCH MERINOS.—FINEST Quality and Double Width, at 2s. per yard, in every Fashionable Colour and Black. It may be important for Ladies to know "That this is the last time of asking." All weavers in France are soldiers; manufacturing goods there is an affair of the past. Merino is made in no other country, and the price may be doubled during the winter. Help yourselves Ladies, while you may Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

RICH SILKS, in Dresses, at 25s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 40s., and 45s. Black Gros Grains, Glacés, and Cords, made of Bright Italian Silk, with a warranty for wear, wide width, at 3s. 6½d. per yard. Japanese Silks, richest in quality of silk, and really wears well, at 2s. 6½d. the yard. Also Richest Black Moires, yard wide, at 10s. 9d. per yard. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

NEW DRESSES and COSTUMES in Reps, Diagonals, and Satin Cloths, Made and Unmade. An immense variety, fresh, and in good taste, at 8s. 9d., 10s. 9d., and 12s. 9d. the full dress. The most approved and durable colours of the season are submitted, intended to give satisfaction.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON. [139

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,

BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA,

THE GREAT REMEDY of the day is Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE; a few doses will cure all incipient cases. Caution—The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy of Chlorodyne renders it of vital importance that the public should obtain the "genuine," which is now sold under the protection of Government authorising a stamp bearing the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," without which none are genuine. See decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the *Times,* July 16, 1864. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. Davenport, 33, Great Russel Street, London, W.C.

DR. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE.
Extract from *Medical Times* January 12, 1866—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

From Lord Francis Conyngham, Mount Charles, Donegal, December 11, 1868.

"LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, who this time last year bought some of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most powerful Medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT,
33, *GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON.* [54

SPANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, which speedily produces whiskers and thickens hair. 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent by post for 54, 84, and 144 stamps.—Alex. Ross, 243, High Holborn, London, and all chemists.

HAIR CURLING FLUID.—248, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.—ALEX. ROSS'S CURLING FLUID curls ladies' and gentleman's hair immediately it is applied. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent post-free for 54, 84, and 144 stamps. Had of all chemists. [13

THE NUTRITIOUS COCOA FOOD
FOR HORSES AND CATTLE.
COST, ONE HALFPENNY PER FEED
Sole Manufacturers,
PALMER AND CO.,
39, *WILSON STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.*
Delivered free everywhere.
One Cwt., equal to 800 Feeds, for 34s.
Testimonials, with sample, sent free on application.

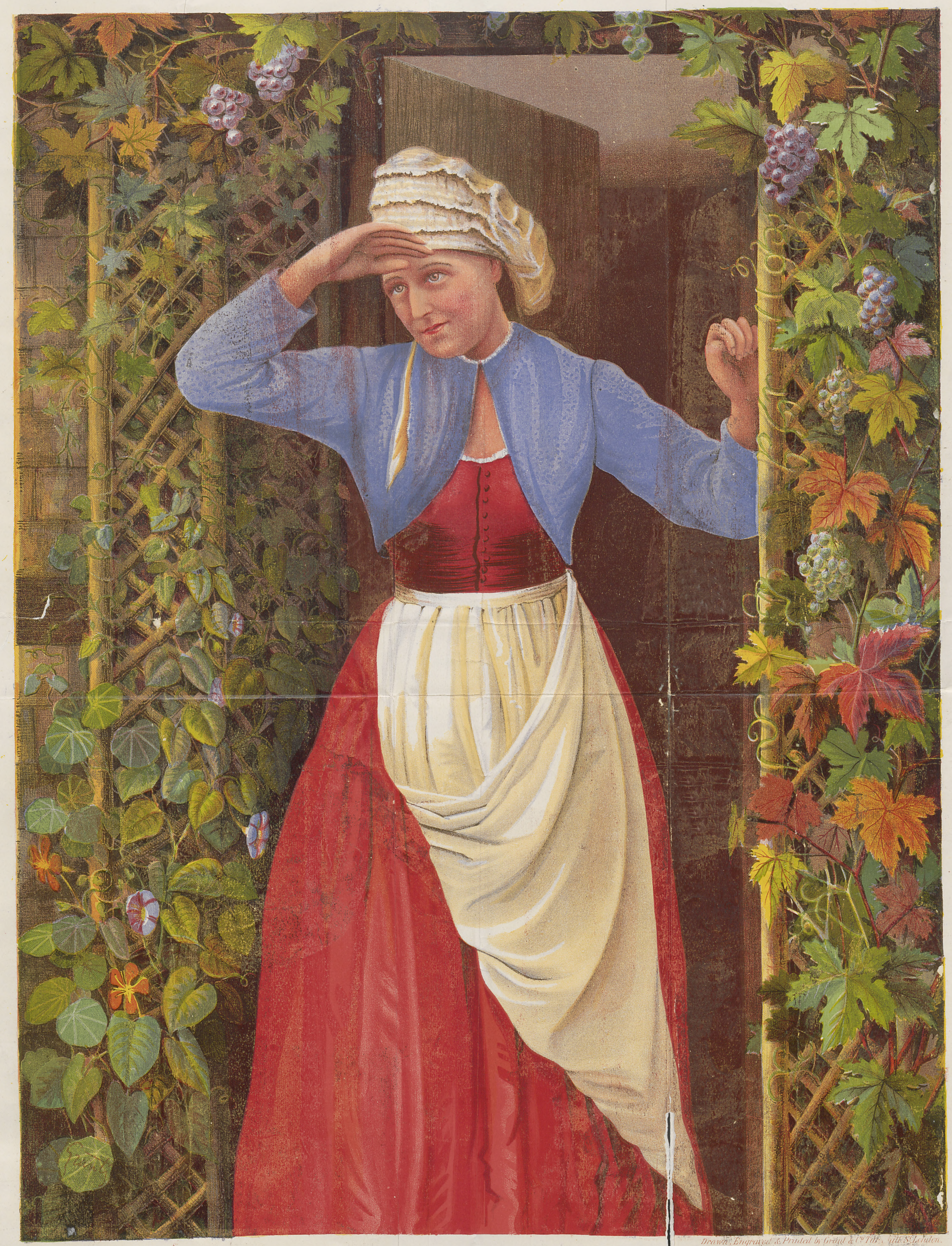
Consumers testify that this is the best and most economical Cattle Food to be procured, as, irrespective of its condimental properties, the ground work, *being Pure Cocoa,* is in itself good market value. [68

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE, established by forty years' experience as the most effectual preservative of the Teeth and Gums. Sold universally, in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each. None genuine unless signed Jewsbury & Brown, Manchester. [889

GLENFIELD STARCH is the only kind used in Her Majesty's Laundry.

Those ladies who have not yet used the Glenfield Starch are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and they will say, like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. [846

Printed by George Williams, at Market Hall Passage, and published by him at 103, New Street, Birmingham.—*December* 24, 1870.



Drawn, Engraved & Printed by Grant & Co. Turnmill St. London.

"I SEE HIM."

[AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY JAMES BULLOCK.]

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "MIDLAND NEWS," DECEMBER 24, 1870.

Image © THE BRITISH LIBRARY BOARD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.